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JUVENILIA

P O E M S

BY
GEORGE WITHER

CONTAINED IN THE COLLECTIONS OF HIS
JUVENILIA WHICH APPEARED IN
1626 AND 1633

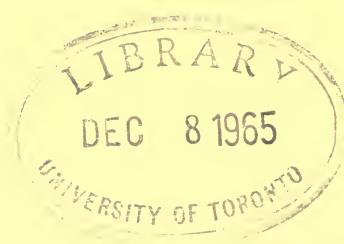
1676

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1871



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ABVSES STRIPT AND WHIPT, or Satyrical Essays. Diuided into two Bookes.....	5
Epigrams	21
The Occasion of this Worke.....	29
An Introduction	41
Of Man	49
Of The Passion of Loue. <i>Satyr 1.</i>	57
Of Desire, or Lvst. <i>Satyr 2.</i>	65
Of Hate. <i>Satyr 3.</i>	71
Of Envy. <i>Satyr 4.</i>	74
Of Revenge. <i>Satyr 5.</i>	84
Of Choller. <i>Satyr 6.</i>	97
Of Iealovsie. <i>Satyr 7.</i>	103
Of Covetovsnes. <i>Satyr 8.</i>	113
Of Ambition. <i>Satyr 9.</i>	128
Of Feare. <i>Satyr 10.</i>	139
Of Despaire. <i>Satyr 11.</i>	147
Of Hope. <i>Satyr 12.</i>	153
Of Compassion. <i>Satyr 13.</i>	158
Of Crveltie. <i>Satyr 14.</i>	162
Of Ioy. <i>Satyr 15.</i>	168
Of Sorrow. <i>Satyr 16.</i>	173
The Conclusion.....	179

	PAGE
THE SECOND BOOKE. Of the Vanitie, Inconstancie, Weakenes, and Presumption of Men.....	185
Precatio	187
Of Vanitie. <i>Satyr 1.</i>	189
Of Inconstancie. <i>Satyr 2.</i>	247
Of Weaknes. <i>Satyr 3.</i>	270
Of Presvmpcion. <i>Satyr 4.</i>	296
The Scourge	333
CERTAINE EPIGRAMS to the Kings most excellent Maiesty, the Queene, the Prince, the Princesse, and other Noble and Honourable Personages, and Friends, to whom the Author gaue any of his Books	349
PRINCE HENRIES OBSEQVIES; or Mournefull Elegies vpon his Death: with a supposed Inter-locution betweene the Ghost of Prince Henry, and Great Britaine	369
A SATYRE, written to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie, by George Wither, when hee was Prisoner in the Marshallsey, for his first Booke	413
EPITHALAMIA: or Nvptiall Poems vpon the Most Blessed and Happy Marriage betweene the High and Mighty Prince Frederick the fifth, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bauier, &c. And the Most Vertvovs, Gracious, and thrice Excellent Princesse, Elizabeth, Sole Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, Iames, by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Cele- brated at White-Hall the fourteenth of February. 1612.....	451
THE SHEPHEARDS HVNTING: being certaine Eglogues written during the Time of the Authors Imprisonment in the Marshallsey	485

Contents.

v

	PAGE
The First Eglogue.....	495
The Second Eglogue.....	507
The Third Eglogue	519
The Fourth Eglogue	532
The Fifth Eglogue.....	551
 FIDELIA	569
An Elegiacall Epistle of Fidelia to her vnconstant Friend	571
A Metricall Paraphrase vpon the Creede and Lords Prayer.....	616
 WITHER'S MOTTO. Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo	621
 FAIRE-VIRTVE, THE MISTRESSE OF PHIL'ARETE.....	705
A Miscelany of Epigrams, Sonnets, Epitaphs, and such other Verses, as were found written, with the Poeme, aforesaid	911

PLATES.

Engraved Portrait of the Author	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Engraved Title-page	<i>To face Frontispiece.</i>
Engraved Title-page (Wither's Motto).....	<i>To face page 622.</i>

*THE
FUTURE
NILIA*



*Loe this is he whose infant Muse begann
To braue the World before yeares stil'd him Man;
Though praise he sleight & scornes to make his Rymes
Begg fauors or opinion of the Tymes,
Yet few by good men haue binē more approu'd
None so unseene, so generally loud*

S. T. I.

*Non pictoris opus fuit hoc sed pectoris. Unde
Qui nō in fabulam mentis imago fuit*

J. A.

IVVENILIA

A
Collection
of those
POEMES
*which were
heretofore imprin-
ted, and written by
George Wither.*

RE
cul

LONDON
printed for Robert
Allot, in St. Paul's Church
yard at the signe of the
grey-hound,
1626.



T O
T H E R E A D E R
vpon these Poemes.



These IVVENILIA (or these *youth-pastimes*,)
Set forth in homely and vnpolish't *Rhimes*,
Let none despise: For, whatsoere they feeme
They haue their *fate*, their *ysse*, & their *esleeme*,
And will be read; when thosse, more feeming wife,
Haue farre lesse vse, and shorter Destinies.
Nor read you them, with that Censorious eye,
As if you look't for curiou'st *Poesey*.
If that be sought for; others can afford
Large *Volumes*, and with *Art*, farre better stor'd.
And, this our *Author* answeres your desire,
If for his riper labours you enquire,

Here, you shall fee what *Nature* could impart,
E're he had Time, or Meanes, to compasse *Art*:
What *Straines* a natvie honestie could reach;
What knowledge, and what boldnesse it can teach:
And, that in T R V T H, a Maiestie there is,
Though masked in despised *simplicenesse*.

¶

Among

To the R E A D E R

Among the *Learn'd*, this *Author* had no name,
Nor did he this way thinke to purchase Fame ;
For, when he this composed it was more,
Then he had read in twice-twelve Moneths before.
And by his latter Studies, some discerne,
That, first he writ, and then beganne to learne.
Be't what it will ; tis that, he meanes shall passe,
To shew how foolish, and how wise he was.

No *Criticke* now, doth in these *Poemes* see,
A blemish, or a scape, more soone then he :
He knowes as well as they, what seemes amisse
In these *Inuentions* ; and what childish is.
He knowes how farre they differ from those *Layes*,
By which the learned *Poet* hunts for praise :
And wherein those absurdities doe lie,
Which (to their thinking) marre his *Poesey*.
And yet, he will not mend them : For, his *name*
Is loued more, and higher flies his Fame,
By these despised *Numbers*, then their *pride*
Can raife them, yet, who did his lines deride.
And, that his *Matter* will be priz'd, he knowes ;
When their filde language out of fashion growes.

Thus therefore, vncorrected and vntrym'd,
You haue these *Poemes*, as they first were lymb'd :
Which (though some may dislike) some will approue.
For, many men will leaue a pruned Groue,
And curious Garden Allies, to goe see,
What pleasures in vntilled Mountaineis be :
And much delight in Woods to take the shade,
Of Artlesse Arbors, by rude Nature made.

Beside ;

vpon these P O E M E S.

Beside ; as there be many men, who long
To see of what complexion being yong
Their bodies were ; and to that purpose faue,
Vnalter'd those their Pictures which they haue,
So, he, thus hauing drawne (as here you finde)
In childish yeeres the picture of his *Minde*,
Vnalter'd leaues it ; that in time to come
It may appeare how much he changeth from
The same he was : And, that, be seene it may,
How he *amends, growes worse, or keepes a stay.*
Then, whether he could better this or no,
His purpose is, some other way to shew.

A B V S E S

*Place these last 4. pages after the braſe Frontiſſice, before the Title
of Abufes Stript and Whipt.*

A B V S E S
S T R I P T ,
A N D
W H I P T :
O R
S A T Y R I C A L L E S S A Y E S .

By G E O R G E W I T H E R .

Dividied into two Bookes.

Reuiewed and enlarged.

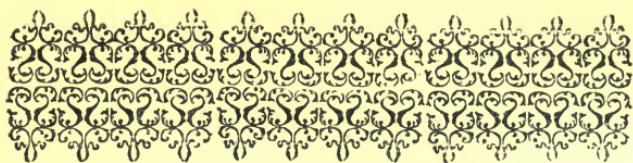
Πολλακὶ τοὶ κὶ μωρὸς αὐὴρ κατακαίρηνον ἔιπε.

*Despise not this, what-ere I seeme in shew :
A foole to purpose speakes sometime, you know.*



L O N D O N ,

Printed by T.S. for John Budge: and are to be sold
at his Shop in Pauls Churchyard, at the
Signe of the Greene Dragon. 1622.



To him-selfe, *G. W.* wisheth
all Happinesse.



Hou (*euен my Selfe*) whom next
GOD, my Prince and Country,
I am most engaged vnto; it is
not vnlikely, but some wil won-
der, why, contrary to the *worlds*
custome, I haue made choise of thy Patro-
nage for this Booke, rather than the protec^tion
of such whose Mightinesse might feeme
better able to defend it; especially consider-
ing such a *Gigantick* troupe of Aduersaries
haue banded themselues against Virtue, that
one of them *Goliah*-like, dares raile vpon a
whole hoast of *Israe*l. It may be (I say) some
will wonder, and some scoffe at me for it; for
which cause (though to answere them with
Sic volo had been sufficient: yet to shew I will
not, like our *Great-ones*, stand so much vpon

The Epistle

my authoritie as to make my *Will* my *Reason*) I heere let you know why, and for what causes I haue done it. The first is this: I could not amongst all men, finde any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my worke was vnworthy, or too worthie his Patronage. Secondly, it is faide; *Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free speech would hardly make a *Diapason*, pleasing to the care of a common *Mecænas*, thought it best to holde my tongue, or speake to my selfe, whose disposition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appere, and not what they are; I had rather endure the *Kites* tyranny, than with *Æsops* Doues make the Sparrow-hawke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I haue spoken *Truth*, it is able to defend it selfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I must answere for it. Fifthly, for asmuch as I know mine owne minde best, I purpose, if neede bee, to become mine owne *Aduocate*. Sixthly, for my owne sake I first made it, and therefore certaine I am I my selfe haue most right vnto it. But seuenthly, and lastly (which is indeed the principall *Reason*) I haue

Dedicatore.

haue made this *Dedication* to mine owne *Selfe*; euen to put thee in minde, seeing thou hast here boldly begun to bid defiance to the *Fleſh*, and vpon iuft causes quarrelled with the *World*) that thou take heede to thine owne words; and not through base-nesse of minde or vntowardnesse of *Fortune* (to thy euerlasting disgrace) faintly giue ouer so noble a *Combat*. If euer aduersitie (as 'tis like enough) oppresse thee, yet remember thy owne sayings; and in despight of outward *Destinies*, haue a care to keepe an vndeiected heart, still free for *Vertue*. Or on the contrarie, if euer (as 'tis vnlikely) vnxpected *Prosperitie* bee cast vpon thee; then looke to thy selfe, take to thee this poore Booke of thine; wherein thou shalt see the danger of it; and bee, perhaps, thereby stayed from many a perilous enterprise, which that estate might else drieue thee into. Read it, weekly, daily, yea, and hourelly too. What though it be thine owne? thou knowest mans nature to be so vncertaine and prone to forgetfulnesse, euen in the best things, that thou canſt not haue too many *Memorandums*. The wifest fall, and therefore euery day was

A 4

Philip

The Epistle

Philip desirous to bee remembred that hee was a *Man*. Thou thinkest, I know, still to remaine what thou art; I desire in some things thou maist: but vnlesse thou labour it with diligent watchfulnesse thy *affection*, it is at least much to be doubted, if not altogether to be despaired of. For thou haft seene many, by an alteration in their estate been so *Metamorphosed*, as if they were neither the same men, nor of that Nation.

Nay, (remember it) thou thy selfe, and that but vpon a bare hope, or imagination of some preferment, haft been puffed vp and exalted aboue measure: consider now then, how much more thou hadst bin so, and what had become of thee, if God had not by dashing those hopes, called thee to thy selfe againe? Alas! if hee had answered thy *ambitious* expectatiōns to thy desire, thou hadst beene by this time past recovery; and not thought of this, but delighted in *villany*, beene ouer-mastrēd by *passion*, rusht into all *vanitie* and *presumptiōn*; yet neuer felt any danger, till it were too late to preuent it. Thou haft oft wisht thou hadst bin borne to the like means that others are: which, might it haue beene so, now thou feest

Dedicatorie.

feest thou shouldest hardly or neuer haue come to the knowledge of thosse things that are now showne thee. Tis true, thou haft lamented to be croft in thy preferments : but thou feest since, that it might haue beene thy vndoing if it had not beene so ; and maist perswade thy selfe, whether it be now or neuer, it will be to thy good. For tell me; haft thou not often felt, euen when thou wert busiest to preuent them ; *Fond-loue, Ambition, Reuenge, Couetousnesse*, and such like *Passions*, then to inuade thee ? I fee thou haft perceiued it ? How much more then would they haue beene ready to affaile thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadst wholly addicted thy selfe to the things of this *world* ? Let me aduise thee (my *deare selfe*) then, to make vse of this thine own Worke ; it will bee better to thee than all the *World* : for this good it may doe thee, and to this end, I made both it and the *Dedication* therof to thee ; that if euer hereafter the temptations of the *world*, the *flesh*, & the *dinel*, or any occasion should make thee to forget this minde which thou art now in: or so blinde thy *understanding*, thou shouldest not perceiue thy owne & the *worlds* follies as thou doost; That if

The Epistle

if thou shouldest bee in that miserable state (as many are) to haue no feeling of thy danger : that if thou shouldest bee wofully flattered, and haue no friend that dares , or loues thee so well , to put thee in minde of thy transgressions.

That, Then this may shew thee what once thou wert ; touch thee againe , with the feeling of thy miseries ; and be vnto thee that true *Friend* , which , free from all fayning , shall plainly tell thee , what perhaps should else haue neuer bin brought againe to thy remembrance. Looke then that for thy owne sake thou respect this , how euer to others it may seeme a trifle. Be carefull of thy actions ; for seeing thou knowest the dangerous Passions whereunto Man is subiect , hast showne his *Vanities* , layd open his *Weake-nesse* , and sharply taxed his *Presumption* : If now thou shouldest wilfully runne thy selfe into the same euils , the *World* would vpbraid thee , this Booke , yea , thy Conscience accuse thee , God and good men hate thee ; thy fault bee more odious and inexcusable ; thy *Judgement* more feuere , and (which is worst) thy *Punishment* most intollerable. I say,

Dedicatorie.

fay, seeke therefore (if for no orher cause) so to carry thy selfe, that at least thou maist haue a good Conscience before God ; for, *Si Deus tecum, quis contra te?* But if now hauing made the *World* thine enemie, exposed thy selfe to the malice thereof, and hauing so many Legions of foes without thee, thou shouldest also, by thy negligence, suffer the inuincible fortresse of a sound Conscience to be crazed within thee; the Diuell, that is alway watching such aduantages, would quickly posseſſe it with fo vnmercifull a troope of Horrors, Feares, and Desperations, that without Gods miraculous affiſſtance, thou wouldest growe wholly past either comfort or recovery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee against thy Conscience : but *that* beeing with thee, thou maist preuaile against all the *World*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zebithum*, yeeld a perfume to sweeten others , and bee thy selfe a ſtinking vermine : but, let this thy owne Worke be confirmed by thine owne life and conuerſation ; yea, let it be a *President* to thy ſelfe : for, *Tanti erit alijs quanti tibi fuerit*: but if not, I fay, if the

World

The Epistle

World mis-esteeme either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore esteeme the leffe eyther of thy Booke, or of thy Selfe ; but rather let them know.

*That thou hast learned, still thy care shall bee,
A rush for him, that cares a straw for thee.*

But now, though for these and diuerse other *Reasons*, I haue to thee my *Owne-selfe* committed the *Protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this Booke ; yet my meaning is not that thou shouldest keepe it wholly to thine own vse ; But rather, seeing it is honorable to giue, I haue bestowed this on thee, that if thou canst in this corrupted Age, find any , whom desert, and thy loue may make so deare vnto thee ; or whom thou art perswaded will gratifie, (or but thinke well of thy honest endeauours) thou maist be liberall to them , both of these thy labours, and expences.

But this I coniure thee ; bee they neuer so Great, yet flatter not : or if he be a man whom thou knowest the *World* speaks any way iustly ill of; either tell him his fault, or leaue him wholly out of thy *Catalogue*. But because I begin

Dedicatore.

begin to growe tedious to my *Owne-selfe*, since therefore, I shall haue *Opportunitie* enough to consider with thee what is further needfull without an *Epistle*: with my Prayers for my *Prince*, my *Country*, my *Friends*, and my *owne* prosperitie, without any leauue-taking, or commendations of my *Selfe*, I hartily
 wish my owne *Soule* to
 fare-well.

*Thy Princes, thy Countries,
thy Friends, thine owne,
whilst Reason masters
Affection,*

G E O. W I T H E R.



To the Reader.

Eaders; I speake to you that haue understanding; when these first fruites of my infant Muses shall come to your iudicious censures; doe not looke for Spencers or Daniels well-composed numbers; or the deepe conceits of now-flourishing Iohnson. Say, 'Tis honest plaine matter, and there's as much as I expect. If I haue seem'd to erre in any thing, suppose mee not so obstinate, or well-conceited of my owne opinion, but that I may be perswaded by any that shal produce stronger reasons to the contrary. If any thing may seeme to haue a doubtfull interpretation, assure your selues, the honestest meaning in it is mine; and although some may think I haue not so well ioyned things together as I might haue done, I know when you haue considered the nature of the Subiect, & the diuersity of things therin handled, you will accept my good wil, and let my yeres be an excuse for that & all other ignorant ouer-sights whatsoeuer. Some no doubt will

B

will

To the Reader.

will mistake my plainenes, in that I haue so bluntly spoken what I haue obserued, without any Poetickall additions or fained Allegories: I am sorry I haue not pleased them therein, but should haue bin more sory if I had displeased my selfe in doing otherwise; for I know if I had wrapt vp my meaning in darke riddles, I should haue beene more applauded, and lesse understood, which I nothing desire.

I neither feare nor shame to speake the Truth; and therefore haue nakedly thrust it foorth without a covering. For to what end were it, if I (as some do) had appareld my minde in darke Parables, that few or none might haue understood me? I should doe better to be silent; but if that writing bee more in request, I may hereafter be obscure enoughe: yet in this 'tis not my meaning; for indeed, if I knew how, my desire is to be so plain, that the bluntest Iobernole might understand me. Our Grand-villaines care not for a secret ierke; and well we may shew an honest wit in couertly nipping them; but either it is in vaine, cause they perceiue it not, or else ridiculous, seeing they onely understand it, who will but either malice or flout vs for our labours. Many may dislike the harshnesse of the Verse, but you know, although it be not stately, yet it well enough befits the matter. And whereas I may seeme blame-worthy in mixing Diuinitie

To the Reader.

*tie with Humanitie : yet when you haue found
my generall ayme, considered with what reverent
respect I haue done it, and what commendable au-
thorities I may haue for it, I nothing misdoubt your
approbation. Those things which concerne my selfe,
may seeme childish and nothing pleasing ; but you
must consider I had a care to please my selfe as wel
as others. And if the World blame me as to sau-
cy with her, it is for want of manners ; but her own
fault that would allow me no better education. To
be briefe, if I haue any way offended, I am so well
perswaded you will mildly consern my errors and
infirmities, that I rest wholly, and onely on your
sound and incorrupted Judgements.*

** But **

*Readers, I mean you that are no more but Rea-
ders ; I make no question if this book come to your
spelling, it will haue many halting verses, and
disoynted sentences : for I haue had experiance of
your insufficiency : yet haue I striued to bee, for
your sakes I tell you (because I would if it were
possible, bee vnderstood) as plaine (as they say)
as a pack-saddle ; and now the doubt is some fooles
will ride me. If they do; certainely, I shall be rough
and vncasie for their tenderneſſe.*

B 2

Though

To the Reader.

*Though you understand them not, yet because
you see this wants some fine Phrases, and such
florishes; as you find other mens writings stuff
withall; perhaps you will iudge mee vnlearned.
Well; and right enough. Yet you will be counted
but saucy Cobblers to goe beyond your Lafts.
And if that be a fault (did not the subiect, and
your ignorances, require me to be in that sort faul-
ty) I could with ease haue amended it, for it cost
me (I protest) more labour to obserue this plaine-
nesse, than if I had more Poetically trim'd it. But
for feare if I speake much, I confound your Me-
mories, I will say no more but this; Read and
welcome, but Censure not: for your
iudgement is weak, and I vtter-
ly renounce it.*

Valete.

George Wither.

To Time.

E P I G R. I.

Now swift-deuouring, bald, and ill-fac't *Time* :
Dost not thou blush to see thy selfe vncloak't ?
Oh that I knew but how to laugh in Rime !
Faith I would doe it, though thou wisht me choakt.
Didst thou but see how thy faire *antique* shape,
Is now transformed to a *shapclesse hew* :
How like thou look'ft to some *Barbarian Ape*,
And could'ft thine owne deformities o're-view,
Thou wouldest be *Metamorphased* anew,
Run quite away, and either all amend ;
Or wish thy selfe, and all things at an end.

And yet despaire not *Time*, though thou art ill ;
(The worst that e're (I thinke) was knowne to be,)
Thou shalt not thus deform'd, continue still,
For, I much better dayes, yet hope to see.
When Vice, and Wrong, and Malice, acted haue,
Their furious parts vpon confusions stgae ;
Faire Virtue shall be raised from her graue,
And bring along with her a golden age,
Then ; we will laugh to scorne the worlds vaine rage.
And sit and tell with ioy, what stornies are past,
And what faire dayes we hoped for at last.

EPIGR. 2.

I Heare that some, aske how I dare so plaine,
Taxe the *Abuses* that I now see raigne ;
I muse as much they dare say ill vnto it,
Or dare to aske me, how I dare to doe it.

To the Stranger. 3.

THou, that wert so vnhappy, first to breath
Without the compasse of *Great Britaines* power,
And blest againe that Fate did thee bequeath,
The knowledge of so rich a tongue as our ;
If (vnderstanding) thou doft hap to read
This booke, wherein thou feest my Nations shame,
Yet doe not thou against my Countrey plead ;
For thine (thou know'ft) doth merit greater blame :
Our faults are many, this indeed is true ;
But were they moe ; we are no worse then you.

To the Satyro-mastix. 4.

OH Lord Sir, y'are deceiu'd ; I'me none of thoſe
That write in Anger, or malicious spleene ;
I haue not taken Pepper in the Nose,
Nor base inuenter of false libels beene.
Such ones there be indeed, ſuch I haue feene ;

EPIGRAMS.

I enuy no man for his greatnessse ; I,
Nor seeke I any honest mans disgrace :
I ioy in euery ones prosperity ;
Ile not the credit of a dogge deface,
My aduersary shall not proue the case.

Then stand backe (firrah Whip-Iack) with your scourge ;
Doe not incense my Satyr for thy life :
Hee's patient enough, vnlesse thou vrge,
Cotentions now a dayes are growne too rife,
And *He*, is very backward vnto strife :

If you esteeme your peace, prouoke not me.
For whilſt I find good cause, and reaſon why,
In ſpight of all that foes to Satyrs be ;
He ſhall (if I liſt) taxe iniquitie,
And tis a matter of neceſſity.

What ? you would faine haue all the *Great-ones* freed ;
They muſt not for their vices be controld.
Beware ; that were a fawcineſſe indeed :
But if the *Great-ones* to offend be bold,
I ſee no reaſon but they ſhould be told.

Yea and they ſhall ; their faults moſt hurtfull be,
And (though I will not put them to that shame)
No great iniuſtice in it I did ſee,
If they were taxed by their proper name.
For, no finne can on earth haue her full blame.

Then *Scourge of Satyrs*, hold thy whip from mine ;
Or I will make my rod, lash thee and thine.

To the gald Reader.

EPIGR. 5.

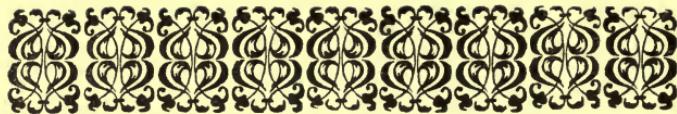
SIR, he that's night-gald, or hath cornes on's toes,
May blame the Shoomaker, and curse his shooes ;
But those that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reason wherefore he doth halt :
So thou maist think (perhaps) these *Satyres* sting thee,
Where onely thine owne guiltinesse doth wring thee.
For, if thou wert from these diseases free,
Thou wouldest be quiet, as some others be.
But 'tis well known *a ticklish beast hath tricks* ;
And, the old Proverbe saith, *A gald Iade kicks*.
But I'le aduise thee ; If thou feele it smart,
Be rul'd by me, and play not the fooles part ;
Keep't to thy selfe, and there are few shall know
If thou art touched in this booke or no.
Thou feest thou neither art markt out, nor nam'd ;
And therefore onely to thy selfe art sham'd :
Now if thou stirre, at best thou shalt but make
The Country of thy faults more knowledge take :
And (as indeed it iustly may) diuine,
The worst faults that I write against are thine.
Then, sith to be reproued seemes a curse,
And to be moued, makes the matter worse,
Either to amend thy wicked life haue care,
Or like a Packe-horse, and an Asse, still beare.

To

To the impartiall Author.

George; I did euer thinke thy faithfull breast
Contain'd a mind beyond the common sort.
Thy very looke and honest heart exprest,
And seem'd an awfull mildnesse to import.
Poets may vaunt of smooth and lofty straines ;
Thine with thy subiect fitly doe agree.
But then thy *Muse* a better praiise obtaines,
For whilst the greatest but *Time-pleasers* be,
Thou vnappald and freely speak'st the truth ;
Not any one for feare or lucre sparing :
A vertue rare in age, more rare in youth ;
Another *Cato*, but I thinke more daring.
Well maist thou speed in these tempestuous times ;
Thou foone beginst to make the world thy foe,
Yet I so well doe like thine honest Rimes,
That I could wish all Poets would write so :
For, thou the way of truth so rightly tend'st,
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'st.

Thy deare friend,
Th. C.



The Contents of the first Booke.

<i>T</i> he Occasion.	
<i>The Introduction</i>	
<i>Of Man.</i>	
<i>Of fond Loue.</i>	Satyr, 1
<i>Of Lust.</i>	2
<i>Of Hate.</i>	3
<i>Of Enuy.</i>	4
<i>Of Reuenge.</i>	5
<i>Of Choler.</i>	6
<i>Of Iealcusie.</i>	7
<i>Of Couetousnesse.</i>	8
<i>Of Ambition.</i>	9
<i>Of Feare.</i>	10
<i>Of Despaire.</i>	11
<i>Of Hope.</i>	12
<i>Of Compassion.</i>	13
<i>Of Cruelty.</i>	14
<i>Of Ioy.</i>	15
<i>Of Sorrow.</i>	16
<i>The Conclusion of the first Booke.</i>	

The



The second Booke.

<i>O</i> <i>F Vanitie.</i>	Satyr. 1
<i>Of Inconstancie.</i>	2
<i>Of Weaknesse.</i>	3
<i>Of Presumption.</i>	4

The Scourge.

Epigrams to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Personages and Friends, to whom the Author gaue any of his Bookes.



THE OCCASION *of this Worke.*

VVhen nimble *Time* that all things ouer-runs,
Made me forfake my tops and eldren guns ;
Reaching those yeeres in which the schoole-boyes brag,
In leauing off the bottle and the bag :
The very Spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice fие Winters told ;
Noting my other fellow-pupils haft,
That to our *English Athens* flockt so fast :
Lest others for a truant should suspect me,
That had the selfe-fame *Tutor* to direct me,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To vnder-goe so long a Schoole-boyes name,
Thither went I. For, though I'le not compare
With many of them that my Fellowes were ;
Yet to my Teachers praise (I speake it now)
I all the formes in schoole had quite run through,
And was no whit, for Grammer Rules to secke,
In *Lillies* Latinc, nor in *Camdens* Greeke ;

But

THE OCCASION, &c.

But so well grounded, that another day,
 I could not with our idle Students say
 For my excuse, *I was not enter'd* well,
 For that I was so, can my fellowes tell.
 And therefore, sith I came no wiser thence,
 I must confess it was my negligence.
 Yet dayly longing to behold and fee
 The places where the sacred *Sisters* be ;
 I was so happy, to that *Foard* I came
 Which of the labring Oxe doth beare the name.
 It is a Spring of knowledge, that imparts
 A thousand feuerall Sciences and Arts,
 A pure cleare Fount, whose water is by ods
 Farre sweeter than the *Nectar* of the *Gods* :
 Or rather (truly to entitle it)
 It is the wholsome nurcery of Wit.

There once arriu'd in yeeres ; and knowledge raw,
 I fell to wondring at each thing I saw :
 And for my learning made a month's Vacation,
 In noting of the places situation,
 The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
 Vnto the wise *Mineruaes* hallowed crew,
 Their *Cloysters*, *Walks*, and *Groues* : all which furuei'd.
 And in my new admittance well apaid ;
 I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)
 Long to goe see the Bell of *Osney* too :
 And yet for certainty I cannot tell,
 That er'e I dranke at *Aristotles* Well.
 And that perhaps may be the reasoun why
 I know so little in Philosophy.

Yet

THE OCCASION, &c.

Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
 In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
 The *Forreſt* by (Believe it they that will)
 Was nam'd *Shot-ouer*, as wee call it still.

But hauing this experience, and withall,
 Atchieu'd ſome cunning at the Tennis-ball ;
 My *Tutor* (telling me I was not fent
 To haue my time, there vaine and idly ſpent)
 From childiſh humors gently call'd me in,
 And with his graue iſtructions did begin
 To teach ; and by his good perſwafions fought
 To bring me to a loue of what he taught.

Then after that, he labour'd to impart,
 The hidden ſecrets of the *Logick Art* ;
 In ſtead of Grammer Rules he read me than,
 Old *Scotus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
 He shew'd me which the *Prædicabiles* be,
 As *Genus*, *Species*, and the other three :
 So hauing ſaid enough of their contents,
 Handles in order th'ten *Prædicaments* ;
 Next *Post prædicamenta* with *Priorum*,
Perhermenias and *Posteriorum*.
 He with the *Topickes* opens ; and diſcries
Elenchi, full of ſubtile fallacies :
 Theſe, to vnfold (indeed) he tooke much paine,
 But to my dull capacitie in vaine :
 For all he ſpake was to as little paſſe,
 As in old time vnto the vulgar was
 The Latine *Maffe*, which (whether bad or good)
 The poore vnlerned neuer vnderſtood ;

But

THE OCCASION, &c.

But of the meaning were as farre to seeke,
 As *Coriats* horse was of his masters Greeke,
 When in that tongue he made a Speech vnto him,
 That he the greatnes of his strength might shew him.
 For I his meaning did no more coniecture,
 Than if he had beene reading *Hebrew Lecture*.
 His *Infinites, Individuities,*
Contraries, and Subcontrarieties,
Divisions, Subdivisions, and a crew
 Of tearms and words, such as I neuer knew,
 My shallow vnderstanding so confounded,
 That I was grauell'd, like a ship that's grounded ;
 And in despaire the Mysterie to gaine,
 Neglecting all, tooke neither heed nor paine.
 Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
 Till *Cynthia* six times lost her borrowed light :

But, then ashamed to find my selfe still mute,
 And other little Dandiptats dispute,
 That could distinguishe vpon *Rationale*,
 Yet scarcely heard of *Verbum Personale* ;
 Or could by heart (like Parots) in the Schooles,
 Stand pratling ; those (me thought) were pretty fooles.
 And therefore in some hope to profit so,
 That I like them (at leaft) might make a shew ;
 I reacht my Bookes that I had cast about,
 To see if I could picke his meaning out :
 And prying on them with some diligence,
 At length I felt my dull intelligence
 Begin to open ; and perceiued more
 In halfe an houre, than halfe a yeere before.

And

THE OCCASION, &c.

And (which is strange) the things I had forgot,
 And till that very day remembred not,
 Since first my *Tutor* read them ; those did then
 Returne into my memory agen :
 So ; that, with which I had so much to doe,
 A weeke made easie, yea, and pleasing too.
 And then ; not therewith thorowly content,
 I practis'd to maintaine an Argument :
 And hauing waded thorow Sophistrie,
 A little lookt into Philosophie,
 And thinking there the Ethicks not enough,
 I had a further longing yet to know
 The cause of Snow, Haile, Thunder, Frost and Raine,
 The Lightenings, Meteors, and what here 'twere vaine
 For me to speake of ; sith I shall but shew-it,
 To those that better then my selfe doe know-it.
 Then from the causes of things naturall
 I went to matters Metaphysicall :
 Of which when I a little newes could tell,
 I (with the rest in Schooles to wrangling fell.
 And (as example taught me) to disgrace her,
 When I oppos'd the *Truth*, I could out-face her.

But now ensues the worst. I getting foot,
 And thus digesting Learnings bitter Root :
 Was ready to haue reacht the fruit ; and thought
 I should a calling in that place haue fought ;
 I found, that I for other ends ordain'd,
 Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd.
 For, Fortune that full many a boone hath lost me,
 Thus in the reaping my contentment, crost me.

C

You

THE OCCASION, &c.

You fir (quoth she) that I must make my flauue,
 For whom in store a thousand plagues I haue,
 Come home, I pray, and learne to hold the plough,
 For you haue read Philosophy enough.

If wrangling in the Schooles be such a sport,
 Goe Fee those *Ploydens* at the Innes of Court :
 For (askē your parish neighbours who can tell,)
 Those fellowes doe maintaine *contention* well.
 For art in numbers, you no coyle need keepe.
 A little skill shall serue to tell your sheepe :
 Seeke not the Starres thy euills should relate,
 Lest when thou know them, thou grow desperate ;
 And let alone Geometry ('tis vaine)
 Ile find you worke enough to marre your braine ?
 Or would you study Musick ; else 'twere pitty,
 And yet it needs not ; you shall finde, Ile fit ye :
 Ile teach you how to frame a song, and will
 Prouide you *cares* to be the subiect still.

This, Fortune or my Fate, did seeme to tell me,
 And such a chance, indeed, ere long befell me.
 For ere my yeares would suffer me to be
 Admitted to acquire the low'ſt degree :
 By Fates appointment (that no stay can brooke)
 The Paradise of England I forsooke,
 To Art and Study both, I bad farewell,
 With all that good my *thoughts* did once fore-tell :
 The sweetest of my hopes I left, and went
 Inquest of Care, Despaire, and Discontent.
 For, seeing I was forc't to leaue those Mountaines,
 Fine groues, faire walks, & sweet delightfull Fountaines,
 And

THE OCCASION, &c.

And saw it might not vnto me be granted
 To keepe those places where the *Muses* haunted,
 I home returned somewhat discontent,
 And to our *Bentworth* beechy shadowes went,
 Bewailing these my first endeauours lost,
 And so to be by angry Fortune crost,
 Who, though she daily doth much mischiefe to mee,
 Can neuer whilst I liue a greater doe mee ;
 Yet there, e're she on me procur'd her will,
 I learn'd enough to scorne at Fortune still :
 Yea, vse had made her enuy feeme so vaine,
 That I grew almost proud of her disdaine :
 And hauing thorough her first malice worne,
 Began to take a pleasure in her scorne.

But after I returned as is said,
 And had a seafon in the Countrey stai'd,
 I there perceiu'd (as I had long suspected)
 My selfe of some vniustly ill-affe^ted :
 And that eu'n those whom I had truely loued,
 Had foes vnto my good vngently proued,
 I found though they in shew my friends had been,
 (And kept their hidden malice long vnseene,
 With such faire shewes as if they fought my good,) None my aduancement with more spight withstood.
 For, (seeming kind) they often did perswade
 My friends, to learne me some Mechanick Trade,
 Vrging expence (perhaps) and telling how
 That *Learning* is but little made of now ;
 When twas through malice, cause they fear'd that I
 Might come to vnderstand my selfe thereby,

THE OCCASION, &c.

Exceed their knowledge, and attaine to doe
 My selfe more good, than they would wish me to :
 Some such, or worse, at best a wicked end,
 Thus moou'd this selfe-conceited crew to bend
 Their spitefull heads, by secret meanes to crosse
 My wisht desire, and propagate my losse.

But hauing noted this their hollownesse,
 And finding that meer Country businesse
 Was not my Calling ; to auoyd the spight,
 (Which at that seafon was not showne out-right)
 And to escape the ouer-dangerous smiles,
 Of those new-found vp-landish Crocodiles ;
 Vpon some hopes, I foone forsooke againe
 The shady Groue, and sweet delightfull Plaine,
 To see the *place* of this great Iles resort,
 And try, if either there or at the Court.
 I might by good endeauour action finde,
 Agreeing with the nature of my minde.

But there I viewd another world, me thought ;
 And little hope or none of that I fought.
 I saw I must (if there I ought would doo)
 First learne new fashions, and new language too.
 If I should hang'd haue beene, I knew not how
 To teach my body how to cringe or bow,
 Or to embrace a fellowes hinder quarters,
 As if I meant to steale away his garters ;
 When any stoopt to me with conges trim,
 All I could doe was stand and laugh at him.
 Bleffe me, thought I, what will this Coxcomb doo,
 When I perceiu'd one reaching at my shoo.

But

THE OCCASION, &c.

But when I heard him speake, why I was fully
Possest, we learn'd but barbarisme in *Tully*.
There was nor street, nor lane, but had a Wench,
That at once cōming could haue learn'd them French.
Grecians had little there to doe (poore foules,)
Vnlesse to talke with begger-men in *Pauls*.
All our Schoole-Latine would not serue to draw
An Instrument ; adiudged good in law :
Nay, which is more, they would haue taught me faine,
To goe new learne my English tongue againe ;
As if there had beene reason to suspect
Our ancient-vsed *Hampshire Dialect*.
There I perceiu'd those brutish thronging swarmes,
That were transformed by lewd Cyrces charmes,
There heard I wanton Syrens tune the lay,
That worke th'vnwary trauellers decay.
The cruell *Lycanthropi* walkt in fight,
So did the beastly loose *Hermaphrodite*.
I saw *Chimera's*, *Furies*, fearefull things,
And fiends, whose toungs, are such enuenom'd stings,
As plague not onely bodies that haue breath,
But make a wound, that oft vncur'd by death,
The next in blood doth poyson, and goes nigh
To ruine a mans posteritie.
There, I saw Guls that haue no braine at all,
And certaine Monsters which they Gallants call ;
New broods of *Centaures* that were onely proud
Of hauing their beginning from a Cloud.
These with a thousand other creatures more,
Such as I neuer saw the like before,

THE OCCASION, &c.

In stranger shapes, and more deform'd and vile,
 Than euer yet appear'd to *Mandiuite*,
 Flockt there ; that I almost to doubt began,
 How I had past the straits of *Magalan*,
 Or gotten on the sudden (with such ease)
 To see the wonders at th'*Antipodes*.

O Lord, thought I, what doe I meane to runne,
Out of Gods blessing thus, into the Sunne !
 What comfort or what goodnes heere can I
 Expect, among these *Anthropophagi*,
 Where like the droues of *Neptune* in the water,
 The lesse are made a prey to feed the greater !
 Certaine it is, I neuer shall be able,
 To make my humor suit to please this rabble ;
 Better it were I liu'd at home with wants,
 Then heere with all these strange inhabitants,
 Whose natures doe with me so disagree,
 I shall scoffe at them though they ruine me :
 Yet being loth to turne till I had try'd,
 What Fate my new aduenture would betide,
 I stayd for my experiance ; and withall
 Flatterd my selfe, with hope there would befall,
 Something vnto my share well worth my fute,
 Which honestie might serue to execute,
 Without respecting how to please the rude,
 And Apish humors of this multitude.
 But all in vaine I that preferment fought,
 Ill Fortune still my Hopes confusion wrought.
 Which though for ominus some vnderstood,
 Yet I presum'd vpon some future good ;

And

THE OCCASION, &c.

And (though I scarce am wisht so well of some)
 Beleeue there is a happy time to come :
 Which, when I haue most need of comfort, shall
 Send me true *Joy* to make amends for all.
 But say it be not whilst I draw this ayre,
 I haue a heart (I hope) shall ne'er despaire ;
 Because there is a God, with whom I trust
 My Soule shall triumph when my body's dust.
 Yet when I found that my endeauours still
 Fell out as they would haue't that wisht me ill.
 And when I saw the world was growne so coy,
 To curbe me as too *young* then to employ :
 And that her *greatnes* thought she did not want me,
 Or found no *calling* bad enough to grant me :
 (And hauing scap't some enuies, which to touch,
 Vnto this purpose appertaines not much)
 Weighing both that and therewith also this ;
 How great a shame and what reproach it is
 To be still idle : and because I spy'd
 How glad they would be that my state enuy'd,
 To finde me so ; although the world doth scorne
 T'allow me action, as if I were borne
 Before my time ; yet een to let her fee,
 In spight of Fortune I'de employed bee ;
 Casting *Preferments* too much care aside,
 And leauing that to God that can prouide ;
 The actions of the present time I ey'd,
 And all her secret villanies discry'd :
 I stript Abuse from all her colours quite,
 And laid her vgly face to open fight.

THE OCCASION, &c.

I labour'd to obserue her wayes, and then
In generall the state and tricks of men.
Wherein although my labour were not feene.
Yet (trust me) the discouery hath beene
My great content : and I haue for my paine,
Although no outward yet an inward gaine.
In which because I can with all my heart,
Allow my Country-men to share a part,
And cause I thinke it may doe some a pleasure,
On opportunity Ile now take feisur,
And summon vp my *Muse* to make relation ;
I may b'employd ere long, now's my *Vacation*.

An



An Introduction.

Come then *Inuention*, and call *Judgement* in,
Knowledge and *Reason* fie where haue you bin?
 Goe whistle of my *Muse* that wanton playes,
 With *Epigrams*, *Loue-Sonets*, *Roundelayes*,
 And such like trifling gaine; Bid her come on,
 I haue found brauer prey to feise vpon.
 Some new inspired power warmes my hart,
 And adds fresh courage vnto euery part:
 New bloud hath fild vp all my *Loue-dride veines*,
 A sacred *Fury* hath possest my braines:
 Something there is swels in my troubled brest,
 Till it be vtter'd I expect no rest;
 For full with matter like a *Sibyl Nun*,
 I shall grow furious if't be long vndone.

Then rouse thee *Muse*, each little *Hobby* plyes,
 At *Scarabes*, and painted *Butterflies*:
 Leave thou such trash, it is not now for vs
 To fly for pleasure; weel in earnest trusse.
 Leave base attempts to buzzards or the kite,
 And check the brauest in their proudest flight.

But thou me thinks seem'st sickly feathered,
 As if thy sprightly heart, extinguished,
 Had left thee nothing of the fame thou wert,
 Dejection hath possest euery part,

And

AN INTRODUCTION.

And thou look'ft dull ; vnfitt for lofty things,
As if thy wanton flight had tir'd thy wings.
 Lest therefore thou should'ft faint, forsake the first,
 And turne thy selfe into a *Satyrift* ;
 Not of the roughest, nor the mildest sort :
 Be most in earnest, but sometimes in sport.
 What e're thou finde to speake be not afraid,
 But for assistance craue th'Almightyes ayd :
 And to that grace and power which he shall daigne,
 Adde all thy best endeaours to attaine
 So thriuing an euent, that men may see,
 Heau'n had decreed to helpe and fauour thee.
 Looke to thy taske : for know thou must vnfold
 The stranglest *Nature* that was euer told :
 Lanch that foule deepe impostumated fore :
 Which shamelesse time hath so well skinned ore.
 As ripping vp thereof some smart will be :
 Yet strike it home, and none shall hinder thee ;
 Search if thou canst, till thou the bottom found,
 Yet not too farre lest thou thy selfe confound,
 And (by too neere inquirie) smothered ly,
 In the vnfathom'd depths of villany ;
 For (doe not mis-conceiue what I intend)
 No message to th'*Antipodes* I send :
 Nor haue I any meaning thou should'ft goe
 To search th'Earths center what lies hid belowe,
 Or vndermine it for rich Minerals :
 Thou shalt not haue to doe with Vegetals.
 Strange natures haue both *stones, trees, herbs, & plants*,
 Which let them seeke for, that employment wants.

There

AN INTRODUCTION.

There is an Herb some say, whose vertue's such,
 It in the pasture onely with a touch
 Vnshooes the new-fhod steed. Within the North
 The Scottish Iles cald Orcades bring forth
 Trees, (or else Writers faine it) from whose feeds,
 A certaine kinde of water-foule proceeds.
 The Loadstone also drawes the steele vnto it,
 Yet hath no ginne nor instrument to doe it :
 Rare powers in Nature ; and yet none of these,
 Nor what lies hidden in the vast wide Seas,
 Meane I to speake of : I no knowledge haue,
 What monsters play with *Neptunes* boystrous waues :
 Nor qualitie of Birds, or Beasts I found,
 For foone their open natures may be found :
 Mans wisedome may, with little inquisition,
 Finde out the brutifh creatures true condition.
 For by experiance we for certaine know
 The Elephant much loue to Man will shew.
 The Tygers, Wolues, and Lyons, we doe finde,
 Are rauenous, fierce, and cruell euen by kinde.
 We know at carryon we shall finde the Crowes,
 And that the Cock the time of midnight knowes :
 By a few dayes experiance we may see,
 Whether the Mastife curst or gentle be.
 And many other natures we finde out,
 Of which we haue no caufe at all to doubt :
 But ther's another Creature called *Man*,
 Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
 What his condition is ; obserue his deeds,
 His speech, his rayment, yea and how he feeds,

Try

AN INTRODUCTION.

Try him a month, a yeare, an age, and when
 You haue so try'd him ; say, what is he then ?
 Retaines he either vnto *Praefter Iohn*,
 Or else vnto the Whore of Babylon ?
 If that you know not which of them to grant,
 Is he a *Brownist* or a *Protestant* ?
 If in an age you cannot finde out whether,
 Are you so much as sure that he is either ?
 Is his heart proud or humble ? know you where
 Or when he hates, or loues, or stands in feare ?
 Or who can say (in Conscience I thinke none)
 That this mans words, & deeds, and thoughts are one ?
 Where shall you him so well resolued find,
 That wants a wandering and a wauering mind ?
 Nay he of whom you haue most triall, when
 You see him dying, will you trust him then ?
 Perhaps you may ; yet questionlesse he leaues you
 A mind misdoubting still that he deceiuers you.
 And no great wonder ; for hee's such an else,
 That euer is vncertaine of himselfe,
 He is not *semper idem* in his will,
 Nor stands on *this* or *that* *opinion* still,
 But varies ; he both will and will not too,
 Yea euen the thing he thinks and sweares to doo
 He many times omits ; and not alone
 Hath from anothers expectation gone,
 But least to any one he should proue iust,
 Himselfe he guiles if in himselfe he trust.
 But this fame *diuerte* and *inconstant creature*,
 That is so contrary in his owne nature,

'Tis

A N I N T R O D V C T I O N.

'Tis he that now my *Muse* muſt here deuife,
 Whilſt he is liuing to *Anatomize* ;
 'Tis his *Abuſive* and ill-taught condition
 (Although it be beyond all definition)
 She muſt diſcouer, with the boundleſſe rage,
 Of the vnbrideled humours of this age.
 Yet tis a mighty taske, whose vndertaking,
 Would make all *Argus* eyes forget their waking :
 And I do feare I may attempt as well,
 To dragge againe to light the Dogge of hell.
 For all *Alcides* toyſes had not beene more,
 Though his *twice-fixe* had been *twice-sixty-score*.
 So infinite is this I muſt vnfold ;
 That might I write and ſpeake till I were old,
 I know that I ſhould leaue vnfpoken than,
 Moſt of thoſe humours I haue feene in *Man* ;
 And ſtill confeſſe in him there hidden be
 Thouſands of humors more than I can fee,
 ſomewhaſt he hath to doe would trace him out
 In euery action that he goes about :
 Or but looke after him and fee the path
 He treads, what contrarieties it hath.
 To find him by his words were to assay,
 To ſeeke a fish out by his watry way ;
 Or chafe the Swallow to her home at night,
 Through all the pathleſſe windings in her flight,
 But to obſerue him in his thoughts were more
 Than all the labours mentioned before.
 The neuer ending winding turning way,
 That the vnbounded minde of man doth stray,

So

AN INTRODUCTION.

So full of wonder is, that admiration
 Hath nigh confounded my imagination
 With too much musing therepon : but yet
 Sith eyther want of yeeres, or want of wit,
 Or lacke of worke, or lacke of all, hath brought me
 To be more heedfull than a number thought me ;
 Sith it some time and study too hath cost me,
 And many a *humour* of mine owne hath lost me ;
 Sith it hurts none, and sith perhaps some may
 Be benefited by't another day :
 Though as I said, the taske be not alone,
 Too huge to be perform'd by any one,
 But more then all the world can well dispatch ;
 Looke what I could by obseruation catch,
 And my weake memory well bare away,
 I registred against another day :
 Nor will I ought that I remember spare,
 Saue things vnfit, and such as needlefse are ;
 Here I will teach my rough Satyrick Rimes
 To be as madde and idle as the times :
 Freely I will discouer what I spye,
 And in despight of curiositie,
 Maske in a homely phrase as simply plaine,
 As other men are mystically vaine ;
 Ile breake the Clofet of mans priuate sin,
 Search out the villanies conceald therein ;
 And if their sight may not infectious be,
 Draw them to view in spight of fecrecie ;
 Greatnesse and Custome shall not haue their will
 Without controule so to Authorise ill,

That

A N I N T R O D V C T I O N.

That though much be amisse, yet no man dare
 Seeme to take notice that offences are.
 Weele brand them, and so brand them all shall see,
 Wee durst not onely say such faults there be ;
 But startle those who had securely long
 Slept fenslesse of all shame and others wrong.
 None will I spare, for fauour or degree ;
 My verfe like death shall so impartiall be,
 If that my father or my brother halt,
 Though I spare them, I will not spare their fault :
 No ; mine owne follies that are most belou'd,
 Shall not escape their censure vnreprou'd,

Now some will say, fit 'twere I held my tongue,
 For such a taske as this I am too young :
 I ne'r had dealings in the world with men,
 How can I speake of their conditions then ?
 I cannot, they conclude : Strong reason : why,
 Know none how Market goes but such as buy ?
 We finde that it is oft and daily seene,
 When a deceitfull shifting knaue hath beene
 Playing at Cards with some vnskilfull gull
 Whose purse is lin'd with crownes and penny-full,
 He by some nimble paſſage may deceiue,
 Which though the ſimple Gamſter ne'er perceiue
 Another may the Cheaters craft eſpie
 That is no player, but a ſtander by.
 So, I aloofe may view without ſuſpition,
 Mens idle humors, and their weake condition,
 Plainer perhaps, then many that haue feene
 More dayes, and on Earths ſtage haue Actors beene.

And

AN INTRODUCTION.

And tis no maruell : for imployments takes them
Quite from themselues, & so dim-fighted makes them
They cannot see the fooleries they doe,
Nor what ill *Passions* they are subiect to :
Then who e're carpe, the course I haue begun,
If God affist me, spight of them Ile run :
And leaft th'*Exordium* hath too tedious bin,
What I intended loe I now begin.

OF



O F M A N.

Mounted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
 And noting with my selfe the state of things,
 I plainly did perceiue, as on a Stage,
 The confus'd actions of this present age ;
 I view'd the *World*, and viewing saw my fill,
 Because that all I saw therein was ill.
 I weigh'd it well, and found it was the *Scene*
 Of *Villanie*, of *Luſt*, and all vncleane
 And loath'd Corruption. Seeing which, my Mind,
 (That by some *inspiration* gan to find
 The place was not in fault for this) search't on,
 To finde the cause of this Confusion.
 And noting euery Creature there, I found
 That onely *Man* was the chiefe *ſpring* and *ground*
 Of all this *vproare* : Yea, I ſoone did fee,
Hee there was *all* in *all*, and none but *Hee*.

Then hauing also a desire to know
Mans true condition ; I began to grow
 Yet more inquisitiue. An old *Record*
 At laſt I hapt vpon, which did afford
 Much ſacred light. It ſhew'd, *Hee was a Creature*,
First made by God ; *iuft and vpright by nature*.
That in his likenesſe fram'd he was compounded
Of Soule and Body : *That, this laſt, was founded*

D

Of

Of earth: The first, infus'd by inspiration.
And that, the finall cause of his creation,
Was to set forth the glory of his Maker;
And with him, to be made a ioynt-partaker
Of endlesse happineſſe. Grown much amaz'd
 To read this of him, for a time I paus'd.
 And finding now in man no marke or signe
 That ere he was a Creature ſo diuine;
 I knew not what to thinke, vnleſſe the ſame
 Should meane ſome other Creature of that name:
 But prying further on, I there found out
 The reſolution of my preſent doubt:
 I ſaw the cauſe of's Fall: How with *Free-will*
 He fell from his *firſt goodneſſe* vnto *ill*:
 I ſaw how he from happineſſe did flide;
 Through diſobedience and vnthankfull pride:
 Yea, and I found, how by that cursed Fall
 He was bereaued and quite ſtript of all
 That ſo adornd him. His *firſt holineſſe*
 Was chang'd to a *corrupted filthineſſe*,
 Then he began to draw a *paineſfull breath*,
 And was a *ſlaue*, made *captiue* vnto *Death*:
 His body was expos'd to labour, sweat,
 And much diſquieting: He got his meat
 With forrow, care, and many perturbations,
 And then his ſoule grew ſubieſt vnto *Paffions*
 And ſtrange diſtemperatures. Moreouer, he
 So perfect miserable grew to be,
 That if he had not a *Re-generation*,
 Nothing was left him but meere *desperation*.

This

This, hauing seene, I made no question than,
 But it was spoken of that *Creature M A N*,
 Which I sought after. Searching further yet,
 On some *Apocryphall* Records I hit,
 The workes of wife Philosopthers ; from whence
 I yet receiued more intelligence
 Concerning him : for there they doe vnfold
 Each part about his body, and haue told
 Secrets of Nature very rare to finde.
 They haue considered also of the *Minde* ;
 The *Understanding part* : and doe relate
 The nature of his *Soule*, and her estate.
 Deepe Mysteries they be : but seeing, I
 Haue neuer searched that Philosophy,
 So farre as those : And sith, I shall but tell
 Such things, as no men can explaine so well
 As they themselues : I leaue you to their bookees.
 In which who ere with good aduiseement looks,
 Shall find it largely handled. As for me,
 I meane to speake but what I know, and fee
 By try'd experience ; which perhaps may giue
 (Although I haue but now begun to liue)
 Some profitable notes. First, I auow
 What euer *Man* hath been ; that, he is now
A Reasonable liuing Creature : who,
Consisteth of a Soule and Body too.
His Body flesh and blood, to sinne subiected,
And from his very birth therewith infected
Growes riper in vncleanness. Then his Soule,
A pure and lasting substance, is made foule

Through th'others filthinesse : and much suppreſt
 By diuers hurtfull paſſions, which moleſt
 And hinder her proceeding, yea, hee's this ;
 A Creature that exceeding wretched is :
 And that he may be ſure no fault to want,
 Vaine, Fickle, Weake, and wondrous Arrogant.
 And though his nature heretofore were pure ;
 Now nothing is more fading or vnfure.
 But Ile omit at this time to relate
 The courſes I'ue obſeru'd in's outward ſtate ;
 For though the body that before the Fall
 Sustain'd no ſorrow, were it ne'er fo ſmall,
 Doth now feele hunger, with heat, thirſt, and cold,
 A feeble birth, deſects in being old,
 With thouſands more ; and though each gaspe of breath,
 In miſery he draw vntill his death :
 Yet all this outward change which I doe find,
 Is nothing when I doe behold the mind.
 For, there inordinate and brutiſh *Paſſion*,
 Keepes Vmpire ; and hath got *predomination*.
 Full many a penſiue thought, doth now moleſt,
 His troubled mind, whose conſcience ſlept in reſt.
 His beſt conteinents but diſcontentments are :
 His chiefe of pleaſures are fo mixt with care,
 And with fo little Comfort he obtai' es them ;
 Or with ſuch ſmart, and danger, he retaineſ them ;
 Or with ſuch feare of looſing them, enioyed them ;
 That thoſe diſtaſtings, in the taste, deſtroyes them.
 Amongſt his owne deſires doe hourely rife
 So many wondrous Contrarieties,

And

And vainc repentings of what's done before ;
 As all his good, makes but his ill the more.
 This day hee's cheerefull, and to morrow fad ;
 E'ne from the same occasion made him glad.
 The Minde which sometime harbor'd so much *good*,
 That *cuill* but in name, was vnderstood ;
 Knowes *ill* so well, as of that *good* bereft,
 The name of *goodneffe* now, is scarcely left.
 And vnto me a wonder 'tis become
 To see, what glories, man is fallen from.
 The best are bad, yet I obserued still,
 There are degrees amongst men in their ill.
 The basest creatures that here breathe on earth,
 (Inheriting corruption by their birth,)
 In the condition of their life, are farre
 Lesse different from what the worst men are,
 Then they are from the best. Perhaps the shapes
 (Vnlesse it be some strange disguised Apes)
 Remaine alike : but, their poore soules are quite
 Exchang'd to that which we call Appetite.
 For, who can name of *reasonable* giue,
 To what is made but merely sensitiue ?
 It was a throne where vertue ruling fate,
 Ioyntly with Reason her beloued mate :
 And they too, vnder sweet obedience, than,
 Kept that faire place, th'vnblemisht *Ille of Man* :
 But sith with *Good* we learn'd to know the *Ill*,
 In steed of *Reason*, we haue fet vp *Will*.

The minde, is nothing but a mint of iarres,
 Or little world of mad domestique warres :

OF M A N.

Vertue's depos'd thence, and *Vice* rule obtaines ;
 Yea *Vice* from *Vice* there by succession raignes :
 Expelling those whom *Vertues* presence graceth,
 And in their steads these hurtfull Monsters placeth ;
 Fond *Loue*, and *Luſt*, *Ambition*, *Enmitie*,
 Foolish *Compassion*, *Joy* and *Jealousie*,
Feare, *Hope*, *Despaire*, and *Sadnesse*, with the Vice
 Call'd *Hate*; *Reuenge*, and greedy *Auarice*,
Choler, and *Cruelty* : which I perceiu'd
 To be the onely causes Man's bereau'd
 Of quietnesse and rest. Yea, these I found
 To be the principall and onely ground
 Of all pernicious mischieves that now rage,
 Or haue disturbed him in any age.
 These losing *Reason*, their true Prince, began
 To breed disturbance in the heart of Man.
 Each laid a feuerall claime (forsooth) and he
 Would be the Monarch in this Emperie.
Ruine had got the vpper hand, and they
 Would be Commanders, that were made t'obey.

Loue, (when as *Reason* rul'd) you would haue thought,
 Would neuer haue been forc't or drawne to naught.
 When God, the *Chaos* did diuide ; then he
 Set it to looke things should not disagree ;
 And taught it sweetly how to moue the minde,
 Both for increasing and preferuing kinde.
 But now, the bound it had, contenteth not ;
 A veine of Dominiering it hath got.
 And the whole Man is held in flauery,
 Within the compasse of that Tyranny.

Such

Such apishnesse it now hath entertain'd,
 That all the credit which it had is stain'd.
 Yea, 'tis as farre from what it was ; as we
 From our more honor'd Ancient English be.
 And so vnlike vnto it selfe doth proue ;
 We scarce dare giue it now the name of *Loue*.

Ambition ; that erst gently mou'd *Desire*
 To nought else but to good things to aspire ;
 Now must be Lord of Mis-rule, and will force,
 The Minde beyond her bound, from bad to worse.

Reuenge doth claime a *Prinedome*, and will be
 The sole Commander in this *Seignorie*.
 That cruell Ruffian, that in vaine doth striue,
 His Off-spring from true *Valour* to deriuue.

Despaire and *Feare* (two Rake-hels more) that Man
 Had neuer knowledge of, till Sinne began ;
 With mighty troopes of terrors, play their part,
 To ouerthrow th'weake fortresse of the hart.
 Yea euery *Paffion* striues that onely *he*,
 Might Ruler in that *Microcosmos* be.

Eu'n *Hope*, (that, when this discord first fell out,
 Was sent to keepe *Despaire*s rude forces out,
 And be a comfort to this troubled state,)
 Becomes an Actor in this foule debate.
 And, when she had got footing in his breft,
 Vnder the colour of procuring rest,
 Built Castles in the ayre ; from whence did grow,
 Another meanes of *Reasons* ouerthrow :
 Yea, *Choler*, *Icalousie*, black *Enuy*, *Hate*,
 And bloody *Cruelty* aym'd at this state.

Joy, (though faire shew it made of difcontent,) And kind *Compassion* (though she weeping went,) Made priuate meanes to sway all to their wils, Without the leaſt care of ensuing illſ. That by their discord (I perceiue) began All whatſoeuer is amiffe in *Man*. And therefore I doe heere intend to shew, Ere I goe farther, what ill humors flow From these fore-named : and I will declare, To what *Abuſes* moſt men ſubieſt are, Through euery of them : for, when I tooke view, Although I ſaw not all, I found a few. And heere because I will not order breake, I will aſunder of each *Paffion* ſpeake.



OF THE PASSION *of Loue.*

S A T Y R. I.

First *Loue*; the same I heere the first doe call,
Because that *Passion* is most Naturall;
And of it selfe could not be discommended,
Wer't not with many a foule *Abuse* attended,
Or so much out of measure, as we see
By those in whom it raignes it oft will bee.
For, looke where't growes into extreamitic,
It foone becommeth *Vertues Lethargie*;
Makes them set light by *Reasons* found direction,
And beares them headlong by vntam'd affection.
Counsell's in vaine; cause when this fit doth take them,
Reason and *Understanding* both forfake them;
It makes them sometimes merry, sometimes sad;
Vntam'd men milde, and many a milde man mad.
To fooles it wisedome giues, and makes the witty
To shew themselues most fooles (the more's the pitty.)

Some

Some it makes purblind, that they doe not know
 The Snow-white Cygnet from the cole-black Crow.
 And one to gold compares his Mistris haire;
 When 'tis like Fox-fur; and doth think shee's faire,
 Though she in beauty be not far before,
 The swart West-Indian, or the tawny Moore.

Oh those faire starre-like eyes of thine! one fayes,
 When to my thinking, she hath look't nine waies;
And that sweet breath; when I thinke (out vpon't)
 'Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't.

Another, hauing got a dainty peece,
 (Prouder then *Iason* with his golden Fleece)
 Commends her vertues (that must needs haue many,
 Because she neuer maketh vse of any;)
 Yea, sweares shee's chaste, and takes her for no leffe,
 When all that know her, know her ficklenessse.

Another groweth careleffe of his health,
 Neglects his credit, and consumes his wealth;
 Hath found a pretty *Peat*, procur'd her fauour,
 And sweares that he, in spight of all, will haue her.
 Well, let him take her, sith they are contented,
 But such rash-matches are the soon'ſt repented.

Then there is one who hauing found a peere
 In all things worthy to be counted deere,
 Wanting both Art and heart his minde to breake,
 Sits fighing (*Woe is me*) and will not speake.
 All company he hates, is oft alone,
 Growes melancholy, weepes, respecteth none,
 And in despaire seekes out a way to dye,
 When he might liue and finde a remedy.

But

But how now; Wast not you (fayes one) that late
 So humbly begg'd a *Boone* at *Beauties* gate?
 Was it not you that to a female Saint
 Indited your *Philaretes* complaint,
 With many dolefull Sonnets? was't not you?
 Sure twas, faies hee: but then how comes it now
 You carp at *Loue* thus in a *Satyr*'s vaine?
 Take heede you fall not in t'her hands againe:
 Sure if you doe, you shall in open Court,
 Be forc't to sing a *Palinodia* for't.
 What? are your braines dry, or your blood grown cold?
 Or are you on a sudden waxen old,
 To flout at *Loue*, which men of greatest wit
 Allow in youth as naturall and fit?
 What reason haue you for't else? what pretence
 Haue you to make excuse for this offence?

To him I answser; That indeed, euen I
 Was lately subiect to this malady:
 Lik't what I now dislike; employd good times
 In the composing of such idle *Rimes*
 As are obiected: From my heart I sent
 Full many a heauy figh, and sometimes spent
 Vnmanly teares. I thought, I must confesse,
 If she I lou'd had smil'd, no happinesse
 Might equalize it, and her frowne much worse
 (O God forgiue me!) then the Churches curse.

I did (as some doe) not much matter make
 To hazard soule and body for her sake.
 Hauing no hope, sometime I did despaire,
 Sometime (too much) build Castles in the aire:

In

In many a foolish humour I haue beene
 As well as others. Looke where I haue seene
 Her (whom I lou'd) to walke, when she was gone,
 Thither I often haue repair'd alone;
 As if I thought the places did containe
 Some poore contentment (Oh exceeding vaine!)

Yet, what if I haue been thus idly bent,
 Shall I be now ashamed to repent?
 Moreouer, I was in my Childhood than,
 And am scarce yet reputed for a Man;
 And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,
 Nor cloy'd with any foule disease am I,
 Whereby the strength of nature is declin'd:
 'Tis no such cause that made me change my mind:
 But my Affection, that before was blinde,
 Rash and vnruley, now begins to finde
 That it had runne a large and fruitlesse race,
 And thereupon hath giuen Reason place.
 So that by Reason, what no Reason might
 Perswade me from before, I haue out-right
 Iustly forsaken; for because I fee
 'Twas vaine, absurd, and nought but foolery.
 Yet for all this, looke where I lou'd of late,
 I haue not turn'd it in a spleene⁷ to hate;
 No; for 'twas first her Vertue and her Wit
 Taught me to see how much I wanted it.
 Then as for *Love* I doe allow it stll,
 I neuer did dislik't, nor neuer will;
 So it be Vertuous, and contain'd within
 The bounds of Reason: but when't will begin

To

To runne at random, and her limits breake,
I must, because I cannot chuse but speake.

But I forget my felse: Wherefore am I
So tedious in my owne Apologie?
It needed not at all; I'le on againe,
And shew what kinde of *Louers* yet remaine.
One fort I finde yet of this louing crew,
Whose quality I thinke is known to few;
These feeke by all the meanes they can to gaine
Each Virgins liking: Sometime not in vaine.
The thing they would, they haue; but when tis got,
Sorry they are, and wish they had it not:
For peraduenture they haue plac't their Loue,
So as it cannot, nor it must not moue.
And yet if they should faile but to procure it,
'Twould grieue them so, they hardly would endure it.
Yea, though in shew (at least) they haue said nay,
Their Loues with like affection to repay,
If they perceiue't abate, as it will doe,
Both this and that doth make them forry too.
But such as doe into that weakenes fall,
Vnsteady and vnconstant I may call.

Moreouer, some such humours do infect
That the fame man doth diuerfly affe~~t~~:
Now he the Faire approues; anon the grace
Appeares not in the colour of a face.
He spyes the Browne, and then that most esteemes,
Cause the proportion much more pleasant seemes.
Then, he the Wanton likes; then modest Eyes;
Then loues the Simple lasse; and then the Wife:

One

One for her pase ; and for her gesture one,
Must be the Mistris he adores alone.
Yet peraduenture ere a little while
Another winnes her from him with a smile.

This, with a looke nigh languishing, moues pitty :
That, he commands because shee's bold and witty.
And longs for what anon againe he loathes,
Because shee seem'd faire in her gaudy clothes.

True worth moues few : but sure I am, not many
Haue for bare Vertues sake affected any.
Wealth winnes the most, yet they by triall proue,
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it gaines not *Loue*.

Then to obtaine his Mistris, one man tries
How he can straine his wits to *Poetize* :
His *Passion* to relate, his skill he proues ;
But in this blockish Age it little moues :
Nor doe I wonder much true meaning failes ;
And wit so little in this case auailes,
Sith Dunces can haue Sonnets fram'd, and send them
As their inuentions, when some others pend them.

Another seekes by Valour to obtaine
His wished prize, but now that triall's vaine.

The third brings Wealth, and if he doe not speed,
The Woman's worth the suing for indeed.

Then he that's neither valorous nor wise,
Comes ruffling in, with shamelesse brags and lies,
Making a stately, proud, vaine-glorious shew
Of much good matter, when tis nothing so.
In steed of lands, to which he ne'er was heire,
He tells her tales of Castles in the ayre.

For

For martiall matters, he relates of frayes,
 Where many drew their swords and ran their wayes :
 His Poetry is such as he can cull
 From Playes he heard at *Curtaine*, or at *Bull* ;
 And yet is fine coy *Mistris-Mary-Muffe*
 The foonest taken with such broken stuppe.

Another shallow braine hath no deuice,
 But prates of some strange castes he had at Dice ;
 Brags of his play ; yea sure it doth befall ;
 He vaunts oft-times of that which marreth all.

But some I note (now fie on such a man)
 That make themselues as like them as they can,
 Thereby to winne their loues : they faine their pase,
 Order their lookes, and strie to set their face
 To be demure. Some wooe by nods and lookes ;
 Some by their fighes ; and others by their bookees.

Some haue a nature must not be denaide,
 And will grow furious if they be delayd ;
 Other againe haue such a fancie got,
 If they foone speed, then they esteeme them not.

When women wooe some men do most affect them,
 And some againe for wantons doe suspect them :
 Besides, we see that fooles themselues they make,
 What toyes they count of for their wenches sake.

One, for some certaine months, or weeks, or dayes,
 Weares in his hat a branch of whither'd Bayes ;
 Or sweareth to employ his vtmost power,
 But to preserue some stale negleected flower.
 He weares such colours as for Louers be,
 Drinks vowed healths vpon his bared knee :

Sues

Sues mainly for a shoo-string, or doth craue her,
 To grant him but a busk-point for a fauour.
 And then to note (as I haue feene) an Asse
 That by her window, whom he loues, must passe,
 With what a fained pase the Woodcock stalks ;
 How skuruily he fleareth as he walkes :
 And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,
 As if his horse were troubled with the bots :
 'Twould make one fwell with laughing. In a day
 He makes more errands then he needs that way,
 Bearing himselfe as if she still espyde him ;
 When as perhaps shee flouts, or lookes beside him.

Nay, shoud I tell you all the *Vanitie*
 I haue obserued in this maladie,
 I should shame *Louers* : but I'le now be husht,
 For had I said more, I my selfe had blusht.
 Yet knowe : Although this *passion* I haue tide
 To loue of *Women*, it concludes beside
 All whatsoeuer kinde of loues there bee,
 Vnlesse they keepe the minde from troubles free ;
 And yeeld to *Reason* : but of such-like Louers,
 My *Muse* hereafter other feates discouers.



O F D E S I R E , O R

L V S T.

S A T Y R . 2.

L *Viffull Desire* (although twere rather fit
 To some bruit Creature to attribute it)
 Shall be presented in the second place ;
 Because it shrowds a vile deformed face
 Benenth *Loues* vizard, and assumes that name,
 Hiding it owne fault with the others blame.
 'Tis a base *Passion*, from whose sinke doth flowe
 Many base humours. 'Tis the ouerthrow
 Of all in whom it enters. 'Tis an euill
 Worse then to be possessed with a Diuell.
 This, this is that, which oft hath caused publique strife,
 And priuate discord. This makes man and wife
 Grow each to other cold in their affection,
 And to the very marrow fends infection.
 This spoyles the body ; this doth make the face
 Looke wanne, pale, yellow, and doth much disgrace
 The beauty of it. This bereaueth quite,
 The bones of marrow, and the eyes of sight.
 It shrinkes the sinewes ; and from thence doth sprout
 Griefes of the stomake, Leprosie and Gout,

E

With

With other such : Beside, it doth decay
 Not life alone ; but also take away
 Both memory and vnderstanding too ;
 And many other mischieves else will doe.

And which way comes that foule disease to vs
 We call the French, so vile and odious ?
 Is't not by *Lust*? Breed not such-like desires
 Children begotten by vnlawfull Sires ?
 Strange generations ? beds so oft defilde,
 That many a Father scarcely knowes his childe ?
 Or, is't not hence this common Prouerbe growes,
'Tis a wise childe that his owne Father knowes ?
 Doth it not others reputation foyle ?
 And them e'ne of their dearest Iewels spoyle ?
 Yes ; and from hence a thousand other crimes
 Doe daily spring : and yet in these our times
 Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *Lust* doth weare
 The richest garments, and hath curiou'ft fare :
 The softest beds it hath to take repose,
 With sweet Perfumes ; but sure there's need of those.

Drawne in a Coach it visits, now and then,
 Some neere acquaintance, 'mongst the Noblemen.
 And yet the Court alone frequents it not,
 But in the City residence hath got,
 Where, a daily seruice it employs,
 Young Cockneis, Burgomasters, Roaring-Boyes,
 Yea, Porters, Prentises, and all that may,
 Be seruiceable to it any way.

'Twere much to note the paine that some endure,
 And at how high a rate they doe procure

Their

Their beastly wils. There's many spend their stocks
In Ruffes, Gownes, Kirtles, Pety-coates and Smockes.
For which, one's paid with that shall make him craul
(If he be friended) to some Hospitall.

Another quitted for his well-spent stiffe,
By some grim Serieant with a Counter-buffe :
A third it brings (if long that course he followes)
First to the Gaole, and so-forth to the Gallowes.

And what haue you obserued to haue bin
The vsuall associates of this sin ?
But *filthy speeches, bold fac't impudence,*
Vnseemely actions, riot, negligence,
Or such as these. Yea, to procure their lust
It makes them into any mischieves thrust
(How hatefull or apparant ere they be,)
Or put in practise any villany.

Moreouer, where it enters once, the minde
Can no true rest, nor any quiet finde.
Wee see it also maketh them to craue,
Not what is best, but what they long to haue.
Yea, *Luft* hath many mischieves that ensue it,
Which most men see, but few the lesse eschew it.
Men rather now, as if 'twere no offence,
Are growne to such a shamelesse impudence,
They vaunt and brag of their lasciuious factes,
No lesse then some of braue Heroicke acts.
And, not a few of this same humor be
That would be thought the foes of Chaftitie.
By whom, if I see ill, Ile sure conceale it ;
For they themselues, will to their shames reueale it.

There's others, who disliking so to vant,
 Will, *Si non castè, tamen cautè*, grant,
 (For that's their *Motto*) they make modest showes,
 But what they doe in secret, man nere knowes.

Some make a Baud of the diuine profession,
 (Like *Shaelings in Auricular Confession.*)
 Th'other are bad, and sure of God accurst :
 But of all others, these I deeme the worst.

There's other Gallants would desire but this,
 Without suspition to conferre and kisse :
 For other pleasures, they would neuer craue them,
 Nay, if they might, they sweare they will not haue them.
 So meane, perhaps : but time brings alteration ;
 And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation.

Then many make their fained loue to be
 A cloake to couer their immodesty.
 These will protest, and vow, and sweare their life
 Confists in hauing whom they woe, to wife.
 Yet, if the villaines can their lust fulfill,
 They will forswear them, and be liuing still.

Some doe court all, (and not alone to proue ;
 But for because withall they are in loue.)
 With such deepe *Passion*, that they cannot smother
 Their hot affection, till they meet another.

But why will *Man* against himselfe and Reason
 Consent to such a Tyrant in his Treason ?
 Why will he so his liberty forgoe,
 To be a flaue to such a monstrous foe ?
 For, what is this same *Passion* we call *Lust* ?
 Is't not a *Brutish longing* ? an *vniuist*

And

Lib. 1.

L V S T.

Satyr. 2.

*And foule desire, vnlawfully to gaine
 Some euill pleasure? Or, to speake more plaine;
 A furious burning Passion, whose hot fumes
 Corrupts the vnderstanding, and consumes
 The very flesh of man? Then what's the fact?
 What may I tearme that vile and shamefull act,
 But this; The execution of an ill,
 Out of set purpose, and with a good will,
 In spight of Reason? Tell me, is't not base?
 When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,
 To give their bodies in a deed vncleane,
 With a foule nasty prostituted queane?
 Or in their vnderstanding be so dull
 As to obserue an idle short-heeld trull?
 A puling female Diuell, that hath smiles
 Like Syrens Songs, and teares like Crocodiles.*

Yet there be some (I will not name them now)
 Whom I haue seene vnto such Puppets bow
 And be as seruiceable as a Groome
 That feares another man will beg his roome.
 They haue beene glad full oft to please their pride
 With costly gifts, and forced to abide
 Imperious scoffes, with many scornefull words;
 Such, as the humor they are in affords.
 And yet for these they'l venture Honours, Liues,
 If they commaund it: when on their poore Wiues
 (Though they in beauty, loue and true delight,
 Exceed them more, then day-time doth the night)
 Those common Courtesies they'l scarce bestow
 Which they to eu'ry stranger vse to shew:

E 3

Yea,

Lib. I.

L V S T.

Satyr. 2.

Yea, and their *Lust* doth wrap them in such blindnesse,
They cannot giue them one poore looke in kindnesse.

Moreouer, for their lust they haue not laid
Base plots alone, like him that was conuey'd
In a close Trunke, because in secrecy
He would (vnseene) enjoy his venery.
I say not onely therein haue they retch't
Their damn'd inuention's: it hath also stretch't
Vnto strange *Lusts*; of which I will not speake,
Because I may offend the minde that's weake:
Or, least I to some simple one should shew
Those finnes by naming, he did neuer know.
Then here Ile leaue: there's lurking holes such
This stinking Vermine I will hunt no more.

OF



O F H A T E.

S A T Y R. 3.

B Vt I haue rous'd another heere, as bad,
 They call it *Hate*; a worse I neuer had
 Before in chase: I scarce can keepe (in footh)
 My selfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
 This is the *Passion* that doth vse to moue
 The minde, a cleane contrary way to Loue.
 It is an inspiration of the Diuell,
 That makes men long for one anothers euill.
 It cankers in the heart, and plagueth most,
 Not him that's hated, but the hatefull host.
 And yet there's too-too many I doe know,
 Whose hearts with this foule poyson ouer-flow :
 Of which I haue a true intelligence,
 By the sharpe scoffes and flanders springing thence :
 But, where it rules, they cannot well conceale it,
 But either words or deedes, or both reueale it.

Were it iuft causes that did still ingender
 This passion in them ; or if they could render
 A reason for't, 'twere somewhat. But their will
 Carries them on, in spight of Reason still.
 These are their humours. For a flight offence
 They'l hate the offender for a recompence.

Some, malice all that any way excell,
 Although they know it farre from doing well.
 And many haue abhorred (*God amend them*)
 The Stranger that did neuer yet offend them :
 Which they are not ashamed to confess,
 Yet in their hate continue ne'er the lesse.
 But though that they can yeeld no reason why
 They beare them causelesse malice : yet can I.
Their hearts are ill, and it is seldome knowne,
That a sweet brooke from bitter springs hath flowne.

There's some to, when they see a man respected,
 Though they are nothing by that meanes neglected,
 They inly grudge, and outwardly disdaine,
 Beeing alike condition'd as was *Cain*.

Some hate their friends that loue & count them dear,
 As by the sequell plainly shall appear ;
 One that a seeming friendship had profest me,
 Vpon a time did earnestly request me,
 That I would plainly my opinion shew,
 What I of his conditions thought or knew :
 And that I would without exceptions tell
 What things in him did not become him well.

I scorning flatt'ry, with a simple heart,
 'Twixt him and me my minde did soone impart ;
 And as a friend that is vnfained, ought,
 Left nothing vnreueal'd of that I thought :
 Yea, without soothing, him I reprehended,
 If I perceiu'd he any way offended ;
 Prouided always that I did not swerue
 From a *decorum* fitting to obserue.

But

But marke Mans nature : he perceiuing I
 Had taken note of some infirmitie
 He would not haue vript ; And seeing I
 Saw more then he wisht any man should spy
 Of his ill humors ; (though I must confess
 Beeing my friend I lou'd him nothing lesse :)
 In steed of thanks and liking for my paines,
 My company and sight he now refraines ;
 And for my kindnesse, like a thankelesse mate,
 Doth ill repay me with a loathing hate.

This one I know, and by that one I finde,
 That there be many beare as bad a minde.
 But let vs for their true conuersion pray ;
 For neuer Age could this more iustly say,
Truth hatred gets (she of such gaine is sped)
 While *Loue* and *Charitie* to heauen are fled.

Againe ; the wicked hate beyond all measure
 The righteous man, that contradicte their pleasure ;
 And that's the fundamentall cause I know,
 That many men doe hate their teachers so.
 These common humors are obseru'd of few,
 Yet may a young experience finde them true ;
 And boldly say, that all in whom th'are found
 Haue poysoned hearts, polluted and vnsound.
 Yet they are more corrupt then all the rest,
 Who hate their friends they should account of best.
 But, let *Men* strie and study to remoue
This Passion from their hearts, and graft-on *Loue*.
 Let them not harbour such a hellish sin ;
 Which being entred, marreth all within.

Nor

Nor let them thinke my counsell merits laughter,
Sith Scripture fayes, *To hate our brother's slaughter.*



O F E N V Y.

S A T Y R. 4.

THen some enuenom'd with an eniuious touch,
Thinke eu'ry thing their neighbor hath, too much :
O Lord say they (if in the fielde they be)
What goodly Corne, and well-fed beasts hath he ?
(If in the house) they neuer in their liues
Saw fairer Women then their neighbours wiues :
Tis pitty shee (a Lasse of such renowne)
Should be embraced by so rude a Clowne.
That house is too-well furnisht, or doth stand
Better then his : or it hath finer land.
This Farme he thinketh more commodious much :
For wood and water, he had neuer such.
Yea, so he grudges inwardly and frets
At euery good thing that his neighbour gets.
Of these besides there are, that when they see
Any beloued, or in fauour be,

Especially

Especially in Courts, and great mens houfes,
Then the heart fwelleth, and the eniuious rouses ;
Ne'er resting till that like a spightfull Elfe,
He doe displace them, or disgrace himselfe.

Now fome are in the minde that *Hate*, and *This*,
Still goe together, and one *Passion* is.
Indeed, they foulc iniurious Homors be
So like, they feeme to haue affinitie.
And yet they differ (as oft kindred do)
Enough at leaft I'me sure to make them two.

Hate many times from wrongs receiu'd hath grown,
Enuy is feene where iniuries are none.
Her *malice* also is more generall ;
For *Hate* to fome extends, and fhee to all.
Yet eniuious men doe leaft spight fuch as be
Of ill report, or of a lowe degree :
But rather they doe take their aime at fuch,
Who either well-beloued are, or rich.
And therefore fome doe fitly likен theſe,
Vnto thoſe flyes we call *Cantharides* :
Sith for the moſt part they alight on none,
But on the flowers that are faireſt blowne.
Or to the boiſterous winde, which ſooner grubſ
The ſtately Cedar than the humble shrubs.
Yet I haue known it ſhake the buſh belowe,
And moue the leafe that's *Wither'd* long agoe :
As if it had not ſhown ſufficient spight,
Vnleſſe it alſo could o'erwhelme it quite,
Or bury it in earth. Yea I haue found
The blaſt of *Enuy* flies as lowe's the ground.

And

And when it hath already brought a man
Euen to the very meanest state it can,
Yet tis not satisfi'd, but still deuising
Which way it also may disturbe his rising.

This is most true ; or else it could not be
That any man should hate or enuy me,
Beeing a creature, (one would think) that's plac't
Too farre below the touch of *Enuies* blast.
And yet they doe ; I see men haue espy'd
Something in me too, that may be enuy'd.
But I haue found it now, and know the matter,
The reason's, *They are great, and I'le not flatter* :
Or else because they see that I doe scorne
To be their flauie whose equall I am borne.

I heard (although twere spoken in a cloud)
They censure, that my knowledge makes me proud :
And that I teach so farre beyond my calling,
That euery hower do expect my falling ;
With many a prayer, and prognostication,
To shew their loue not worthy reuelation,
But what care I ? to quite their good surmising,
I doe desire my fall may be their rising :
Which say should once be, as I hope twill neuer,
My hope is sure it shall not be for euer ;
Or else, because I know it cannot be
Much lower then it is, it grieues not me.

And, where they say, my wit augments my pride,
My conscience tells me that I am belide.
For, that poore dram which heauen on me bestowes,
Such lack (of what is yet more needfull) showes

That

That I am fad to thinke how much I come
Short of thosse gifts which are bestow'd on some :
And knowledge of that *want* doth grieue me so,
I haue no ioy to boast of that I know.

But let them scandall as I heare they doe,
And see whose lot the shame will fall vnto.
The shafts are aim'd at me, but I reiect them,
And on the shooters may perhaps reflect them.
I care not for their enuy, sith they shewe it ;
Nor doe I feare their malice, now I know it.
For to preuent the venome of their throat,
I'le of their poyson make an *Antidote* :
And their presaging (though it be abuse)
I hope will serue me to an excellent vse :
For, where before I shoule haue tooke no heed,
Their words shall make me circumfcept indeed.
Yea, I will be more carefull to doe well,
Which were a plague for them as bad as Hell.

Some I doe know, yea too too well I know them,
And in this place doe a remembrance owe them :
These men ; when through their enuy they intend
To bring one out of fauour with his friend,
Will make as though they some great vices knew,
That he is guilty of (and not a few)
They'le shake their heads, as if they did detest
The course he followes ; and that not in iest.

If to the *Father* they dispraise the *Sonne*,
It shall be slyly, indirectly done :
As thus ; (I hope there's some will understand)
He liues, I tell you, at a second hand.

Should

*Should I say all I know, 'twould much offend you,
But more such children I pray God ne'er send you.
With other words of doubt, to breed suspcion,
But dare not (being of a base condition)
To name them any fault : And good cause why,
It should be proou'd vnto their shames a ly.
Now tis a qualitie I doe despise,
As such a one doth him whom he enuies ;
If any therefore doe that loue professe me,
*Lord from their friendship I beseech thee blesse me.**

Some crafty ones will honour to their face
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace.
Yet vnder-hand, their fames they'l vndermine,
As lately did a seeming friend of mine.
They'l sowe their flander as if they with griefe
Were forc't to speake it : or that their beliefe
Were loath to credit it ; when 'tis well known
That damn'd inuention was at first their own.

Some doe not care how grofly they dispraise,
Or how vnlikely a report they raiſe ;
Because they know if't be ſo false an ill
That one belieues it not, another will :
And ſo their enuy very ſildome failes,
But one way or another, ſtill preuailes.

Oh villainous conceit ! an engine bent
To ouerthrow the trueſt innocent :
For well they know when once a flander's fown,
And that a false report abroad is blown,
Though they would wipe it out, yet they can neuer,
Because ſome ſcar will ſtick behind for euer.

But

But what is this, that men are so inclin'd
 And subiect to it? How may't be defin'd?
 Sure, if the same be rightly vnderstood,
Tis but a grife that springs from others good,
 Tormenting them when euer they heare tell,
 That other mens endeaours prosper well;
 It makes them grieue if any man be friended,
 Or in their hearing praised, or commended.

Contrariwise againe, such is their spight,
 In other mens misfortunes they delight;
 Yea, notwithstanding it be not a whit
 Vnto their profits; or their benefit,
 Others prosperity doth make them leane:
 It nigh deuoureth, or consumes them cleane:
 But if they see them in much grieve, why that
 Doth onely make them iocund, full and fat.

Of Kingdomes ruines they best loue to heare,
 And tragical reports doe onely cheare
 Their hellish thoughts: and then their bleared eyes
 Can looke on nothing but black infamies,
 Reprochfull actions, and the foulest deeds
 Of shame, that mans corrupted nature breed:
 But they must winke when Vertue shineth bright,
 For feare her lustre marre their weakened sight.

They do not loue *Encomiaſtick* stories,
 Nor bookeſ that ſhow their predeceſſors glories;
 For good report to all men they deny,
 And both the liuing and the dead enuy:
 Yea, many of them, I doe thinke, had rather
 Loſe all good fame, than ſhare it with their father.

The

The byting *Satyr* they doe onely like,
 And that at some particulars must strike,
 Or all's worth nothing. If they can apply
 Some part of this to him they doe enuy,
 (As well perhaps they may,) then they'l commend it :
 And, (spight of their ill natures,) I that pend it
 Shall haue some thank. But why? not cause they deem
 Me, or my writing either, worth esteem.
 No; here's the reason they my labour like ;
They thinke I meane him, they suppose to strike.
 So, shall my well-meant lines become to be,
 A wrong to others ; and a snare to me.

Heau'n shield me from such monsters : for their breath
 Is worse then blasting ; and their praise is death.
 And let them finde no matter heere, but what
 May tend vnto their glories whom they hate ;
 To make them either this ill *Passion* flie,
 Or swolne with their owne venome, burst, and die.

Foule Hag of *Enuy*, let thy snaky Elues
 Keepe Hell with thee ; and there torment themselues :
 Your poysoned conuersation fitteth men
 For no societie, but some grim den
 Where nothing can be heard, nor seene appeare,
 But grones and fighes of misery and feare.
 Who haue you yet possest that pleased stood
 With any priuate, or with publique good ?

What mans endeauours thinke you prosper should,
 If the euent of things were as these would ?
 (None can resolute me that, for it's vnknowne)
 Nor parents, no nor children, scarce their owne :

(I)

(I say) their owne hand-works are feldome free ;
But subiect to their proper enuies be :

‘ Witnesse a certaine rich man ; who of late
‘ Much pittyng a Neighbours wofull state,
‘ Put to his helping hand, and set him cleare
‘ From all his former misery and feare.
‘ But when he saw that through his thrift and heed,
‘ He had well cur’d againe his former need,
‘ And grew to pretty meanes, though he no whit
‘ Vnthankefull was for that his benefit :
‘ Yet, being of a nature that did long
‘ And ioy to see another's case goe wrong,
‘ Hauing no cause ; but a repining now
‘ That he once helpt him ; All his study's how
‘ To ruinate the poore mans state againe,
‘ And make (through *Enuy*) his owne labour vaine.

Oh that a man should so from reason range,
Or entertaine an humour that's so strange
And so vnprofitable ! Tell me, why
Should we the honours, or the wealth enuy
Of other men ? If we delight to see
Our brethren when in euill case they be,
Lets wish them riches, titles, and promotion,
‘ Twill make them greedy, proud, and choake deuotion :
‘ Twill plunge them in a floud of misery,
In the respect of which the beggery
We thinke so vile, is heauen. Yea, I know
It is a thoufand more mens ouerthrow
Than pouerty can be. That if we hate,
Or would enuy who are in happy state,

In my opinion they must not be such
 That titles haue attain'd, or to be rich :
 But poore men rather, who are cumbred leffe,
 And haue indeed the truest happinesse.

But be they rich or poore, I passe not whether :
 For my part, I am sure, I enuy neither.
 So I but reach the glory I desire.

I doe not care how many mount vp higher :
 And if I want not, what hurt is't to me,
 If I the poorest in the kingdome be
 Yet from this *Passion*, I beleue not many
 Can be exempted, (if there may be any)
 But sure more mischiefe alway doth betide
 To th'enuious, than to him that is enuide ;
 And they haue often (who would them bemoane ?)
 Lost both their eyes to lose their Neighbour one.
 Yea, there is many a periur'd enuious Noddy
 Damnes his owne soule to hurt his neighbours body.
 But now such men may best by this be knowne ;
 They'l speake to no mans honour, but their owne.
 And, in their presence, if you praise a man,
 They'l from his worth detract euen all they can.
 Such dogges as these are the detracting *Momes*,
 And he whose eyes on each new Treatise romes ;
 To feede his humour by disgracing it,
 More then for his delight, or benefit.
 But these most commonly doe disallow
 What they would mend themselues, if they knew how.

But what are they that keepe the *Criticks* Court ?
 Not any doubtlesse of the wiser sort.

But

But fuch poore Pedants as would faine appeare,
 A great deale abler, then indeed they are.
 Yea, such as (when among the learn'd they chance)
 Are often *set by*, for their ignorance.
 For, howsoeuer their insinuation
 Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,
 They are but Glow-wormes that are briske by night ;
 And neuer can be seene when Sunne giues light.
 Ill-tongu'd and enuious, ignorant of shame ;
 And vile detractors of another's fame :
 But let them carp on ; what need any care,
 Sith they are knowne for fooles without compare ?
 But thinke ; oh thinke ; to know and shunne this euill.
 This matchlesse inspiration of the deuill.
 Remember 'tis a knowne apparant foe
 To Charitie ; and friendships ouerthrow :
 A vicious humour, that with Hell acquaints,
 And hinders the *Communion of Saints*.
 Consider, that, and how it makes vnable
 To be partaker of the holy *Table*.
 Doe so ; Survey your selues : and if you finde
 Such guests within you, root them from your minde :
 Banish that gnawing Fury from your hart :
 And as One wisely counsels, Lay apart
 Dissembling, Enuy, Slander, Malice, Guile.
 With Euill-speaking, as most bad and vile ;
 In those men chiefly, whose *Religion* faith,
 Her mainest pillar, is *True-loue*, next *Faith*.



OF REVENGE.

SATYR. 5.

ROOME for *Reuenge*: hee's no *Comedian*
 That acts for pleasure; but a grim *Tragedian*:
 A foule sterne Monster; which if we displease him,
Death, wounds and bloud, or nothing can appease him.
 This most inhumane *Passion* now and than,
 With violence and fury hurries Man
 So farre from that sweet mildnesse, wherewith he,
 Being himselfe, shoulde euer temper'd be:
 That man nor Diuell can we terme him well,
 For part he hath of earth and part of Hell.
 Yet this (so much of all good Men disdain'd)
 Many there are haue rashly entertain'd
 And hugged as a sweet contenting *Passion*;
 Though in a various and vnlikely fashion.

Some are so staid, they can their purpose keepe
 Long time conceald, to make the wound more deepe;
 And these, it is not heat of bloud that blinde,
 But rather the fell canker of the minde.
 Some by respect to *time*, and *place* are staid
 And some againe by nothing are allaid;
 But them mad rage, oft furiously will carry,
 Without respect of *Friends*, or *Sanctuary*.
 Then some of them are fearefull; some are bolder:
 Some are too hot, and some againe are colder.

Oh,

Oh, I haue seene, and laught at heart to see't,
 Some of our hot-spurs drawing in the street,
 As though they could not *Passion's* rage withstand ;
 But must betake them to it out of hand.
 But why ith'street ? *Oh company doth hart them,*
And men may see their valorous acts and part them.

And yet that humour rather I commend,
 Then theirs whose fury hath no stay nor end,
 Till of their liues they haue bereft their foes ;
 The onely way to both their ouerthrows.
 Oh poore reuenge ! behold, he thou hast flaine,
 Sleeping in rest, lies free from care and paine.
 Death is the good-mans refuge, which his God
 Ordain'd to be his sorrowes Period.
 And he, perhaps, thou in reuenge didst slay,
 Enioyes more blisse than thou couldst take away ;
 Whilst thou suruiuing feel'st the horrid smart
 Of many thousand tortures in thy hart.
 For say thou scape the rigour of the Law,
 Thy wounded conscience will haue many a flaw ;
 Feares thou shalt passe by day, and then at night
 Dreames all of terroure thy scarr'd soule affright.
 Orphanes and Widowes curses thou shalt haue,
 To bring thee with confusion to thy graue.
 Which if in mercy God doe shild thee from,
 Iustice hath set this vnauoyded Doome,
 The plague of bloodshed on thy stocke shall lie,
 Till she be quit in thy posterity.
 Poore world, if these thy best contentments be,
 Seeke blood and vengeance you that list for me.

*If this be sweet, Heauen grant I may forgiue,
And neuer seeke for vengeance whil'st I liue.*

But now (me thinks) I heare our *Hacksters* tell me,
With thundring words, as if their breath would fell me,
I am a *Coward*, if I will not fight.

True, *Cauelieroes*, you haue spoken right :
And, if vpon good tearmes you vrge me to it,
I haue both strength and heart enough to do it,
Which you should finde ; yet minded am I still
(Though I am mooud) to punish, not to kill.

Yet breathes there to my knowledge many a Man,
That in his bloudy actions glory can ;
He thinks it honour to be said that he
Was the destruction of some two or three.
A braue tall man I promise yee, and may
Take *Tiburne* for preferment in his way.
What poore renowne is there, in such a deed
For which a good mans heart would inly blee ?
What valours' in't, sith a poore flie or gnat
Doth many times performe as much as that ?
But I perceiue the chiefest cause of this,
Th'opinion of the rascall *Vulgar* is.
They puffe men vp with their infectious breath,
Till swolne it breake out to their shame, or death.
But though they think, that he which kills his foe
Is most couragious, Reason tels them no :
For he that hath a heart that fact to do,
Is both a Tyrant and a Coward to.
But how is he a coward (some will fay)
That takes in fight anothers life away ?

Thus

Thus he is one : Hee hauing by his might
 A power on him with whom he haps to fight,
 Thinks if he spare his life in such a case,
 He one day may reuenge his foule disgrace ;
 And that with feare of future dangers, fils him,
 Which to preuent, he like a Coward kills him.
 Yet those whose present safety cannot be,
 Without the ruine of their enemy,
 Blameleffe I count ; sith nature giues vs way,
 Things violent by violence to stay.
 Yet thou, whate'er thou be that haft a foe,
 Seeke not to be his wilfull ouer-throw.
 Sith life's a matter of the greatest weight ;
 If there be any way though nere so straight,
 Whereby thou maist from such an act be free.
 Part not such friends as Soule and Body be.
 Rather if't may be keepe him liuing still,
 For foes oft prooue a necessary ill.
 And for thy mercy thou shalt one day finde
 Much comfort and contentment in thy minde.

Foes I haue some, whose liues I doe not grutch,
 For they haue done me seruice very much,
 And will doe still. These wheresoe'er I goe,
 Doe make me carefull what I speak or doe :
 And if I step aside, haue so much grace,
 To tell me all my folly to my face :
 Whereas my friend, till I were quite vndone,
 Would let me still in mine old vainenesse run.
 Or, if he warne me, it is so in sport,
 That I am scarce a whit the better for't.

But this good-euill few of vs can vfe,
 For we doe better things than these abuse.
 Mans nature's ill, and I haue noted this,
 If we vpbraided be with what's amisse,
 We cannot brooke it, but are readier still
 To hate them that reprooue, than mend what's ill :
 Nay, to the mildest fort, men know not how
 To speake their mindes without exceptions now :
 We must not our mad lusty-blouds gaine-say,
 No, not so much as in a yea, or nay ;
 But presently we die for't, (*if we will*)
 They haue both hand and hart prepar'd to kill.
 Let them but thinke a man to them iniurious,
 Although he be not so, they'l straight grow furious,
 And are so quickly vp in a Brauado,
 They are for nothing but the *Imbrocado* :
 And in this humour they respect not whether
 They be vnto them friends, or foes, or neither ;
 All are alike : and their hot choler ends
 Not onely loue and friendship, but their friends.

I know 'twere vaine if I should tell to these
 The peacefull minde of ancient *Socrates* :
 Or if I should *Lycurgus* vengence showe,
 How he behau'd himselfe vnto his foe.
 'Twere but much labour lost ; for there's no doubt
 Our *Bedlam Gallants* would but grin and flout
 At their well-temper'd passions ; sith they deem
 Nought but their brainelesse humours worth esteem.
 The small discretion that doth guide this Age,
 Hath left them so to their vnbridled rage,

That

That men most foolish desperate ; who care
 For nought, but little wit enough to dare
 Some beast-like combate (without lawfull ground,))
 Are now the onely men that are renouwd
 Amongst the vulgar. And forsooth, to gaine
 A little fame that way, though ne'er so vaine,
 They'l put their liues in danger : nay, ther's some
 Had rather haue it, then the life to come.

Alas, poore men, what hath bewitcht your mind ?
 How are you growne so fenselesse and so blind,
 Thus to affect vaine shadowes, and let flide
 The truer substance, as a thing vnspi'd ?
 Is *Reason* in you growne so great a stranger,
 To suffer an *affection* of such danger,
 To fettle in you ? Banish't from your breast,
 And there let *Mercy* and *Forgiuenesse* rest ;
 It is a token of a humaine mildenesse :
 But *Vengeance* is a signe of *Brutish* wildenesse,
 Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Bearc*,
 Or such like creatures that remorflesse teare
 What ere they light on. Cast it from you then,
 Be in condition, as in shape y'are *Men*.
 And stand vnmoou'd, for *Innocence* ere long,
 Will shew her selfe abroad in spight of wrong :
 When of your *Patience* you shall not repent,
 But be auenged to your owne content.

Yet some may say the Counsell I haue giuen,
 Is hard to follow, strict, and too vn-euen ;
 And what so euer shew I seeme to make,
 Such, as my selfe would hardly vndertake.

Know

Know you that thinke so, I am not afraid,
 If that it be a burthen I haue laid,
 To beare't my selfe ; nay, I haue vnder-gone,
 If this be hard, a more vneasie one.
 For, but of late a friend of mine in shew,
 Being (indeed) a spightfull secret foe ;
 I know not why, (for I did ne'er in ought
 Wrong him so much as in a word or thought.)
 Yet this man hauing wisely watcht his time,
 When I (a ftranger, in another *Clime*)
 Left mine owne Country, did meane while repaire
 To my best friends, and with dissemblings faire,
 And showes of loue, and grieve, did there vnfold,
 The grossest slander euer Villaine told.
 A damn'd inuention, so exceeding vile,
 That *Gallants*, 'twould haue made your blood to boile
 And out of your abused bodies start,
 I know it would haue broken vaines, or heart.

If you had felt that tongue's enuenom'd sting,
 You would haue fret, fum'd, stampt ; done any thing,
 Or angry, rag'd like mad-men in your fit,
 Till mercileffe *Reuenge* had quenched it.
 And what did I ? At first, I must confesse,
 I was extreamly moou'd ; who could be lesse ?
 But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
 To ioyne with brutish *Passion's* force within,
 And raise disquiet humors in my brest,
 I fear'd if I should yeeld 'twould marre my rest.
 And therefore to my selfe I *Patience* tooke.
 Which whil'st I haue about me, I can brooke

Any

Any misfortune. Then that *Patience*
 Grew so much stronger through my *Innocence*,
 That I, asmuch as flesh and bloud could do,
 Forgot both Iniurie and Vengeance too.
 Yet ; might I wanted not to do him ill ;
 All the defect that was, was in my will.
 It is well knowne the *Coward* dares not stand,
 T'abide the Vengeance of my wronged hand,
 Were his strength tripled : Nay, were I in bands
 Of impotencie wrapt, and had no hands,
 Yet I haue friends (whom if I had not pray'd,
 And begd vnto, to haue their fury stay'd)
 Had heapt confusion on him for my fake.
 Yea I am halfe perswaded he would quake
 A'twelue-month after ; had he but the daring
 To thinke vpon the *Vengeance* was preparing
 For that lewd flanderous tale of his, which he
 Aswell might raise on one vnborne, as me.

But when that course my *Reason* did gaine-say,
 I was allow'd Reuenge a better way.
 Both *Law* and *Iustice* proffer'd me the scourge,
 To whip him for it : which though friends did vrge,
 (Shewing me motiues to allure me to it)
 Yet I was much vnwilling still to doe it :
 For though I might (beside submision) gaine
 No little summes, my heart doth much disdaine
 To adde vnto my substance through his shame ;
 Or raise it with the ruine of his fame.
 Yet cause perhaps there's some may thinke I faine,
 Or speake a matter fram'd out of my braine :

Know ;

Know ; This *back-bitter liues*, and may doe long
 To do me more, and many others wrong.
 And but that I am loath to staine my Verse,
 The name of such a Monster to rehearfe ;
 For others satisfacton (to disgrace it)
 Vpon the Margent here my pen should place it.
 Yet that perhaps would Vengeance counted be,
 For that, shall neuer be reueng'd by me.
 Nor had I thus much said, but to make knowne,
 So truly these opinions are mine owne,
 That I doe wish no other men vnto,
 More, then I gladly of my selfe would doe.
 Thus was I wronged, and I thus withstood
 My owne mad *Passion* in the heat of bloud :
 Yet thinke my selfe in as good case as thosse,
 That haue reueng'd themselues with stabs and blowes.

In my opinion it is now as well ;
 As if that I should packe his soule to hell
 With danger of mine owne ; and here remaine
 To grieue ; and wish he were aliuie againe ;
 Nay, now 'tis best, for why ? he may repent,
 Whil'st I with a safe conscience liue content.

But grant that some misdeem'd my innocence,
 (Because they saw that I with *Patience*
 Endur'd the wrong) by thinking I did know
 My selfe in fault, because I tooke it so :
 What's that to me ? Indeed if all my care,
 But to make shew of what I should be, were,
 I might be much displeased when I see
 Men thinke me not, what I would seeme to be.

But

But he whose onely aime is *Vertues* path,
 And that true aime by his endeaour hath
 (Which God grant me) so much sweet comfort gaines
 Within his conscience, that he nought complaines
 Of *Mens* opinions ; but aboue them borne,
 Doth both their censures and supposings scorne.
 And why shoulde I doe leffe, who neuer weigh'd
 My innocence by that which others said ?
 Whether I patient were, or storm'd, at it
 It quits me of the flander ne'er a whit.

He that condemnes my milde and gentle course,
 May in his wisedome light vpon a worse.
 I must confesse, I let his errour passe ;
 Nor haue I done amiss : for say an *Asse*
 Had strooke me with his heeles ; how shoulde I quit
 The harme he doth me ? You would blame my wit
 If I should kill him. If I went to law ;
 Who would not count me the most *Asse* ? a daw ;
 Or worst of fooles ? And pray, what were I leffe
 If I had don't to his vnworthiness ?
 One that's so ignorant of his offence,
 He feemes as if he had no sparke nor fense
 Of vnderstanding : one, whom if I touch,
 Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much
 As if I in my anger would begin
 To breake the stoole that erft had broke my shin.

In this, and that, I found the cause was one,
 And therefore did I let *Reuenge* alone :
 Only I markt him (for this cause indeed)
 That other men might (knowing him) take heed ;

And

And he himselfe, with a repinig shame,
 Reading his follies *Emblem* in his name,
 Might grieue he did into that error runne.
 Which, hoping he by this time now hath done,
 I cease to brand him. And forgiue him to :
 Others might thus by my example do.

But to thy taske my *Muse*; for there remaine
 Mad humors many more yet to explaine :
 Such as are theirs who vse to take in hand
 A lawlesse Pilgrimage to *Calice* sand ;
 And thinke if they by tricks can blinde the Law,
 Of God they neuer neede to stand in awe.

These onely deale in blowes. But there be other,
 Who their *reuengefull mindes* as ill can smother ;
 Yet cause they haue not hearts to deale with fwords,
 Like valiant Champions fight it out with words.
 Such frayes haue made me often-times to smile,
 And yet they proue shrewd combats other-while,
 For from such braules doe sudden stabs arise,
 And sometime in reuenge the quart-pot flies ;
 Ioyn'd stooles and glasses, make a bustling rumor :
 Yea, this is grown a Gentle-man-like humour.
 But in my minde, he that so well can fight,
 Deserueth to be dub'd an *Ale-house-knight*.

Ist not a shame that men should at their meeting
 Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
 As I haue seene ; and yet before they part,
 Bandy their fwords at one anothers hart ?
 Wondrous inhumane ! Oh the sauage Boare,
 Or wilde *Armenian* Heards can doe no more :

But

But such belieue not it is God hath said,
Vengeance is mine, and I will see't repaid.
 For if they did, they would not dare to be
 Such caruers for themselues as now we see.

No good remaines if long this fit endure,
 Friendship is quite extinguished : and sure
 The diuell doth so much posseffe them than,
 They haue no honest thought of God or Man :
 Which you may note, if you doe euer see
 Two hare-braine Russians when at odds they bee,
 All th'ones ambition is the others fall,
 Without compassion, or respect at all.
 Which fury, so vnlimited doth proue
 They haue to man-ward, not a sparke of loue.
 Nor no regard of God shall you espy,
 If you obserue their damned blasphemy,
 When standers-by would stop their bloudy will ;
 Starke mad with rage, the heau'ns wide eares they fill
 With horrid, bloudy, fearefull cannon oathes
 Such as no honest Christian man but loathes
 Almost to heare them nam'd. Yea seeme to teare
Christs man-hood peece-meale from him when they
 For *foote, hart, nailes*, still vsing God withall (sweare.
 Their foule-mouth'd-rackets, like a tennise-ball
 Doe bandy to and fro : *His bloud* and *wounds*,
 Adde to their hellish brauings such strange sounds,
 As if the powers of Heau'n they did contemne,
 And meant in this wilde fit to challenge them.

Oh base proud clay ! Who by their deeds can gather
 These men belieue a power aboue ? but rather

That

That they are viler than the brutest creature :
For that is taught more reuerence by nature.
But these bold champions dare him : yea when they
Cannot haue *Vengeance* their desired way
(As if they scorn'd the threatning of his rod)
Thus thinke they to auenge themselues on God ;
Who were he not as mercifull as iust,
Might with a blast confume them into dust.

O F



O F C H O L L E R.

S A T Y R. 6.

Bt now the cause of mans *Reuengefull thirſt*
 Proceeds from rash vnbridled *Choller* firſt:
 Which *Passion* flowes from imbecilitie,
 And brings vs vnto much absurditie:
 Yea, thofe that are infected with this crime,
 Are (in a manner) mad-men for the time.
 'Tis a ſhort *Fury*, wherewith man poſſeſt,
 Reſembles moft a wilde vntamed beaſt.
 It makes the wiſeſt ſo beſide their wiſt,
 They ſpeake and praſtice many a thing vnfit:
 Yea, thofe in whom I finde this *Passion* raigne,
 I haue oft ſeene to ſtorme for thiſs but vaine;
 And chafing fret at poore halfe-penny loſſes,
 As if for ſome intollerable croſſes.
 In a flight trifle, or ſome flender toy,
 You would ſuppoſe coniſted all their ioy:
 For ſhould a wiſe man euery ſorrow prooue
 This world could heape, it would not ſo much moue
 His ſetled patiencie, as one Raſcall fit
 Would on no ground in theſe diſtemper it.

There is this weakeſſe, which in *Chollericke men*,
 I haue obſerued raigning now, and then

G

They

They are not onely ready to belieue
 The least report, that may occasion giue
 Of discontents ; but so doth anger blinde them,
 As, if no causes be, they'l seeke to find them.
 And (in light matters, if they should contend)
 Would pick a quarrell with their dearest friend.

Yea, I haue seen where friends, (nay more) where bro-
 (That be, or should be, dearer far then others,) (thers
 Haue in their heat of anger, turned foes,
 And mixed strange words with farre sharper blowes.
 Nor doe, nor can they in this humour spare
 Any degree. For reuerence, nor care
 Doth then remaine ; although they be most sure
 Their heedlesse words not foes alone procure,
 But lose their friends : nor doe they in that case,
 Respect the time, nor company, nor place.

Besides ; there is this ouer-fight in some
 (Where Choller doth the Reason ouercome)
 They doe not onely blame him that offends,
 But are displeas'd eu'n with their dearest friends ;
 And, with the like displeasure doe pursue
 All that are in their prefence, or their view.
 Yet, if that any should but tell these men,
 Such anger were without iust reason ; then,
 Although it be fo, and they know it right.
 Their fury would the more increase with spight :
 They cannot beare controule ; neither can they
 Brooke him ought better that doth nothing say ;
 For then indeed they presently suspect,
 Hee carelesly their anger doth neglect.

Some

Some Masters, and Some Tutors I espy
 Too much o'recome with this infirmity.
 They are so hot, and confident in this ;
 That all their Anger, stll with reason is :
 As if they thinke their seruants doe offend,
 They must not their suspected crimes defend,
 Guilty or no ; but yeeld to all they say
 What euer shame or wrong betyde them may.
 And so be sure to make it an offence,
 Though but by wronging their owne innocencce.
 Which is meere tyranny. And he that can
 Force to such flauery the minde of Man,
 By my opinion, shall for euer passe
 For an imperious, foolish, wayward, Ass :
 Who lookes so much what duties others owe ;
 That he himselfe doth scarcely manners know.

This *Anger* is a wondrous head-strong *Passion*,
 And hath a beastly, frantick operation ;
 From which, how can we any man release,
 When we must neither speake, nor hold our peace ?

Some will be angry, if they cannot make
 All others their opinions vndertake.
 But let them keepe from me, or I should chause them,
 For out of that fond humour I would laugh them.
 Others haue meanings, but they cannot shew them,
 And therefore fret at all that doe not know them.
 And I haue seene (that anger may be holy)
 A good man moued for anothers folly.

The hurt that through this *Passion* doth ensue
 Is great ; although obseru'd by very few.

For that which hath ensu'd on one mans spleene,
 The ruine of a State hath often beene.
 And therefore (though I none excuse the while,)
 I hold it much lesse seemely, and more vile
 In men authoriz'd, then in thos that be
 Borne to a lower fortune or degree,
 For, when this fit possesst priuate men,
 They trouble but themselues ; or now and then
 Their priuate Families : when if it ceaze
 On eminent and mighty personages.
 It doth distemper thousands, and thereby
 Whole Prouinces do oft oppressed lye.
 In my opinion, hee's vnfitt to weeld
 The fword of *Justice*, that doth basely yeeld
 To such a brutish *Passion* : howsoe'er
 In other things he most sufficient were :
 Though some in places of esteeme there be,
 Whom therewith strangely ouercome we see.

Oh why should they to gouerne others fit
 Who know not how to rule themselues as yet ?
 The angry and incensed *Magistrate*,
 On them to be aueng'd whom he doth hate
 For priuate causes, drawes the publique fword ;
 And all extremity the Lawes afford
 He makes to serue his rage. And if that faile
 Hee'l straine his conscience, but he will preuaile.

But diuers thinke, that such as hafty be,
 (For, so they title this infirmitie)
 Best-natur'd are. But yet I see not how,
 I that Position may for truth allow.

For,

Lib. 1.

CHOLLE R.

Satyr. 6.

For, (whofoere 'twas first that saying taught)
If they are best, I le sware the best is naught.

Moreouer, there be many doe suppose,
 It is a signe of courage. What meane those ?
 Where is their iudgement? they me thinks should gather
 That it were *weakenes* did produce it rather :
 Or else, why shoulde the feeble and the sick,
 Women and children be most cholericke ?

Again ; there's some (whose iudgement is as rude)
 As to suppose it quickens *Fortitude*.
 Which cannot be ; for they must grant me than,
 That Vice, affist to perfect Vertue can :
 Which, I can nor beleuee ; nor come to see
 How Fortitude and Anger can agree.
 For one a Resolution is that's steady,
 And rul'd by reason ; th'other, rash and heady :
 Yea, th'one, doth nothing but on consultation,
 The other cannot take deliberation ;
 But head-long vnadvisedly doth tend,
 Till it in sorrow, shame, or ruine end.
 And though some thence much help would seem to ga-
 To whet true valour on ; it hinders rather : (ther,
 Yea, so vnreasonable is this *Passion*,
 It ouerthrowes in man all seemly fashon ;
 Making him speake if ought but discontent him,
 Yea, doe the thing of which he shall repent him :
 And such a dangerous kinde of Lunatick
 Is he who vseth to be Chollerick
 That of a friend if I might chuser be,
 Ide rather haue a man that's mad then he.

G 3

Yet

Yet men doe rarely seeke to stop this ill
 But as they grow in yeeres, that groweth still.
 As if it were a humour whence could rise,
 Not any thing which them might preiudice.
 And they so yeeld themselues to the inuasion
 Of this strange frenzy on the least occasion :
 That when they thinke the fury to suppreffe
 Of this disease : they can doe nothing leffe.
 For he that will a certaine med'cine finde
 For such a *malady*, must haue a minde
 Settled in Good, and an vnfain'd intent
 To prosecute what he in shew hath meant.

Light trust he must not giue to all reports,
 Nor take too much delight in idle sports.
 On toyes his loue should neuer so be set,
 To make him for their absence grieue or fret.
 He must be wary still, not to adore
 Treasure or Honours (*heapt vpon him*) more
 Than will befit such things as needes must perish ;
 For oft that folly doth this *Passion* cherish.
 Let dogs, nor hawkes, nor any pleasure mooue,
 But as it doth indifferent things behooue.
 At no time let him rashly speake or doe,
 What selfe-conceit doth vrge or prompt him to
 And not alone this my aduice embrace,
 But learne of *Cotis*, that wise King of *Thrace*,
 Who hauing many pretious vessels sent
 Of brittle mettall (*fearing discontent*
 Might for their losse another day arise)
 The Messenger he richly gratifies ;

And

And then before his face against the stones
 Dashes the costly present for the nones :
 To shew that those, who *Anger's* flames would hinder,
 Must first remooue the Fuell and the Tinder.



OF IEALOV SIE.

SATYR. 7.

Bvt though these angry ones foone bred a braul,
 And are pernicious to conuerse withall ;
 Not one iot better is the *Jealous* head,
 That euer feares his wife hath wrong'd his bed.

Sometime this *Passion* (as it may appeare)
 Proceeds out of a too-much loue with feare.
 Sometime againe the mischefe doth arise,
 When he that worth in his beloued spies ;
 Is forced that deseruing to confesse,
 And priuy to a selfe-vnworthiness.
 Which is indeed the cause that brings the smart,
 Of *Jealousie*, vpon the greatest part.

G 4

The

The first is feldomeſt ; and it is ſent
 Of God, as a peculiar punishment,
 To thoſe who doe the creature ſo affeſt,
 As thereby their Creator they neglect.
Loue is the highest and the nobleſt bliſſe
 That for mankinde on earth ordained is :
 But when true meaſure it exceeds, and gets
 Beyond the decent bound that Reaſon ſets,
 God turnes it to a plague, whereby he will
 Shew them their folly, and correct the ill.
 He addes a *Feare* of loſing of their *Joy*,
 In that they loue : which quickly doth deſtroy
 All their delight ; and ſtrewing good with ill,
 Makes things ſeem loſt though they are with them ſtill.

Thus doth it oftentimes with that man proue,
 Who keepes not moderation in his loue.
 He hauing got a wife not onely fayre,
 But modeſt, honest, wife and debonaire.
 At firſt ſo wondrouſ meritorious deemeſ her ;
 As worthy all affection he eſteemeſ her.
 And waxeth ſo affur'd he dares be bold
 Shee will not be allur'd to ill by gold,
 Honour, nor beauty : but as ſhe is chaſt,
 So (is perfwaded) will be to the laſt.
 And to himſelfe ſo well doth ſeeme to thriue,
 He thinks his owne the happiest choiſe aliue.
 All which is good, and if no more I tell,
 You cannot fay wherein he doth not well :
 But there he doth not his affection ſtay,
 Further it tends, and further it will ſtray.

This

This man, not hauing learned to possesse
 With temperance, so great a happinesse.
 Oft his affections grow to that extreame,
 As well he knowes not if he wake or dreame ;
 Then doth his *Lone* (such loue will euer doe it)
 For a Companion take in *Feare* vnto it.
 A *Feare* of losing what he loues so much :
 And then the nature of this *Feare* is such,
 That it begets *Suspect* ; which creeping in,
 Doth by a little at the first begin
 To make him doubt, his Spouse may loofly liue.
 But then her well knowne vertuous mind doth giue
 Such blamelesse testimonie of her good,
 As that furmise is for a time withstood,
 Till this disease vpon him growes more strong,
 Then he begins to thinke she doth him wrong :
 Which if he doe, that one false thought's enough
 To giue all former truths the ouerthrowe.
 And why ? *Suspect* growes thereupon so great,
 She thrusts *true iudgement* quite besides her seat.
 Which being done, then straight begins to wane
 The good conceit he of his blisse had tane :
 His onely labour's how to bring't about,
 To be assur'd of what he seeketh out.
 A Cuckold he esteemes himselfe ; and he
 Were e'en as good indeed a Cuckold be :
 Nay, rather then he'le be deceiu'd, the elfe
 Will try to make a Cuckold of himselfe.
 In borrowed shapess to bed her he will try,
 Sometimes he courts her by a deputy :

And

And if all faile to tempt her vnto ill ;
 Yet he remaines himselfe, a Coxcomb still.
 For if his friend doe to his house repaire,
 He thinks 'tis onely 'cause his wife is faire :
 Or if a stranger come he'le pawne his life
 All his intent is, to corrupt his wife :
 Yea, though the busynesse to himselfe he finde,
 He thinks 'tis but a hood to keepe him blinde.

Thus all the sweet he had is turn'd to fowre,
 Faine would he thinke well, but hath not the powre ;
 Much care tormenteth his heart, and yet he will
 Be prying farther to encrease it still :
 Yea, he will feeke although he truly know,
 The more he seekes, the more he findes his woe.

Besides, *Suspect* reuiueth in the head
 All things that may be mis-interpretet ;
 And the best thought her vertue's like to win
 Is onely this ; *It seru'd to cloake her sin.*
 In briefe, his former loue he marreth quite,
 And there he lothes, where once he tooke delight.
 But wherefore ? Onely 'cause he doth mistrust,
 And not on any proofe, that shee's vnjust.

Vnhappy man, thus thy ill nature shall
 Conuert the hony of thy life to gall.
 And haplesse woman shee that comes to wed
 So meere a sot, and such a iealous head ;
 An Owle-eyed Buzzard, that by day is blinde,
 And fees not things apparant, yet can finde
 That out which neuer was. The feare to loose
 The Iewell he aboue all Iems did choose ;

That

That feare, I say, of wit doth so bereaue him,
 He thinks that's gone which meanes not yet to leaue
 Oh foolish man, that hauing gain'd a blisse, (him.
 Doost make't a curse, by vsing it amisse ;
 If iudgement be not blinded in thee, looke ;
 Try if thou haft not all this while mistooke :
 Is not thy wife still faire ? and to the eye
 Seemes she not yet to haue that modesty
 Thou didst commend her for ? Is she not wary
 With whom she walks, or speakes, or where to tary ?
 Is she not still as carefull how to please ;
 As louing too as in her former dayes ?
 In shew he sees it, but he thinks 'tis fein'd.
 Out blockish dolt, that art most iustly pain'd :
 Thou but a few supposed shadowes haft,
 That makes thee to account thy wife vnchaft ;
 But many firme substantiall proofes make cleare
 That shee's vnstain'd, and ought to be as deare
 As e'er she was : Why then shoulde faults in thee
 Make her feeme euill vntill such she bee ?

A woman that is faire, shall much be view'd,
 And haue perhaps vnlook't-for faours shew'd.
 She shall be courted wher'er she will or no !
 Nay, be resorted too : and though she shew
 Scarcely so much as common curtesies,
 She shall be censur'd by misjudging eyes,
 And false reports will flie : But what of this ?
 Wilt thou that haft had triall what she is,
 And neuer knew'st her erre, wilt thou, I say,
 Cast all the good conceit thou hadst away,

And

And straight grow iealous, trusting the furmise
 Of the lew'd *Vulgar* more then thine owne eyes ?
 It were mad folly : and yet I doe knowe
 Some that are thus besotted : more's their woe.
And pitty 'twere but they had horned him,
Were't not a greater pittie so to sinne.

Should you but fit with such a one at Table,
 To hold from laughter you were scarcely able,
 To see what note the iealous-Wood-cocke takes
 Of his Wiues words, and euerie looke shee makes ;
 In what a feare he eates his meat, and drinke,
 What signes he vses, how he nods and winkes,
 With twenty scuruy gestures ; though he fee
 No reason he should so suspicioous be.
 Now some haue cause enough, and I beleue
 Such feeme to haue a colour why they greeue.
 But yet there's no iust reason any one
 Should ouer-striue to hold what will be gone,
 Vexing himselfe so for anothers ill,
 Which he can neuer helpe. Let him that will.
 This I know true ; To seeke much to restraine
 A woman's will, is labour spent in vaine ;
 And he that tryes to doe it, might haue bin
One of the crew that hedg'd the cuckow in.
 Why should a man goe put himselfe to paine,
 As some haue done, a businesse to faine ?
 And then at night come lurke about his house,
 Where, be it but the stirring of a Mouse,
 He doth obserue it : Wherefore doth he so ?
 Since, if thereby he ought amisse doe know,

The

The greatest good that he shall hereby find,
 Is more vexation to molest his mind :
 For then the mischiefe he but fear'd before,
 Hee's certaine of, and need not doubt it more.
 A goodly meed : but sure those wretched elues,
 Take pleasure in tormenting of themselues.
 They harken, watch, set spies, and alway long
 To heare some tales or inkling of their wrong.
 And he that can but whisper some such fable,
 Shall be the welcom'ſt guest that fits at Table.
 (Though it be ne'er fo false) they loue fo well,
 To feele the torture of this earthly hell.
 But I doe muse what Diuell keepes their heart,
 They should affect the causers of their smart ;
 Those euer-buzzing-deadly-stinging flies ;
 Those that of *Echoes* only can deuise
 A flander 'gainſt thy ſelfe. What ere they ſay,
 Thy loue from her thou muſt not draw away
 On bare reports. Thou muſt behold the crime,
 Or keepe her as thy beſt belou'd her time.
 Better or worse, thou ſurely muſt abide her,
 Till from thy ſelfe the death of One diuide her.
 Then tell me, were it not (by much) leſſe paine ?
 A good opinion of her to retaine ?
 Could'ſt thou not be contented by thy will,
 At leaſt, to thinke, that ſhe were honest ſtill ?
 Yes in thy heart I know thou would'ſt be glad,
 Vnleſſe that thou wert void of ſenſe, or mad.
 Why, ſhake off all theſe claw-backs then, that vſe
 Thy foone-beleeuing nature to abuse ;

For

For (trust me) they are but some spightfull elues,
 Who 'cause they haue not the like blisse themselues,
 Would faine marre thine ; or else I dare be bold,
 If thou the truth couldst warily vnfould,
 They are some lust-stung Villaines, that did court
 Thy honest wife to some vnlawfull sport :
 And finding her too chaste to serue their turne,
 Whose euill hearts with foule desires did burne ;
 To spight her (beeing farre more euill doores
 Then *Daniels* Elders, faire *Susannaes* wooers)
 To thee they doe accuse her of an ill,
 Whereto they labour'd to allure her will.

Let me aduise thee then, what e're he be
 That of such dealings first informeth thee,
 Believe him not, what proofes soe'er he bring,
 Doe not giue eare to him for any thing :
 And though he be the neerest friend thou hast,
 From such like knowledge shut all *sense* vp fast ;
 Fly and auoyd him as thou wouldest the Diuell,
 Or one that brings thee messages of euill.
 Let him be to thee as thy deadliest foe,
 A *Fury*, or some one thou loath'ft to know.
 And be assured whatsoe'er he shewes
 He is no friend of thine that brings that newes :
 Sith if that thou wert his most deadly foe ;
 For any wrong it were reuenge enough.

Now some men I haue noted, loue as well
 The Husbands faults vnto the Wife to tell,
 And aggrauate them too : as if therby
 They either meant to feed their *Jealousie*,

Or

Or else stirre vp their vnbeseeming hates,
 Against their guiltlesse welbeloued mates.
 But of these monsters (fairest sexe) beware,
 Of their insinuations haue a care :
 Beleeue them not, they will coyne tales vntrue,
 To fowe foule strife betwixt your loues and you
 Out of ill-will : or else heere is my doome,
 They hope to get into your Husbands roome,
 Through the aduantage of the discontent
 They would worke in you. But this their intent
 They'l so disguise, that you shall neuer spy it
 Till you are fnar'd too surely to deny it.

But oh ! consider you, whose excellency
 Had *reason able* once for difference,
 This *Passion* well : if ill your Spouses do,
 Amend your selues, and they'l grow better too.
 Looke not vpon them with ore-blinded eyes,
 Nor grieue you them with causelesse Iealousies :
 For most of them haue euer this condition,
 Though they are bad, they cannot brook Suspicion.
 Striue not with them too much ; for as the Powder
 Beeing fast stopt, makes the report the lowder,
 Sending the bullet with the greater force :
 So he that seeks to barre a womans course,
 Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-striue her,
But on she will, because the Diuell doth drieue her.

Let those then that thus matched are, begin
 By loue, and gentle meanes, their wiues to win.
 And though no hope they see, yet patience take,
 So there is none shall know their heads doe ake.

And

And let all wary be, that no furmises,
 Or flying tale some enuious head deuises,
 Make them to wrong their chaste and modest wiues,
 Who haue with vertue led vnspotted liues :
 For though some stand vnmoou'd, yet that's the way
 To make a woman soonest goe astray.

And so I will conclude these *Iealous humours*,
 Which part I found b'experience, part by rumors ;
 I feele it not, yet know it is a smart
 That plagues the minde ; and doth torment the hart :
 And I could wish, but for the others sake,
 Their *thought-tormenting paine* might neuer flake :
 For, none's so iealous I durst pawne my life,
 As he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

O F



OF COVETOUSNES.

SATYR. 8.

Bvt how mist I of Auarice to tell,
 Whose longing is as infinite as Hell?
 There is no *Passion* that's more vile or base,
 And yet as common as to haue a face,
 I muse it scap't so long; for Ile be plaine,
 I no where looke, but there I see it raigne.
 In all this spacious *Round* I know so few
 That can this *flauish dunghill-vice* eschew;
 I neither will excuse sexe nor degree,
 Young folkes, nor such as middle-aged be.
 Nay, I perceiue them giuen most to craue,
 When they had need to dig themselues a graue.
 Like Earth-bred Moles, still scrambling in the dust,
 Not for the treasure that shall neuer rust,
 But for vile cankred droffe is all their care;
 As if the same their *Summum bonum* were:
 When all that they haue with their labour bought
 (If well consider'd) is not worth a thought.

I haue knowne Chuffes, that hauing well to liue,
 Sufficient also, both to lend and giue,

H

Yet

Yet natheleſſe, toyle, moyle, and take more paine
 Than a Iewes bond-flaue, or a Moore in Spaine.
 All day they brooke the raine, haile, frost, and fnow,
 And then, as if they had not drudg'd enough,
 They lie and thinke all night with care and forrow,
 How they may take as little rest to morrow.

'Tis ſtrange their mindes ſo much for gold doth itch,
 And being gotten, that it ſhould bewitch :
 For 'tis by nature in a prifon pent,
 Vnder our feet i'th bafeſt Element :
 And ſhould we pluck't from dungeon, filth and mire,
 To giue't the chiefestfeat in our deſire ;
 'Twere want of iudgement : which braue ſpirits know,
 Counting it bafe, with thoſe that prize it ſo.

I'ue heard thoſe ſay that trauell to the West
 Whence this beloued mettall is encreaſt
 That in the places where ſuſh Minerals be,
 Is neither graffe, nor hearbe, nor plant, nor tree.
 And like enough ; for this at home I finde,
 Thoſe who too earnestly imploÿ the minde
 About that trash, haue hearts (I dare vphold)
 As barraine as the place where men dig gold.

This humour hath no bounds ; 'tis a deſire
 (Or diſeaſe rather) nothing can expire :
 'Tis Hell, for had it all the world, why yet
 'Twould long as much as if 't had ne'er a whit ;
 And I with pity doe lament their paine
 Who haue this *neuer-quenched thirſt* of gaine ;
 This *euer-gaping-whirle-poole*, that receiuſeſt
 Still, yet the ſelfeſame roome ſtill empty leaues,

Hee's

Hee's mad that food to such a Vulture giues
 That's neuer full : and e'en as good fill siues,
 Or vessels bottomelesse, as still endeauor
 To gorge a Monster that will hunger euer.
 All that man can performe will be in vaine,
 And longing will for euermore remaine :
 Like those foule issues that must still haue vent,
 Till strength of nature and the life be spent.
 It makes men tyre themselues, like him that drinks
 Brine, or salt-water ; and still thereby thinks
 To flake his thirst, although he feele it more
 Augmented, at each draught then 'twas before.
 Yea, wealth doth as much lessen this desire
 Of *Auarice* in men, as flames of fire
 Alay the heat. Besides, though they haue store,
 This makes them to themselues exceeding poore.
 And howsoeuer they may feeme, yet such
 Vntill their *dying-day* are neuer rich.
 They very feldome haue respect or care
 To Promise or Religion : they'l not spare
 To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himselfe,
 Thereby to adde vnto their cursed pelfe.

They neither reuerence the right of lawes ;
 Nor are they touched with the poore mans cause.
 They could be well content to shed their bloods,
 Lose Soule and Heauen, but to saue their goods.
 To talke to them of better things 'twere vaine,
 For they are onely capable of gaine.
 They neuer liue in true *society*,
 Nor know they *friendship, loue, or pietie*.

H 2

And

And in a word, those that are thereby led,
 Neuer doe good till they be *sicke or dead*.
 And therefore with those vermine we may place them
 That ferue vs to no vse, till we vncafe them.
 And I'ue obseru'd, that such mens children be
 Borne many times to greatest misery.
 For they haue neither *meanes* nor *education*,
 According to their Kindred, State or Nation ;
 Whereby we see that they doe often run
 Into vile actions, and are quite vndone.
 And then perhaps the Parent grieues at this,
 But ne'er considers that his fault it is.

'Tis greedinesse that makes a man a flauue
 To that which for his seruant he should haue :
 And teaches him oft to esteeme of more
 The *vicious Rich-man*, then the *honest poore*.

How many in the world now could I name,
 Iniurious villaines : that but to defame
 Or spight their neighbour, would their God forswere,
 As if they thought that no damnation were ?
 (Prouided, when they thus their conscience straine,)
 It be out of a hatred, or for gaine.
 Yea, there be idle theeuing Drones a many,
 That haue no Virtue (nor will ne'er haue any)
 That for their wealth shall highly be respected,
 When honest men (their betters) are neglected :
 And then we also see that most men do
 Impose such worthy titles on them too,
 That such base scummes shall oft intreated be
 With *Good your worship*, and with cap and knee.

But

But sure the World is now become a Gull,
 To thinke such scoundrels can be worshipfull.
 For, in these dayes, if men haue gotten riches,
 Though they be Hangmen, Vsurers, or Witches,
 Duuels incarnate, such as haue no shame,
 To act the thing that I should blush to name ;
 Doth that disgrace them any whit ? Fie no,
 The World ne'er meant to vse her Minions so.
 There is no shame for Rich-men in these times,
 For wealth will serue to couer any crimes.
 Wert thou a crooke-backt dwarfe, deform'd in shape,
Thersites like, condition'd like an Ape ;
 Didst neuer doe a deed a good man ought,
 Nor spake true word, nor hadst an honest thought ;
 If thou be rich, and hap to disagree
 With one that's poore, although indeed he be
 In euery part a man ; and hath a Spirit
 That's truely noble, worthy well to merit
 Euen praise of Enuy ; yet if thou wilt seeeme
 A man farre worthier, and of more esteeme,
 Although thou canst inuent no meanes to blame him,
 Yet I can tell a tricke how thou shalt shame him :
 And that's but this ; *Report that he is poore*,
 And there is no way to disgrace him more.
 For, so this *Passion* doth mens iudgement blinde,
 That him in whom they most perfection finde,
 If-so he be not rich, they count him base ;
 And oft hee's faine to giue a Villaine place.
 Moreouer, the desire to gaine this pelfe,
 Makes many a braue man to forget himselfe.

Some I haue knowne that for their worthy parts,
 Their vertue, and their skill in many Arts,
 Deserued honour ; and (if any can
 Judge by the outward looke, the inward man)
 They to command men (you would think) were born,
 And seem'd a flauish seruitude to scorne.
 Yet haue I feene when such as these (alas !)
 In hope of gaine haue croucht vnto an Affe ;
 Obseru'd a Dolt, and much debas't their merits
 To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits.

How many of our finest wits haue spent
 Their times and studies in meere complement ;
 Greasing with praises many a fat-fed Bore,
 Of whom the world hath thought too well before ?
 How many now that follow'd *Mars* his troope,
 Whom force of death could neuer make to stoope :
 How many also of our graue Diuines,
 That should seeke treasure not in earthly Mines,
 Descend to basenesse, and *against the haire* ;
 (As goes the common prouerb) *can speake faire* ?
 Flatter for gaine, and humour such base groomes
 As are not worthy of their horse-boyes roomes ?
 They wrong themselues : but those are counted wise
 That now adayes know how to temporize.
 Yet I abhorr'd it euer ; and I vow ;
 Ere I to any golden Calfe will bow,
 Flatter against my conscience, or else smother
 What were to be reueal'd, to please another :
 Ere I for gaine would fawne vpon a Clowne,
 Or feed *Great fooles* with tales of the renowne

Of

Of their reputed fathers, when (*God mend them*)
 Themselues haue nothing why we shoulde commend
 Or e're I'de coyne a lye, be't ne'er so small, (them :
 For e're a bragging *Thraso* of them all
 In hope of profit ; I'de giue vp my play,
 Begin to labour for a groat a day ;
 In no more clothing then a mantle goe ;
 And feed on *Sham-rootes*, as the *Irish* doe.
 For what contentment can in riches be,
 Vnlesse the body and the minde be free ?

But tush : what's freedom ? looke where gold beares
 It takes all care of what is fit away ; (sway,
 Corrupts the iudgement, and can make the lawes
 Oft-times to fauour an vngodly cause.

Moreouer, worldly men doe so affect,
 Where wealth abounds, and beare so much respect
 To thosse that haue it, that their vice they deeme
 To be a vertue, and so make it seeme.
 For, say they vse extortion, no men more,
 Vndoe their Country, hurt and wrong the poore,
 Be such damn'd Vsurers, they keepe a house
 That yeelds not crummes enow to feed a Mouse ;
 Yet they'l not say they are couetous ; oh no,
But thrifty and good wary men, or so.

Another, though in pride he doe excell ;
 Be more ambitious then the Prince of Hell ;
 If his apparell be in part like vs,
 Italian, Spanish, French, and Barbarous ;
 Although it be of twenty feuerall fashions,
 All borrowed from as many feuerall Nations ;

Yet hee's not vaine, nor proud ; What is he than ?

Marry a proper, fine, neat Gentleman.

Or if he be a Ruffian than can swagger,
 Make strange Brauadoes, weare an Ale-house dagger ;
 Insteed of Valour, quarrelling professe,
 Turne Hospitality to lewd excesse ;
 Quaffe Soule-sicke-healths vntill his eyes doe stare,
 Sing baudy Songs, and Rounds, and curse and fweare ;
 Though he vse gaming, as the Cards and Dice,
 So out of measure that he mak't a vice ;
 Conuert his house into a loathsome stewes,
 Keepe Whores, and Knaues, and Baudes (and that's no
 Yet if he be a rich man, what is he ? newes)

A rude ranke Ruffian, if he aske of me.

A Ruffian ? Gup Iack-sauce-boxe with a wannion,
Nay, hee's a merry and a boone Companion.
 This is the worlds milde Censure. Yet beside,
 Another quality I haue espide :
 For that disease in which they shun the poore,
 They doe abhorre a rich man nere the more.

Him I haue knowne that hath disdain'd to sup
 Water, or Beere out of a poore mans cup,
 For feare of poysoning, or some thing as bad,
 Although he knew no mallady he had ;
 Yet haue I often seene that curious Affe
 Pledging a rich-man in the selfe-same glasse,
 When he hath knowne the party sweating lie
 Of the abhorred *French* foule malady.
 Which proues this Prouerbe true ; *Birds of a feather*
Will fearelesse vse to flocke and feed together.

But

But I oft wonder and doe yet admire,
 Men hunt for riches with such strange desire.
 For, being once possest thereof, it fils
 The owners of it with a thousand ils,
 More than they can conceiue. For first we finde
 It choakes and marr's the vertue of the minde.
 Then (by much businesse) it brings annoyses
 Vnto the minde ; and hinders truer ioyes
 From seating there : and though some stornes it cleare,
 It drijes men into flouds of greater feare :
 That oft the Rich are more in sorrow tost,
 Then those that haue no riches to be lost.

But further ; ouer and aboue all this,
 Hence a much greater disaduantage is.
 It makes vs to growe Arrogant, Vniust ;
 Drawes vnto pleasure, and prouokes to lust ;
 More powerfull in a deed of villanie,
 Than helpfull in a worke of honesty.
 It nere contents the owners that enjoy it ;
 And those that haue it, many times employ it
 To corrupt Iustice ; or else to allure
 Matrons, or Virgins, to an act impure.
 It hireth murtherers ; makes men feditious.
 Full of suspect and enuy, or ambitious :
 It breedeth *claw-backs, pick-thanks, flattery,*
 Makes many theeues, and causeth *periury.*
 It hinders knowledge ; for most that haue lands,
 Lieu neither by their wisedome nor their hands ;
 But following floth and pleasure, hate the schooles,
 To leaue much wealth vnto a race of fooles.

Such

This is the fruit of riches, which alone
 Is now the faire reward, that euery one
 Endeauours for ; and that which to attaine,
 (Or keepe once gotten) none refuseth paine,
 Labour, nor danger, nay all men expresse
 In the pursute thereof, such earnestnesse ;
 As if, that onely, did indeed appeare
 The speciall end that they were plac't for heere.

Oh Gold, what mortall god is so diuine !
 What beauty is there so ador'd as thine ?
 The fairest creature neuer so much moou'd,
 As that it was of euery one belou'd.
 The little Infant in his cradle lying,
 On promise of a penny stayes his crying.
 Those that in youth for nothing seem to care,
 To keep thee still their friend, respectiue are.
 Old dotards almost dropt into the graue,
 That neither sence of sight nor hearing haue,
 Are by their touching thee preferu'd aliue,
 And will maintaine thou art restoratiue.
 Fooles that know nothing, know the vse of thee,
 And for thy sake will oft perswaded be.
 The wise men of the world that disapproue
 Young mens affections, and make scoffes at loue ;
 He, who out of his iudgement calls him Asse,
 That dotes vpon the beauty of a face,
 Can play the Idiot twice as much himselfe,
 By doting on a heape of durty pelfe.

Nay further, to their conscience I appeale
 That seeme nought else almost but *faith* and *zeale*,

Whether

Whether with all their shew of *sanctitic*,
 They doe not oft commit *Idolatrie*,
 And this great *Mammon* secretly adore :
 I feare they doe, and more his helpe implore
 Then their Creator's. For this cursed *Riches*
 So much the Soule of euery man bewitches,
 That very oft times they forgetfull be
 Of what beſeemes profefſion and degree.

What Hee, on earth ; so great or mighty is,
 (Or who ſo proud) that will not bow to this ?
 Where's he though Noble that will now diſdaine
 To be a ſuter for his priuate gaine ?
 See we not thoſe that ſeem'd to looke more hic,
 Turne all their worship to this *Deitie* ?
 It is apparent, Great-men that were wont
 For honour onely, in times paſt to hunt,
 Both pawne and forfeit it for *Riches* ſake :
 And they whose glory 'twas to vndertake
 Such things as might their Country benefit,
 Seeke rather now how they may begger it.

What *Monopolies*, what new tricks can they
 Finde to encrease their profit euery day ?
 What *Rascall* poling futes doe they deuife,
 To adde new Summes vnto their Treafuries ?
 Which had their nobler Predeceſſors fought,
 Such meaneſs of gaine for euer had been thought
 Dishonour, and a ſtaine of *Infamie*,
 Enough to taint their whole Posteritie.
 And then, beside their euer shameleſſe crauing,
 They oft times alſo are as basely fauing :

And

And so much doth their *Auarice* abate
 Of that becomming and commended state (them
 Which their forefathers kept ; they would not knowe
 (If they were liuing) or for shame not owe them.

Those, that haue much on Ancient gentry stood,
 And will to this day glory in their bloud,
 Doe not disdaine (if there be wealth) to grace
 With their dear'ſt iſſue, ſome rank peafants race.
 Or take himſelfe (if there be wealth to wed)
 An old *Mechanick* widdow to his bed.

The childe for this, the parent will vndoe :
 And parents ſell the childs contentment too.
 It is of power ſufficient to prefer
 The vntaught ſonne of a rude *Scauenger*,
 To ſome Lords daughter, & in twelue-months can
 Make a known peafant deem'd a Gentleman :
 Beare Armes confirm'd, and shew a pedigree
 Shall from before the *Norman Conqueſt* be.
 And in his pride, ſome one for gentry braue,
 Vnto whose father, his, was fworne a flauē.

Nay ſo much fway the loue of gold doth beare,
 He that but ſonne vnto the Hangman were,
 A noted villaine of as false a heart ;
 As euer rode to *Tiburne* in a Cart,
 One whom that place had long time groaned for,
 And all men as earth's ſcum did moſt abhor ;
 Yet if this Rake-hell could but thriue ſo much
 By any villainie, as to be rich,
 One yeare or two would not alone agen
 Get him more credit then three honest men ;

But

But great ones would salute and speake him faire,
 Labour how they might be inscrib'd his heire ;
 And still obserue him so obsequioufly,
 As if the world within his gift did lie.

Or which is more, he that once scorn'd to see
 Himselue attended, by such gromes as he,
 Will yeeld this beast his onely child should wed,
 And force her peraduenture to his bed.
 Where, spight of Vertue, this damn'd Ruffian shall
 Vnworthily, enjoy a blisse, which all
 The most deseruing of the Land would woee.
 (And, when he hath her once, despise her too)
 But doubtlesse, if he can but at his death,
 When he is fore't to leaue the world, bequeath
 A petty legacy vnto the poore ;
 Somewhat to stay the rayling of his whore ;
 And leaue rich heires behind : why then the Asse,
 On a faire pile of Marble, Ieat, and Braffe,
 Shall haue a Table, faire engrau'd, to shew
 A Catalogue of Vertues he nere knew.

Thus much can gold performe, and such you see
 The goodly fruits of this foule *Passion* be :
 That were there not a greater power which still
 A secret iudgement heaped on this ill ;
 It were enough to make all men despise
 The loue of Vertue, and nought else deuise
 Saue to be rich : which way, they soone may find,
 That thereto onely, do apply the mind.

But as herein men often doe amisse,
 So erre they in the opposite to this ;

The

The Prodigall runnes out as farre astray
From this absurdity another way.

And e'en as greedy men are set on fire
With an vnquenched and a foule desire
Of hourding *Riches* (*God in heauen amend them*)
So doth he striue and hie as fast to spend them.
And as the first in elder folkes is stronger,
This raignes most violently in the younger.

Their humor's diuerse. Some vaine-glorious Asses,
Consum't in gawdy cloathes, and Looking-glasses ;
Others blowne vp 'ene with the selfe-same bellowes,
Seeke to obtaine the loue of all good-fellowes ;
These at the Ale-house haue their daily pots,
Though they be there or no : And looke what shots
Are in their presence spent, though ne'er so many,
He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny.
These feast at Tauernes their supposed friends,
That pay with *Thanks*, *We ne'er shall make amends*.
Yea, and in more things they haue lauish bin ;
But those are paths I'ue no experience in.
Yet such no doubt ere many yeeres be past,
Will wish that they had held their purses fast,
When for their kindnesse and their former cheere,
They hardly shall procure a cup of Beere.
But there must needs be some men borne thereto,
Or how the Diuell shall our shakers doe ?

Yet can I not say rightly that these be
From *Auarice* and *greediness* quite free :
For though they doe consume it knauishly,
And spend it on vaine pleasures lauishly,

They

They gladly would their euill course maintaine,
And therefore ouer-slip no meanes of gaine.

Some haue bin forc't to (through this indiscretion)
Secret and open Robberies ; Oppression ;
And diuers tricks : which, shew the Spending vice
May haue a reference to *Auarice*.

Others there are (but few) who hauing store,
Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poore ;
And why ? It stops the way to heauen they say :
Sure beeing misemployed, so it may :
And therefore, rather then they should abuse it,
'Twere good they had it that know how to vse it.
For such are lightly weake in resolution,
And men but of a simple constitution ;
Or else by some seducing Villaine taught,
That their *goods* rather then their *good* haue fought.

Now I suppose the man that well obtaines
His wealth, and in an honest calling gaines,
More wisedome shewes in vsing it aright,
Than such a *Cynicke* that contemnes it quite ;
Men will be in extremes ; but sure the lesse
Is to neglect wealth : for much greedinesse
Makes not the body onely leane and soule,
But also spreads infection to his soule,
And clogs her so with things of no account,
That she is ouer-poyz'd too much to mount.
But those men that to goe astray are loth,
Must vse endeauours to auoid them both.

O F



OF AMBITION.

SATYR. 9.

H EERE next to be arraign'd a Monster stands,
 Worse then the Giant with the hundred hands.
 Stay you that seeke or loue the peace of man,
 And I'le describe his nature if I can.
 This is the fame which we doe call *Ambition*,
 The principallest stirrer of sedition.
 'Tis a proud humour, which doth euer search
 The *stout-high-minded*, and attempts, to pearch
 In men of spirit. It doth farre surmount
 The force of Loue ; and makes but small account
 Of nature or Religion. Tis not law,
 Nor Conscience, that can keepe this fiend in awe.

It is supposed that it hath no bound ;
 For neuer was there limit in it found.
 And such are those in whom it ouer-swayes,
 No strength of reason their aspiring stayes,
 Till like the fire, whose fuell quite is spent,
 They flash and die for want of nourishment.
 There's no estate contents them ; peace and strife
 Are both alike to them : yea, death, and life.

Wiues,

Lib. 1.

AMBITION.

Satyr. 9.

Wiues, children, friends ; no, none but such as may
 Be vnto their *Ambitious* plots a stay
 Shall be respetted ; and so they may reape
 What they desire, they will not sticke to heape
 Murther on murthers. Yea, and think't no finne,
 Be it of strangers, or their neerest kinne :
 They haue such flinty breasts they can out-beard
 Danger it selfe and be no whit afearde.

Yet, (maugre all their daring) iust *Confusion*
 Of such proud spirits proues the sad *Conclusion*.
 And he that first was ruin'd by this euill,
 Was he that first was guilty of't, the *Diuell* :
 Who did aspire so high, that higher *Powers*
 Wrought his iust fall ; and now he seeketh ours.
 Eu'n he first shed this ill into our breasts,
 Thereby to hinder and disturbe our rests.

This most *unreasonable, strong desire*,
And too excessive longing to aspire
To honour and promotion (which indeed
 Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed)
 Is both a wild and a disordred *Passion*,
 And a great enemy to Contentation.
 For, whatsoeuer state man hath attain'd,
 Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd ;
 Sith he thereby hath still a farther scope,
 And neuer reaches to the end of's hope.
 That which he doth posseſſe he nought respecteth,
 But altogether things vnowne affecteth,
 And counts them best ; which whatsoe'er they seem'd,
 Beeing once gotten too, are not esteem'd.

I

Now

Now, what's the reason that they doe abhor
 The things possest that they haue labour'd for ?
 What may the cause be that they doe contemne
 (Or cannot vfe things) hauing gained them ?
 Sure hence it is ; They doe not truely know
 What the things are that they doe long for so,
 And they obtaine them oft, ere they haue might
 Or knowledge how to gourne them aright.

Had many of our reaching Yeomanry,
 That haue growne wealthy through good Husbandry,
 (And some of our proud Gentry that haue fought
Titles, and vndeserued *Honours* bought)
 But knowne before-hand what disgracefull shame
 And beggery would follow on the same,
 In knowing not, to what they did aspire ;
 Those *Dignities* had yet been to desire :
 And so indeed they might haue walkt the street,
 And not haue fear'd the *Counters*, nor the *Fleet* ;
 Or might with *Good-man* haue contented bin,
 Where now there's scarce a good man of the kin.

Ambitious men will euer enuious be,
 Regarding neither loue nor amitie ;
 And though that they may make a goodly shew,
 With reason it can neuer stand I know
 They shoulde be faithfull, or with Iustice deale,
 Either for Prince, or Friend, or Common weale.
 For why ? this humour makes them to attend,
 Yea, all their labours, and best counfels spend
 In their owne plots : And, so they haue no losse,
 They care not whose proceedings they doe crosse.

Vertuous

Vertuous endeauours this doth also let ;
 Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget.
 And though I'me loath to speake it, I protest
 I thinke it raignes not in the *Clergie* least.
 For you at first great humblenesse shall see,
 While their estates and fortunes meaner be.
 They are industrios, and take paines to teach,
 And twice a weeke shall be the least they'l preach :
 Or in their pouerty they will not sticke,
 For *Catechising, visiting the sicke,*
 With such like sacred works of *Piety*,
 As doe belong to that fraternity.
 But if they once atchieue a *Vicarage*,
 Or be inducted to some *Parsonage*,
 Men must content themselues, and thinke it well
 If once a Month they heare the Sermon bell :
 And if to any higher place they reach ;
 Once in a twelue-month is enough to preach.

Alas ! we must consider, that *Devotion*
 Is but a busie thing that lets *Promotion* ;
 And if that they should giue their mindes to't all,
 Who should haue greater places when they fall ?
 No, no, 'twere fitter they their ease did take,
 And see what friends and Patrons they can make
 For the next Bishopricke ; or study how
 To humour, and to please the *Great-ones* now :
 And if they can in that aduenture speed,
 They'l be more painefull. Yes ; 'tis like indeed,
 If in their climing they so high can wex,
 To gaine the title of a *Pontifex*,

I 2

'Tis

'Tis very like (perhaps) that we shall heare
 They vse the Pulpit once in twice a yeare.
 Nay, 'tis well if it be done so oft.
 For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,
 They from performance of their duties slide.
 But of all others, this fame *Clergy-pride*,
 I hold not onely to be odious
 To God and men ; but most pernicious
 To Prince, to Church, and to the Common-good.
 Witnesse the beast of *Rome*, and his foule brood
 Of climing *Cardinals* ; who, from base *states*,
 Are gotten to be Kings, and Princes *mates* ;
 Yea, their *Superiors* too ; and all by this,
 A painted shew of *Humble holinesse*.
 Euen this is it of which the Diuell makes
 That cruell Engine, where-withall he shakes
Religions foundnesse : and rends in it chinks,
 Which he dawbes vp againe, with what he thinks
 Shall ruine all in time. And ist not heance
 He had his meanes to marre the innocence
 Of *Romes* first Bishops ? Godlinesse grew strong,
 And flourisht while it was supprest with wrong.
 But when the worthy Emperors embrac't
 The *Sacred Truth*, and with their faours grac't
 Their good proceedings, they soone gan to leaue
 Their humble nature off ; and closely weauie
 Vnder *Religious* shewes (not a bare *Miter*)
 It fits not the Successors of Saint *Peter*)
 A triple *Diadem*, and such a state,
 As neuer any earthly Potentate

Enioy'd

Enioy'd a greater (*all with humble preaching*)
 A long degree I tak't, beyond the reaching
 Of temporall *Ambition*. Heau'n I pray,
 Ere the first Beast his time be done away,
 There rise not vp another Monster heere
 'Mongst our ambitious Church-men. I should feare
 A second Antichrist, but that I hope
 They either shall be kept within their scope ;
 Or the last iudgement, whose nigh time vnknowne,
 Shall cut him off ere he be wholly growne.

Thus much some reason makes me bold to speake :
 And there is no mans fight I thinke so weake,
 But fees the same. Which though (I know full well)
 'Twould better others fit than me to tell ;
 Sith all neglect it, I haue thus begun
 To Satyrize, and o'er their follies runne.

Yet by my former words let none suppose,
 That I th'opinion doe maintaine of those
 That doe our Bishops disallow,
 Let them that can ; for sure I know not how.
 Nor would I haue the world to vnderstand
 That I taxe all the *Clergy* in the Land,
 Or the whole *Hierarchy* : Thinke not so ;
 For why ? this present Age doth yeeld I know
 Men that are truely worthy : and so many,
 That I beleue few times (since Christ) had any
 More knowing, or more painfull then some few.

And whatsoe'er men thinke, yet here to shew,
 Though I Satyrically carpe at those
 That follow Vice, and are true Vertues foes ;

I haue not such a spightfull cankerd spirit,
 As to conceale or smother *Worth* and *Merit*.
 For I'le in *Canterburies* praise be bold
 This on my owne experience to vhold,
 The Sea was neuer gouerned as yet,
 By any one more Reu'rend or more fit.
 For ouer and aboue his Country cares,
 Wherein he neither *time* nor *counsell* spares :
 Besides *Church-businesse*, whereto he applies
 His minde to further it, what in him lies,
 Besides all this, his publique care at large,
 Few Ministers haue in their priuate charge
 Tooke greater paine. That now the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witnesse well.
 And thou vnhappy wert, O *London* then,
 When thou didst lose this rare *One* amongst men :
 Yet thou wert blest againe, thy fate did bring
 In place of such a *Father*, such a *King* ;
 So vigilant a Watch-man in his place,
 That were it not my purpose heere to trace
 The worlds mad humours, I from these had matter
 To make a *Panegyrick* of a *Satyr*.
 Yet is my *Muse* so constant in her frowne,
 She shall not sooth a King for halfe his Crowne :
 Nor would she thus much here haue fung their praise,
 Had she not thought them to be what she fayes.
 But peraduenture some will now condemne
 This my particular commending them :
 As if my setting of their Vertues forth,
 Would be detraction from anothers worth.

Which

Which cannot be. For as this addes no more
 Vnto that reall worth these had before :
 So neither can I lessen, blot, nor smoother
 The good that is apparant in another.
 Nor doe I wish it should : for might I here
 Stand to make bead-rolls of who worthy were,
 I could adde diuers that may claime this day
 As much to be extold, by me, as they.

Heere I could name some other of their place
 That cannot basely fawne to winne them grace ;
 Nor picke a *Thanke* by seeking to condemne
 Those that are not in place to answer them.
 I know there's some who seeke the Churches good,
 And neuer at their Princes elbow stood
 With their lowd whisperings to stop his care,
 Lest he should what did more concerne him heare.
 I know there's such, and they will prais'd be,
 Though neuer knowne, not mentioned by me.

But let this passe ; whilst I so busie am
 About the *Clergie*, some are much to blame.
 The Court is factious growne through the desire
 That every one hath gotten to aspire.
 None doe esteeme their owne, but by compare :
 All would be some-what more then others are.
 Yet he that's great'ft, 'mong those that greatest seeme,
 Is onely great in other mens esteeme.
 And therefore sure hee's vaine who for such winde
 Can feed a restlesse humour in his minde,
 That's so vnprofitable, as at best
 It makes him onely in appearance blest.

I 4

But

But when I weigh it, then I wonder much,
 Mans loue vnto this *Passion* should be fuch,
 As without vnderstanding to let lie
 A reall good for an vncertainety.

Those I haue seene, that haue had riches store,
 Great Offices, and fauours, no men more ;
 Honour and credit ; yea, and wisedome too :
 But (loe what an ambitious head will doe)
 Climing too high, they got so lowe a fall,
 They forfeited their honours, liues and all.
 Me thinkes ere they in such an act shoulde stur,
 'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Æsops* Cur,
 Who catching but to get a *shadow* more,
 Did lose the *substance* that he had before.

I might a while vpon examples stand
 Of former times ; but that within this Land,
 The present Age which I will onely view,
 Can yeeld enow to proue my sayings true :
 And here, of many in this Kingdome showne,
 I at this present will remember one :
 And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,
 The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not ;
 I meane the *Powder-Treason* ; an *Inuention*,
 Brought (had not God assisted) past preuention.
 And yet, ere they could clime to their desire,
 Eu'n when they were to mount but one step higher
 (*Let God be honour'd for't*) downe tumbled all,
 And gaue these Monsters a deserued fall.

Which blest deliuernace, if no happier song
 Tune in our too-forgetfull eares, ere long

(If

(If heauen assist my purpose, and the Times
 Be but auspicious to my homely *Rimes*)
 I meane to sing thereof, that after-dayes,
 Seeing Gods loue to vs, may tell his praise ;
 And in such colours paint that hellish plot,
 It shall not for some Ages be forgot :
 But vnto men vnborne a *Treason* shew
 More vile then euer any Age did know.
 And let them see that Ruine and Perdition
 Are the last Periods to conclude Ambition.
 But to that purpose I may labour spend,
 And peraduenture all to little end :
 Men will not thinke thereon, but still we see
 So lofty minded in their actions be,
 And with such thirst of titles haue they fought them,
 As at deare rates they many times haue bought them.

Some haue Ambitious heads, but cannot rise,
 Because the want of meanes and friends denies
 What they aspire vnto : whereat they vex,
 And their vnquiet soules oft times perplex
 Beyond all reason. Oh strange humour'd men !
 Leaue off this folly and growe wise agen.
 Be with your states content : for who doth know
 If his desire be for his good or no ?
 Yes sure, one thinks ; If I could but attaine
 Such offices ; or so much wealth to gaine
 As this or that man hath, my wish were ended ;
 And such or such a fault should be amended.
 With that thou hast not yct, how dost thou know
 Whether thou canst be well content or no ?

I tell thee this, though thou maist thinke it strange,
With the estate the minde doth also change :
And when in one thing thou haft thy desier,
Thou wilt not stay there, but mount som-what higher,
And higher still, vntill thou doost attaine
Vnto the top, or tumble downe againe.

Be wary then, you that ambitious are ;
And to restraine this madnes haue a care :
Else at the last 'twill certainly deceiue you :
But you must haue your *Wills*, to which I leaue you.

O F



O F F E A R E.

S A T Y R. 10.

See you this *Passion* heere that followes next,
 That shakes and lookes as with a feuer vext ?
 This is the pale and trembling caitife, *Feare*,
 Whose daftard humors I will make appeare.
 Note him and know him ; This is he that mars
 All our delights on earth : 'tis he that bars
 Man the right vse of pleasure, and 'tis hee
 That was at first ordain'd our plague to be.
 Come not too near him, you that looke for rest,
 Lest he insinuate into your breast :
 For entred once, it doth the body num,
 Makes it distemp'red, or deform'd become,
 And sometime with illusions grim and foule,
 Doth startle and affright the very soule :
 The cause of it (if I may trust my skill)
 Is but a false opinion of some ill,
 That's present or to come. It inly stings ;
 And for companions euer with it brings
 Both *Paine* and *Shame* : And diuerse haue I seen
 That with this *Passion* much abus'd haue been.

Some

Some men there are, whose feare so foolish prooues,
 It many vnto game and laughter moues.
 One came in lately almost out of breath ;
 As if he hardly had escaped death,
 What was his feare ? Alas, I tell you He
 Tooke a white poast some walking sprite to be ;
 Which strong fumise doth such impression take,
 That though he since hath seen 'twas but a stake,
 If on occasion, he be there be-nighted,
 Hee's yet with presence of the place affrighted.

Another once I knew halfe staring mad,
 And he had seene the Diuell, that he had,
 In an old house, sit cowring on a block,
 When all at last proou'd but a Turky-cock.

Thus men oft feare when cause of feare is none,
 Making themselues a iest for euery one ;
 Yea, feare hath made a number so affraid,
 That they haue oft their dearest friends betraid :
 For which cause onely I doe nere intend
 To chuse a Coward to become my friend.

And if that Women will aduised be,
 To make in this a Counsellor of me,
 Let them admit no Coward in their loue,
 Leaft their conclusions doe as hopelesse proue,
 As that poore Lasses vnto whom befell
 This sad aduenture which I meane to tell.

Not farre from hence there dwelt not long agoe,
 As blithe a Girle as any one I know,
 A Gentlewoman of so good a ranke,
 Her fauour seem'd t'haue well deserued thanke.

And

And cause in face and dowry few did match her,
 Many a Gallant tride his wit to catch her ;
 While beeing kept but narrowly at home,
 She car'd not so she might be gone, with whom.
 And so, blind Fortune (that will fildome part
 Her faours vnto men of more desart)
 Brings to the house a fellow that in shew
 Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not so.
 Yet hauing opportunitie hee tries,
 Gets her good will, and with his purchase flies.
 But ere 'twas long, the Parents mist their daughter,
 Raisd all the towne ; and following closely after,
 Were by meere chance vnto an old house led,
 Where this young couple were new gone to bed.
 You that haue euer in such taking bin,
 Judge what a cafe these naked folkes were in.
 But what was done ? The gallant left his prey,
 And like a fearefull Coward flunke away.

Out on such Asses ; How could he for shame
 So leaue a woman to beare all the blame ?
 And for the grieve she suffers with her friends,
 How can the villaine make the whore amends ?
 I know not : but for playing such a part,
 'Tis certaine he hath lost the wenches hart :
 And she for climing to a Cowards bed,
 Hath lost her Credit with her Mayden-head.

Heer's one effect of feare. And yet, from hence
 Springs also *Cruelty, Impatience,*
Breach of our promises, with much Enuying ;
 That hurtfull and abhorred vice of *Lying*,

Mur-

Murthers and Treasons : nay there's nought so base,
 So full of *villanie, shame or disgrace*,
 The fearefull would not act with all his heart,
 To free himselfe from feare of death, or smart.
 Yea, some would be contented very well
 So they might scape Death, to goe quick to hell.
 Such is the nature of it that I'ue seen,
Feare cause those euills that had else not been.
 To some it ficknes brings, and some beside
 E'en with the very feare of death haue dide :
 And, many of them haue so carefull bin
 To rid themselues from feares that they were in ;
 That, as the ship which doth *Charybdis* shun,
 They ranne on *Scylla*, and were quite vndone.
 The reason is, they so amazed be
 With apprehending dangers which they see
 Pursuing of them ; as they thinke not on
 The other mischieves they may runne vpon.
 And euermore it is the Cowards error,
 To think the present danger full'ſt of terror.

The feare of euill more tormenteth some,
 Than doth the thing they fear'd, when once 'tis come.
 Men dread what is, what will be, and (alas !)
 Many a thing that nere shall come to passe :
 For if they onely fear'd apparent things
 (That likely-hood of some affrighting brings)
 As troopes of enemies, or theeues, or treason,
 Pirats, or stormes at Sea ; there were some reaſon,
 Or colour for it then : but they will quake
 At fictions : at meer nothings : their harts ake

At

At their owne fancies, Superftitions,
 At tales of *Fairies*, or of *Visions* :
 Yea, I haue ſcene one melancholy fad
 Vpon ſome foolish dreame that he hath had.

Oh what meanes man, that hauing mischifes ſtore,
 Muſt in his owne conceit needs make them more ?
 Thinks he thofe will not grim enough appeare,
 Vnleſſe he apprehend them firſt by feare ?
 Sure tis a plague the Diuell did inuent,
 To worke in man a laſting diſcontent,
 And taught it *Adam* ; whereupon he ſaid,
I ſaw my nakednes and was afraid.
 It is our weakeſſe : yet I cannot ſee
 A reaſon why we ſhould ſo fearfull be.

May we not ioy and be as merry ſtill
 With hope of good, as fad with feare of ill ?
 Sure I thinke yes ; and will on hope ſo feed,
 No ill ſhall feare me till 'tis come indeed :
 For that which ſeemeth likeliest to betide me,
 God in his mercy yet may put beside me.
 And though much prooſe hath bred within my breft
 That reſolution, yet of all the reſt
 This laſt confirm'd it moſt : for th'other day,
 When the hard froſt had ſtopt the Scullers way,
 And leſt faire *Thames* with Ice ſo ſtrongly archt,
 That on the melting pauement people marcht :
 Amongſt the reſt one bolder then was fit,
 All heedleſſe of his way fell out of it,
 Vpon a peece of Ice, which with a cracke,
 Rent from the maine, and ſtopt his going back :

This

This ycie fragment from the rest did swim,
 And to the Bridge a prisoner carried him,
 Where the spectators signes of pitty gaue,
 And had a will, but not a power to faue.
 Which in his *Passion* then conceiuing well
 Downe on his knees in that poore Arke he fell,
 And lifting vp his hands did him implore
 That fau'd old *Ionas* without Saile or Oare.
 And see Gods mercy : when he drew so neare,
 No hope of safeguard seemed to appeare ;
 When he had there iust three times whirled bin,
 And that the Arch was like to fucke him in ;
 Then quite beyond all hope, e'ne in a trice,
 There thrust-between a greater peece of Ice,
 Which comming down as if it scorn'd to stay,
 Beat-by the lesser peece to giue it way.
 A while that staid it : yet he had beene faine,
 When that was gone to take his turne againe,
 But that, next God, the people stood his friend,
 And fau'd him by a rope, that's some mans end.

Whereby, I gather, we may sometime now,
 Escape a mischiefe though we see not how.
 And in my minde this argument is cleare,
 That we haue as much cause to hope, as feare.

More trembling humors I might heere vnfold,
 Which some will be vnwilling should be told,
 And therefore passe them. But I doe protest
 This hurtfull Monster I so much detest,
 That I am much vnwilling to omit
 The least occasion of disgracing it.

Yet

Yet doe I not allow their resolusion,
 Who merely of a hellish constitution,
 Haue hearts obdurate, and so hard in euill,
 They neither feeme affraid of God, nor Diuell.
 Such I haue noted too ; but truely they
 Are in as bad though in another way.
 They prate, and sweare, as if they could affright,
 Or make Hobgoblin run away by night ;
 When questionlesse as bold as they appeare,
 They are perplexed with an inward feare :
 Yea, I haue knowne a trifle or a blast,
 Hath made such *Champions* oftentimes agaist,

There is an honest *Feare* that hinders sin,
 Which hath of all good men allowed bin :
 And there's a *Feare* that keepes a Kingdomes state
 From Ruine, if it be not tane too late.
 It is not *Servile feare*, that flauish crime ;
 But, rather 'tis a prouidence betime,
 That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke
 Danger to come ; and not (as we doe) winke
 At our owne nakednesse ; as without care
 Who spide it ; so our felues we see not bare.

This *Feare* it is, that makes men to prouide
 Against a storme, they may the better bide
 The fury of it : this 'tis keepes off wrong,
 And makes a City or a Kingdome strong.
 And I much doubt, the wanting of these feares
 Will make vs smart for't yet ere many yeares.
 For since we are become a pretty number,
 Although we can but one another cumber,

K

Or

Or serue to make a *Hubbub*; we suppose
 There are no Nations dare to be our foes.
 We thinke a wondrous *policie* we shew,
 If once in foure yeares we doe take a *view*
 Or count the number of our able men,
 Flattering our selues therewith; as if that then
 (Hauing so great and huge a multitude,
 Though we were ne'er so inexpert and rude)
 There were no cause of feare. But, a Realmes might
 Consists not in the number that must fight;
 As in their skill: and of good Souldiers, ten
 Will foyle an hundred vnexperienc't men,
 Such as are we. For, 'tis a shame to speake
 How wonderfull vnfitly, and how weake
 This ignorance makes most of vs; except
 Whom braue *South-hamptons* gouernment hath kept
 In warlike order; I doe meane indeed
 Our *Hampshire Ilanders*; of whom for need,
 A hundred boyes that ne'er had haire on chin,
 Shall from fие hundred of vp-landish, win
Both field and towne. Whereby it may appeare,
 Good gouernment, with profitable feare,
 Within a few short yeeres so well will thriue,
 One shall become to haue the ods of fие.

Those therefore that are wise enough to tell,
 When they doe any thing amisse or well,
 Still in this *Passion* doe obserue a meane;
 And not to *Feare*, or to *Presumption* leane.

OF



OF DESPAIRE.

SATYR. II.

NO more of *Feare*, for loe, his impious brat
 Lookeſ now to be admitted. This is that
 We call *Despaire*: with gaſtly looke he ſtands,
 And *poyſons*, *ropes*, or *poyn-yards* fill his hands,
 Still ready to doe hurt: one ſtep (no more)
 Reaches from hence vnto Damnations dore.
 This is that *Paſſion* giueth man iuſtruction
 To wreft the *Scripture* to his own deſtruſion:
 And makes him thiſke, while he on earth doth dwell
 He feeles the tortures and the plagues of Hell.

It makes men rauē like Furies, *ſcreech* and *houle*,
 With *exclamations* horrible and foule,
 More Monſter-like than men. Onely Damnation,
 Is in their mouthes; no mercy, no ſaluation
 Can they haue hope of, but poſſeſſe a feare,
 Whence monſtrous ſhapes and viſions doe appeare
 To their imaginations: and the paine
 That they in foule and conſcience doe fuſtaine,
 All earthly tortures doth ſo much exceed,
 As if they had within them, Hell indeed.

K 2

This

This is that last-worste instrument of Feare,
 Which our graund foe (and Hels great Ingene,))
 Raifeth against the fortresse of the hart :
 But many times God frustrates quite his Art.
 For when he doth assaile the same (with trust
 He from their fortresse *Faith* and *Hope* shall thrust)
 It makes them vnto *Christ* their Captaine flie ;
 Leaue to be too secure, and fortifie.
 God also makes this *Passion*, now and than,
 His scourge to lash the proud presumptuous man,
 And tame the Reprobate ; who by this Rod
 Is made sometime to feele there is a God,
 By this ; strange wonders brought to passe I'ue seene,
 Those humbled that haue once the proudest beene :
 Yea, some I'ue knowne, whose hearts haue beene so hard,
 They with no feare of iudgement could be scar'd ;
 Yet after this hath feiz'd them, it hath made
 These daring spirits tremble at their shade.
 Shake at meere Apparitions ; nay, at nought
 But what hath Beeing onely in their thought.
 And in respect of what they were, no change
 That euer I obserued seemes so strange.
 Those friends and pleasures that once seem'd most deare,
 Most odious to them, in such fits appeare :
 And greatest comfort they doe finde in them ;
 Whose wayes, and persons, they did most condemne.
 Oh what repentant liues some vow to liue,
 If God would but once more, vouchsafe to giue
 Them health and hope againe ! then they would spend
 Their liues and goods, vnto no other end

Saue

Lib. I.

DES P A I R E.

Satyr. II.

Saue wholly for his glory : yet there's now
 Some liuing that haue quite forgot that Vow.
 God giue them grace to looke into their error,
 Or they will one day feele a double terror.
 But many in this agony, haue nought
 More then the way vnto their ruine fought ;
 And still our busie enemie the Diuell,
 Author and chiefe procurer of this euill
 (Vnlesse Gods mercy his blacke plots preuents)
 Is ready to prouide him *Instruments*.
 But I eu'n quake to thinke what humours be
 Attending on this hellish malady ;
 Which I will rather labour to eschew,
 Than to be ouer-curious heere to shew.

Now, some doe thinke this *Passion* being taken,
 Can very hardly be againe forfaken :
 For (farre aboue all mischiefes raging) *This*,
 The cursed Traitor to our safety is ;
 And will not meanes permit vs to apply
 Ought that may bring vs ease or remedy.

But there are courses to preuent this finne :
 And (though it be insinuated in)
 God, that doth euer pitty our distresse,
 Will not forsake vs in our heauiness.
 Nor can we say, that he hath left vs voyde
 Of helpe, for ought where-with we are annoyd
 Through Sathan's guile. He pittieth our case,
 And daily makes vs offers of his grace,
 If wee'l lay hold on't. For, how truely deare
 We to the Father of all mercy are,

K 3

He

Lib. I.

DESPAIR E.

Satyr. II.

He show'd, in giuing for a Sacrifice
 His Sonne, to pay for our *iniquities*.
 In whom (if vnbeleeuing make not blinde)
 For euery grieve of body and of minde,
 There is a *Salue*. And euery *Christian* knowes
 (Or should at least) a *Sacred Spring*, whence flowes
 A precious liquor ; whose rare vertue can
 Cure euery grieve of minde that tortures *Man*.
 But we must be aduis'd how to apply
 This med'cine rightly to our malady :
 For some that haue presumed on their skill,
 Out of things good, haue drawne effects as ill.
 And so the *sacred Truth* is now and then,
 So wrefted, by the false conceits of men ;
 As thence they gather meanes to sooth their *Passion*,
 And make more obstinate their *Desparation* :
 Which from your soules pray heau'n to keepe as farre,
 As is earths center from the highest starre.

But there's a two-fold *Desparation* raignes ;
 One sort is that, which a distrust constraines
 In things that doe concerne the Soules *Saluation* :
 The horriblest and fearefull'ft *Desparation* :
 But th'other is alone of earthly things,
 And nothing so much disaduantage brings ;
 Yet like enough in little time to grow
Vertues maine let ; or vtter ouer-throw.
 For where it entrance gets, it makes men loth
 To vndertake great matters, cause through floth
 They doe despaire to reach them. Yea, it breeds
 A carelesnesse in *Man*, and thence proceeds

Not

Not a few *Treasons* ; for one breach of Law
 Brings many times offenders in such awe,
 That in despaire of pardon for their ill,
 They not alone hold out their error still ;
 But being guilty of one crime before,
 To scape the lash for that, adde twenty more :
 And cause at first they thought themselues vndone,
 At last, to desperate *Rebellion* runne.

Besides ; there's some despairing of their cause,
 Who being brought to tryall by the Lawes
 For their offence, are obstinately mute :
 And vnto these (forsooth) some doe impute
 A manly resolution ; 'cause thereby
 They carefull feeme of their posterity.
 But sure there is no wise man will commend
 Him that so desperately seekes his end,
 Or thorow wilfulness vndoes himselfe
 (Body and soule perhaps) to faue his pelfe
 To some *Suruiuors* ; whereas, if he bide
 On hope, and stand contented to be tride
 According to the Lawes, he may be clear'd
 And quitted of the danger he so fear'd,
 As some haue beene. Besides ; when we endure
 Any small paine, if we despaire of cure,
 Ease, or amends, 'twill make it feeme to be
 Almost vnsufferable. But if wee
 Haue any Hope ; the rest we looke to win,
 Whil mitigate the torture we are in.
 His Winter-toyle what Plough-man could sustaine
 If he despaired of his Haruest-gaine ?

And the strong'ſt army needs must faint and flie,
If it distrust before of victory.

But to conclude, be't vnderſtood,
Despaires a thing that doth fo little good,
As to this day I cannot yet obſerue
That purpose whereto man might make it ferue,
Vnleſſe to helpe a troope of cowards fight.
For, could a man lead them paſt hope of flight,
Where they ſhould ſee there were no remedy,
But they muſt die or get the victory ;
Despaire in that caſe, might giue them the day,
Who would haue loſt it, to haue runne away.

O F



O F H O P E.

S A T Y R. 12.

Thrice welcome *Hope*; the Diuell keep home the
Despaire & *Feare* are fitting for no other. (tother:
 This is the *Passion* that of all the rest
 We haue most reason to esteeme of best.
 For if it be with good aduice applyde,
 A salue it is God did himselfe prouide
 To ease not onely euery outward griefe :
 But when the soule wants comfort or reliefe
 It will redresse her paine ; although it were
 The shaking of that hideous Monster, *Feare*.

This is a *Balme* so precious, had we power
 To take it to our felues at such an howre
 When blacke *Despaire* doth pinch vs ; this indeed,
 Would so expell it, as we should not need
 The drugges of *Rome*: But what (alas !) can we
 Rightly apply, and not instructed be ?
 Vnlesse some power assiſt vs, it is true
 Our Nature fo vnapt is to pursue
 The way it should, that we doe follow ſtill
 The crooked'ſt paths, and loſe our felues in ill.

Hope

Hope is a blessing but we so abuse it,
 As to our hurt more than our good we vse it.
 Yea this, that was of all the *Passions* best,
 We haue as much corrupted as the rest ;
 Eu'n that, on which our chiefest good depends,
 And to our highest of contentment tends.
 For we must note well that this *Passion's* double,
 One *Hope* is certaine ; th'other full of trouble,
 And most vncertaine. Now the first attends
 Things meere immortall, and alone depends
 On th'expectation of the certain'things,
 With that perfection of true ioy, which brings
 No trouble with it. This, through *Faith* we gaine ;
 And 'tis sufficient to make any paine
 Seeme shourt and easie. 'Tis the life of Man,
 And such a comfort, as no mortall can
 Liue if he want it. And yet sometime this,
 Each way as idle as the other is.
 For oftentimes we see the same is found
 To be erected on no other ground
 But ignorance, or meere securitie.
 Which ruine all who doe on them relye.
 Some praise their owne deserts ; and on that sand
 Would faine haue the diuinest *Hope* to stand.
 Which no contentment, doubtlesse, can assure,
 Nor without wau'ring to the end endure.
 And if it doe not, to small end will be
 That idle trust and confidence which we
 Can haue elsewhere ; since euery other kinde
 Of *Hope*, which I amongst vs men doe finde,

Is

Is of vncertaine earthly things ; and such,
As neither long endure, nor please vs much

Then, the best likelihoods that may be showne,
And the strong'ſt humane reasons that are knowne,
Are nothing worth to ground a hope vpon ;
But in the turning of a hand, all's gone.

Were all the men on earth procured to
Some thing that lay in one mans power to doe ;
And all were well resolu'd to see it done :
(Yea, were't but one dayes worke, and that begun)
Well might we hope, that they would bring to passe
So small a thing as that : But yet (alas !)
None can assure so much, because none know
A warrant from aboue it shall be fo.

And therefore, though I wish that euery man
Should take vpon him the best hope he can,
In all his outward actions ; yet should he
Take care, on honest grounds, it builded be.
And there-with be so well prepared still,
That if his doubtfull *Hope* do fall out ill,
He ne'er repine ; but take't as if the same
Had been expected long before it came.

And, sith that *fickle trust* did nought auaile him,
Depend on the *true hope* shall neuer faile him.
For what is plac't on humane wit or strength
Is vaine, and most vncertaine ; 'cause at length,
How-ere it may feeme fure, it may deceiue him,
And when he hath most need of comfort leauue him.

This *Hope* is now become the Patroneſſe,
And chiefe maintainer of mans wickedneſſe :

There's

There's not a villany man doth intend,
Vnlesse that he haue this to be his friend.

Hope egges him on ; and with a thousand wiles
His much abused confidence beguiles.

Hope tells the theefe, if he wil rob, he may
Haue twenty meanes to hide himselfe away.

Hope doth entise the prodigall to spend,
And will not let him think vpon his end ;
But doth perswade him some good booty shall
Hap at the last, to make a-mends for all.

And neuer ceaseth thus to beare him faire,
Till she vndoes, and leaues him to despaire.

Shee soothes the Gamster in his trifles vaine,
And drawes the Pirat on with hope of gaine.

Shee makes the Courtier into treasons run,
Our Great-mens Followers serue, till they're vndone.
And for the present (hauing nought to giue)
Vpon reuersions all her seruants liue.

Now euery man vnto this *hope* is led,
By fundry other *Passions* in him bred ;
As Loue, Ambition, Auarice, or such :
And true it is, in these our *hope* is much.

But oftentimes we into errors run
So blindly on, that we are quite vndone,
Because indeed, we hopefully expect
Many such things as we can nere effect.
And giue to our desires a larger scope,
Than will admit of any likely *hope*.
So we our felues abuse, and are disgrac't
Oft-times by that, which were't with *Reason* plac't

Vpon

Vpon an honest, and a certaine ground,
Would fildome be so vainely frustrate found.

But Louers *hopes*, and such as are so bold,
On eueryaultry trifle to lay hold ;
Neither last long, nor for the time indeed
Can they one iot of true contentment breed.

Ambitious men, what-ere they doe intend,
Haue still new hopes to bring their plots to end.
But they are also built on such weake props,
That ere they be possessed of their *hopes*,
All ouerthrowne we in a moment spy,
And they with their inuentions ruin'd lie.
Into which mischiefe he yet neuer fell,
That knew but how to vse this *Paffion* well.

O F



OF COMPASSION.

SATYR. 13.

But as the former *Passion* was abus'd,
 So this that followes is but hardly vs'd.
 Yet it is known a kinde and tender *Passion*,
 In it owne nature worthy commendation :
 And if Discretion guide it, well may be
 Of neere alliance vnto *Charitie*.
 If not ; it with the rest from Vertue fwerues,
 And so with them alike reproofe deserues.
 Which, some will wonder at ; such as suppose
 A man through *pitty* cannot erre : yet those,
 If they haue any iudgement of their owne,
 Shall say *Compassion* may amisse be showne.

Or if you put no confidence in me,
 Come to our Courts of *Iustice*, and there see
 How shee's abus'd : there marke, and you shall finde,
 It makes the Iuror many times so blinde,
 They see, but stumbling by doe tread,
 Beside the way their Evidences lead
 There you may spy the reuerend Judge compeld
 Through an effeminate tenderneſſe, to yeeld

Vnto

Vnto this melting *Passion*: Sometime by
 A *personall* respect tane by the eye :
 Sometime because th'offendor (it may be)
 Already hath sustain'd much misery.
 And this thinke they is *Charitie* aright ;
 (Through ignorance indeed) forgetting quite,
 Whil'st they an ill deserued life prolong,
 Therein they doe not onely *Justice* wrong ;
 But by their indiscreet and fond Compassion,
 Vnwisely hazzard e'en their owne discretion.

Some through this pittie (when they much implore,)
 Though they vniustly fauour him that's poore,
 Deeme they doe not amisse, and why ? they trust,
 (Because) their meaning's good, their dooings' iust.

Some there are also, who would faine be deem'd
 Wise men, that haue through weaknes mis-esteem'd
 Those Orders which for wandring rogues are made,
 As though that begging were a lawfull trade ;
 They pitty those that iustly punisht be :
 And often erring in their Charitie,
 They boldly haue accus'd the Lawes therefore,
 As if their rigour iniured the poore.

But he I feare whose iudgement is so slender,
 Or hath a yeelding heart so fondly tender
 To stoope vnto this *Passion* ; neither spares
 The lawes of God nor man ; but oft times dares
 Peruert them both ; supposing his intent
 Shall free him from deserued punishment.
 And though that God himselfe faies *Kill*, reply
 With *No alas ! tis pitty he should die* :

And

And for their weaknes merit equall check
 With him that spar'd the King of *Amaleck*,
 For verily, as vertuous as it showes,
A foolish pitty quickly ouerthrowes,
 In warre an Army, and in peace a State :
 And this I'le stand to, 'tis as bad as *Hate* :
 For *That* and *Bribes*, to such a power is growne,
Injustice and *Conscience* are quite ouerthrowne.

Certaine it is (and cannot be withstood,)
 That *Pitty* sometimes hurts the common good.
 Yea God himselfe it many wayes offends,
 And therefore that man, who indeed intends
 To beare himselfe vprightly, ought to see
 How farre this *Passion* may admitted be.
 For seeme how 'twill, all pitty is vnfitt,
 Vnlesse Gods lawes and Mans doe warrant it.

But I haue seene a tender-hearted Asse,
 That's worth the laughing at, and doth surpasse
 For foolish pitty (but he, he alone
 Is hurtfull to himselfe, or else to none)
 To such as he, read but some Tragedy,
 Or any peece of mournfull History ;
 And if the matter which you doe relate,
 Be sorrowfull or something Passionate,
 Though it were done a thousand yeeres agoe,
 And in a Country he did neuer know,
 Yet will he weep (*kind-heart*) as if those men
 Were of his friends ; and the mischance but then
 Before their eyes in action : nay, vnfold,
 Some new made tale, that neuer yet was told,

So

So it be dolefull, and doe represent
 A strange and lamentable accedent :
 Although not onely (as I said before)
 It be a matter meerely fain'd ; but more,
 Although he know it so, he cannot keepe
 His melting eyes from teares, but he must weepe.
 Which is a weakenes, whence more mischiefe growes,
 Then any at first thinking would suppose.

I might touch Parents also (in the City,)
 That marre their children by their cockring pitty,
 If other *Passions* call'd me not away.
 And yet before I leaue, thus much Ile fay ;
 Want of rebuke elsewhere, and rods in schooles ;
 Hath almost fill'd the Land with *knaues* and *foolcs*.

Then you that thinke we need no *pitty* shun,
 Forsake the error whereinto you run
 With those *Divines* that admonitions spare,
 Or in reproouing ouer-easie are ;
 With many more of different degree :
 But vnto these I'le not ore-bitter be.
 And you that are, or you that would at least,
 Be counted men, and beare within your breast
 That vertue which befitting manhood is,
 Shun such base humours as fond *Pitty* is.
 For why should you be there-with ouer-borne,
 When 'tis a *Passion* that now women scorne ?



OF CRVELTIE.

SATYR. 14.

But here's another beares vs further wide,
 (If we imbrace it) on the other side.
 And therefore whilst we feeke how to beware
 Of foolish *Pitty*; we must haue a care,
 Leaft this doe ouer-runne vs: 'tis a thing
 Whose very name doth feeme enough to bring
 All men in their opinion to confesse,
 'Tis an *inhumane hellish wickednesse*.
 A monstrous *Passion*, so vnfitt to rest,
 Or harbour in a reasonable brest,
 That beasts, in whom it rather should remaine,
 Doe for the greatest part the same refraine.

And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
 Vnlesse men looke to their affections neare
 'Twill steale vpon them, and they shall begin
 Not onely to be quickly fnar'd therein:
 But (though at first they do abhorre it much)
 The nature of this *Passion* still is such,
 It will become delightfuller, and make
 So deepe impression in the heart, and take

So

So sure a root, 'twill hardly be displac't,
Whilst that the body by the foule is grac't.

Though many doe suppose it may with easē
Be left, or taken, as each man shall please :
Such men are wide ; and they are ouer-bold
And too much trusting to themselues that hold
We need not this fame *Passion* discommend :
Since Nature of her selfe doth reprehend
So vile a fault. For, thus say they
Our *Reason* neuer can so much decay
To make vs, our humanity defile
With any *Passion* that it knowes so vile.

Indeed, it is a monstrous villany,
And moſt I thinke can raile at *Cruelty* :
Yet let none be ſecure ; for this is true,
Thoſe odious vices we doe moſt eſchew,
Grow pleaſing by degrees. When *Hasael*
Was told what he ſhould doe to *Israel*,
Full little thought he then his gentle heart
Should euer giue conſent to aet a part
Of ſuſh a *Tragick Scène* ; and yet we finde
He became after of another minde.
For mans intents and beſt affections be
Exceeding ſubiect to vncertaintie.
What leaſt we thinke to doe (vnleſſe each hower
We haue remembrances) ſuſh ſtate is our,
We often minde not. For which cauſe, the Sire
Of that bold *Græcian King*, who did aſpire
To be the worlds third Monarch ; knowing well
Himſelfe to be a Man, miſtrusted ſtill,

To what he might through humane frailty fall,
 And therefore still appointed one to call
 Thus at his window (ere the day began)
 P H I L I P, *Remember that thou art a man.*

And sure as hatefull as this *Passion* is,
 To haue some *Causeat* is not much amisse.
 For, though no such things in our felues we spie,
 In secret oftentimes 'twill lurking lie.
 And when it breakes forth into any act,
 With colour of some vertue hides the fact,
 As Iustice, or the like : and then it will
 So harden by degrees, the heart in ill ;
 As that we shall not thinke we doe amisse,
 When as our *Cruelty* extreamest is.
 He deemes himselfe no such, that without shame
 Doth rob another of his honest name
 By raising false reports ; nor that hard Lord,
 Who to his Tenant grudges to afford
 What *Law* and *Conscience* givies : nor he that takes
 The common profit to himselfe, and makes
 His owne good of it, when he knowes thereby
 Many a poore man's brought to beggery.
 These thinke with cruelty they doe not deale,
 What wrongs so ere they doe the Common-weale,
 This vice so hardens them. The damn'd Vfurers,
 And cut-throat Brokers, *Mammons* Treasurers
 (Who by the small vse they of riches make,
 Doe for another seeme their care to take)
 Though not content with *Statute v/sury*,
 A thousand other polling trickes they try ;

Increa-

Increasing their lewd gaines by *bribes* and *gifts*,
 And many viler or more lawlesse shiffts :
 Though they doe make no conscience what they doe,
 So they may act it, and scape Iustice too,
 Pinching poore Debtors, till their greedy hands
 Haue got possession both of goods and lands,
 Would not be *cruell* thought, although that this
 Be as true *Cruelty* as any is.

And, what are *Lawyers*? that can brooke to see
 Christians like Beasts that still at variance be ;
 And when it lyeth in their power to part them,
 Doe for their owne gaine vnto discord hart them ?
 Or nourish still the strife by adding fuell
 To discords flame ? Trust me I thinke them *cruell*
 What-ere they deeme themselues : and not alone
 The mercilesse offender ; but each one,
 Who when he doth perceiue that there is need,
 Is flacke to doe a charitable deed.
 What may be thought of them, whose chiefest care
 Is pampering the flesh with curious fare ;
 Largely prouiding for the bodies good,
 Whilst the poore soule is hunger-staru'd for food ?
 Are not they *cruell* ? Is it like that such,
 Who can neglect their dearest soules so much,
 Are mercifull to others ? You will say
 Murder is *cruelty*. Then what are they
 That by false doctrine, fraught with errors soule,
 Doe murder, or doe worse then kill the soule ?
 Them to be guilty, none can well deny.

But you will say 'tis not that *Cruelty*

You vnderstood: As if you did suppose,
 None through this *Paffion* did offend but those
 That seeke for bloud. Indeed that is the worst,
 And of all cruelty the most accurst;
 Which for no other purpos'd end is vs'd,
 But a meere longing to see things abus'd.
 Then 'tis at highest, when men vse to see,
 Or act some deed that's full of *Crueltie*;
 Onely for that 'tis so; or 'cause their will
 Findes diuellish contentments in their ill.

Such was his humour who (out of desire
 To see how *Troy* burnt when it was on fire)
 Caus'd *Rome* in many a place at once to flame;
 And longing to behold from whence he came,
 Ript vp his mothers wombe. So in the height
 Was also his, that tooke so much delight
 In seeing men extreamely tortured,
 That he out of his bounty promised
 A large reward to him that could inuent
 The cruell'ft and vnvfaull'ft punishment.
 Which *Phalaris* demaunding, was therefore
 The first that made his brazen Bull to roare.

Such is theirs also, whose vnmanly natures
 Can be the needleffe death of any creatures:
 Or torture, or behold them pleasingly,
 While they abused and tormented die.
 Trust me; bee't but a dogge, Nature denies,
 And God forbids that we should tyrannize.
 Much more on man: yet there is many a one
 That to this hellish *Paffion* is so prone,

With

With boasts he glories in his mischieves to,
 And vncompell'd would make no more adoe
 To murther till a Countrey were vnmand,
 Than doth a Schoole-boy with a walking wand
 To lop downe Thistles. But all such men be
 Extreamely cruell in the high'ſt degree.

And though the firſt rehearſed be not fo,
 Yet thereto they may very quickly grow :
 (Vnleſſe they haue oft warning to beware)
 Sith they already halfe-way entred are.
 Especially the greedy hungry Elfe,
 That would for profit gladly damne himſelfe.
 For Auarice doth harden fo the heart,
 In any mischiefe he may beare a part :
 No cruelty the Couetous refraines,
 Murther, nor Treafon, fo he may haue gaines :

More I could fay againſt this *Paffion* yet :
 But would men of themſelues well ponder it,
 A little Meditation of their owne,
 Might profit more then all that I haue showne.
 And therefore I will heere conclude with this,
As he is bleſſed that mecke-hearted is :
So on the Cruell lightly doth attend
A heauy curse, and a moſt fearefull end.



O F I O Y.

S A T Y R. 15.

OF all the *Passions* handled hitherto,
 With this that followes I had leaft to doe.
 By ſome ſmall trials tho, that I haue had,
 I finde 'tis better farre then beeing fad :
 And that no greater good on earth might be,
 If it would laſt, and were from cumbrance free.
 But that can neuer be, our ſtate is ſuch ;
 And *Destiny* moreouer ſeemes to grutch
 Ought ſhould be perfect in mortality,
 Left we ſhould leauē to ſeeke Eternitie.
 Neuer could any yet that *Joy* obtaine
 On which there follow'd neither shame nor paine :
 For he (no queſtion) that's allowed moſt,
 Doth deereley pay for what is quickly loſt.

But ſure the reaſon why mans *Joy* ſo foone
 Is chang'd to forrow, is because there's none,
 Or very few, that doe their gladneſſe found
 Vpon a ſolid, firme, uabſtanciall ground :
 But on ſuch ſubiects, as no maruaile tho,
 It doth receiue ſo quicke an ouerthrow.

And

And brings so sharp a farewell. For, one ioyes
In Dogs, Apes, Monkeis, or some such like toyes ;
And when they faile (as how can they last long ?)
Their mirth is finisht, they must change their song.

Some in their *Honour* all their *ioy* doe place ;
And then, if but a frowne or some disgrace
Adde the least motion vnto *Fortunes* wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little *ioy* they feele.

Take but away his substance, you destroy
The miserable Rich-mans onely *ioy*,
And foone by sicknes that delight's defac't,
Which man in beauty, or in strength hath plac't.
Yea, the best *ioy* in transitory things,
They beeing lost, at last a sorrow brings.
All men should therefore make a carefull choice
Of that, wherein their meaning's to reioyce,
And not affect things so extreamely vaine,
As make them to repent their *ioy* againe.
Yet many doe so fettle their delight
On things vnworthy, that they are e'en quite
Bereft of vnderstanding, when they see
They must of them againe depriued be.

One foole hath lost his Hawke to day, and he
Can neither eate nor drinke, nor merry be :
There was his onely *ioy* ; and now tis gone,
Without all doubt the Gentleman's vndone.

Young Mistris *Vanity* is also fad,
Because the Parrat's dead she lately had.
Alas ! and blame her not if that she houle,
That Parrat was (I warrant) halfe her soule.

But

But weigh this you that haue your better parts
 Of an immortall fame : awake your harts,
 And from delighting drosse and clay remoue
 Your *Joyes*, to place them on the things aboue.
 So shall you still haue reason to *rejoyce* ;
 And not with sorrow thus repent your choyce.
 This that you so much dote on, is a toy,
 So farre from meriting the name of *Joy*,
 That either tis not thoroughly obtained,
 Or if it be in such a measure gained
 As you would wish it, then you are no lesse
 Endanger'd by an Ouer-*joyfulnesse*.
 For had you seene Men that were calm'd at Sea,
 And forc't the leysure of the windes to stay,
 Halfe staru'd for food, brought to some happy shore,
 Where is of victualling, with all things store,
 And there through hunger greedily begin
 To glut their stomacks that haue fasting bin,
 With the long-wisht-for cates ; Lo while they eate,
 They growe extreamly faint with wholsome meate :
 And thorough weakenes, by disuse of food,
 That which was for their comfort and their good
 Turnes to their bane. Right so it fares in this :
 For he that long time in some sorrow is,
 And tost vpon the boystrous Seas of care,
 If for his comfort he be landed there
 Where *joy* abounds : his hart (where none hath bin
 Full many a day before) receiues it in
 So out of measure, that it euen makes
 The Soule vnquiet ; and thereby he takes

A

A surfeit : whose strong violence is such,
The body faints, or is indanger'd much.

Some of mine owne acquaintance I haue seene
That with this *Passion* haue o'er-charged been,
And at relating of some newes that's good,
Haue almost senfeleffe and amazed stood :
Yea, been so rauish't with the *Joy* they tooke,
That they haue for a time their liues forsooke.

But neither can nor will I ere commend
Such *joy* as this ; for when we apprehend
That we delight in, with too deepe content,
God layes that on vs for a punishment ;
To shew what danger and vncertainty
Is in the best of Earths felicity :
And that no *Joy* can sweet or lasting proue,
Which from his speciall fauour doth not moue.

Some-what still followes euery other *Joy*,
That doth with bitternesse the sweet destroy :
And sure, this may some reason of it be ;
Men in their mirth are carelesse to fore-fee
What ill may follow, and (beyond all measure)
Giue way vnto their false conceiued pleasure.
Which hurtfull liberty they must restraine,
If they will any true contentment gaine.
And I am of this minde, If euery man
Would curbe rebellious thoughts but what he can,
Armes of resistance he might better weeld ;
And not so basely to this *Passion* yeld.
Neither befits it Man, that ought to be
At all times fenc't with magnanimitie,

To

To suffer any mischiefe to annoy
 His minde, through either too much *Care* or *Joy* :
 But so the one shoulde of the other borrow,
 He might be sad with Mirth, and glad with sorrow.
 Thus I aduise. And heere my pen shall stay ;
 The reason is, I haue no more to say :
 But when with *joy* I am acquainted better,
 I'le tell you more, or else remaine your debter.

O F



O F S O R R O W.

S A T Y R. 16.

OF this sad *Passion* I may knowledge take.
 And well say some-what for acquaintance sake.
 Tis a disease that doth posseſſe ſo many,
 It neither doth forbeare nor fauour any.
 Come when it will, an ill report it gaines,
 And euery one of his hard vſage, plaines.
 Then tis beside ſo troubleſome a guest :
 None that doe harbour it haue any reſt :
 And which is worse, though he his hoſt diſcaſes,
 'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleaſes.

And yet, me thinks, if man would vſe his might,
 He may affwage if not out-weare it quite :
 It is at leaſt his dutie ; For ſhould he
 That muſt on earth th' Almightyes Viceroy be ?
 Should he to whom the Soueraigne Lord hath giuen
 A countenance that ſhould behold the heauen ?
 With *Sorrowes* viſage hide his manly grace,
 And groueling turne to earth his blubber'd face ?
 Is't not a shame to ſee the man who faith
 That he a Christian is, and ſeemes t'haue faith,

Should

Should for misfortune without remedy,
 Be passionate in such extremitie,
 That childish teares not onely staine his face,
 (Which may be borne withall in many a case)
 But also raues, growes furious ; and extends
 His griefe past Reasons limits ? who commends
 A man for that ? Say, is it any lesse
 Than to deny by deed what words professe ?
 For who would think which fees how he bewailes
 The losse of breath that in a moment failes
 That he belieues, but rather thinks 'tis vaine,
 To hope or trust, the flesh shall rise againe ?
 Or that there were, as holy Scripture faith,
 Any *reward for them that die in faith.*
 It's a plaine token of a misbelief,
 When *Christians* so ore-whelme themselues with griefe ;
 And therefore, though I doe not discommend
 The moderate bewailing of a friend ;
 I wish the Extreame hereof men might despise,
 Lest their profession they doe Scandalize.

Beside (though as I seem'd to say before)
 Vnles't be common, 'tis no common sore,
 Because it hurts but those that entertaine it,
 Yet good it were if all men could refraine it.
 For it not onely makes mans vifage be
 Wried, Deform'd, and Wrinkled as we see ;
 Himselfe exiling from the common eye,
 To vexe and grieue alone, he knowes not why :
 But also brings diseases, with his death,
 By the vntimely stopping of his breath.

It

It makes his friends to loath his company,
And greatly hindres his commoditie.
For, who to deale in his affaires is fit,
Vnlesse with good will he attendeth it ?
And howsoere it feeme ; yet surely, this,
As farre from vertue as bad pleasure is :
For as through th'one we to much euill run,
So many good things th'other leaues vndone,

I wonder that this *Passion* should touch
The hearts of men, to make them grieue so much
As many doe, for present miseries ?
Haue they no feeling of felicities
That are to come ? If that they be in paine,
Let hope giue ease ; It will not alwaies raine.
Calmes doe the roughest stormes that are attend,
And th'longest night that is, will haue an end.

But 'tis still bad thou sayst : take't patiently,
An Age is nothing to Eternitie.
Thy tim's not here ; Enuy not, though that some
Seeme to thee happy ; their bad day's to come :
And if thou knew'st the grieve they must sustaine,
Thou would'st not thinke so hardly of thy paine.

I must confesse, 'twas once a fault of mine
At euery misaduenture to repine.
I fought Preferment, and it fled me still,
Whereat I grieu'd, and thought my fortune ill.
I vext to see some in prosperitie,
Deride and scoffe at my aduersity.
But since, aduis'd, and weighing in my minde
The course of things, I foone began to finde

The

The vainenesse of them. Those I saw of late
 In blisse (as I thought) scorning my estate,
 I see now ebbing, and the once full tide
 That ouer-flow'd the lofty bancks of pride,
 Hath left them like the sand-shoare, bare and dry,
 And almost in as poore a case as I.

Besides, I view'd my dayes now gone and past,
 And how my fortunes from the first to th'last
 Were linkt together: I obseru'd, I say,
 Each Chance and Deed of mine, from day to day,
 That memory could keepe; yet found I none,
 Not one thing in my life that was alone,
 But still it either did depend on some
 That was already passed or to come.
 Yea, the most childish, idle, trifling thing,
 That seemed no necessity to bring,
 In that, hath the beginnings oft bin hid,
 Of some the waightiest things that ere I did.
 But chiefely, to abate th'excesiue ioying
 In worldly things, and to preuent th'annoying
 Of any sorrow; this I noted thence,
 (And euer-since haue made it a defence
 For both these Passions) I haue truely seene;
 That those things where-with I haue ioyed been,
 Highly delighted, and the dearest lou'd;
 Eu'n those same very things, haue often prou'd
 My chiefest Care. And I haue found againe,
 That which I deem'd my greatest losse, or paine,
 And wherewithall I haue been most annoyd,
 And should haue deem'd a blessing to auoyd;

That

That, which my heart hath ak't for : and wherein
I thought me most vnhappy ; that, hath bin
The ground of my best ioyes. For, which cause, I
Aduise all men that are in misery
To stnd vnmou'd. For why, they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no.

They ought not for to murmure, or to pine
At any thing, shall please the Power Diuine
To lay vpon them ; for my minde is this,
Each sorrow is an entrance into blisse.
And that the greatest pleasure we attaine,
Is but a signe of some ensuing paine.
But to be plainer, this our life's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or *joy*.

But there are some base-minded dunghill Elues,
That sorrow not for any but themselues.
Or if they doe, 'tis onely for the losse
Of some old creft-falne Iade : but that's a crosse
Past bearing ; be it but a rotten sheepe,
Or two stale egges, they will fuch yelling keepe
As if thereby had perished a Brood
In which consisted halfe the Kingdomes good.

But I intreat them (since cares must befall)
They would be patient ; Who can doe withall ?
And also let them of much griefe beware :
For they haue heard what dangers therein, are.
And euery one almost can tell them, that
'Tis an old saying, *Care will kill a Cat.*
Then let them take heart ; chiefly, sith they see
None liue but sometime they must loofers be.

M

Which

Which is an easse : for I haue heard them tell,
With mates they care not if they goe to hell.

But in good earnest now ; let vs not run
 Willingly hereinto as we haue done.
 Auoyde it rather, as a hurtfull foe,
 That can effect nought but our ouer-throw.
 And for the same receiue into our breast
 An *honest mirth*, which is a better guest.
 And whatsoe're our former griefe hath bin,
 Let vs ne're sorrow more, but for our *Sin.*
 So, with this *Passion*, end the rest will I,
 Because it ends not till our end is nigh.

T H E

The Conclusion.

(* *)

Hus haue I labour'd some Effects to show,
 That doe from mens abused *Passions* flow :
 Which, with examples of old ages past,
 And wise mens Sayings, I might more haue grac't.
 But that I am resolu'd to tie my *Rimes*
 As much as may be to the present *times*.

I also might, amongst these here, haue told,
 The Bodie's Passions ; as *Hunger, Cold,*
Heat, Thirst, and such like : but their force is feene,
 And most men haue sufficient carefull been
 How to preuent them. They, last not so long,
 Nor are by much so violent and strong,
 Or dangerous as these. But if men knew,
 Or with the eye of *Reason* would o're-view
 These Soule-bred maladies (as sure they ought)
 They would with greater diligence haue sought
 The cure of them, before the worst disease,
 That doth the body and no more displease.
 But now the reason men disturbed are
 For the most part with such preposterous Care,
 Is this ; Through their corrupted iudgement they
 Doe onely on things feene depend and stay.
 Which being most apparant to the fence,
 So muffles vp the weake Intelligence,

M 2

And

CONCL VSION.

And blinds her, that she hath no power to see
 The better things that more subsisting be.
 When if they could, conceiue but halfe so well
 The Soules estate, they'd labour to expell
 All those corruptions, that may cause her woe,
 And those fell *Passions* that molest her so.

But some men haue in this opinion stood,
That euery Passion's naturall and good.
 Indeed Philosophers the same doe call,
A motion of the soule that's naturall.
 And in some sort, we may not be afraid
 To hold for truth, as much as they haue said.
 But we must make a difference of it then ;
 And grant that two-fold Passions are in men :
 One sort vnto the noblest things aspiring
 And such as what is merely good, desiring
 Therein reioyceth : moderate, and weake
 In operation. And the truth to speake,
 We haue it rather by Gods inspiration,
 Than bred within vs at our Generation.

The other (as th'effects thereof doe shew)
 Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow ;
 For, it is head-strong, rash, infatiate,
 Wondrous disordred, and immoderate :
 Of which kinde these are, whereof I haue spoken,
 And they are oft the cause mens sleepes are broken.
 'Tis that, which makes them rauie, or grieue, or ioy
 So out of measure for a trifling toy.
 Yea, that 'tis onely makes them oft so teafie ;
 Their friends seeme troublesome, their beds vneasie.

And

CONCL VSION.

And lastly, these are the occasions still
 Of all misfortunes, and of euery ill.
 Th'effects they doe produce, we also see,
 Contrary to our expecta^tions be.
 For, he that hopes, or looke^s for to attaine
 Great ioy and pleasure, haps on grieve and paine.

But by what meanes may men these Passions kill ?
 Sure, not by the procuring of their will,
 As some imagine. For, first it may be
 A thing that's not in possibilitie
 For them to reach vnto. But say it were,
 Will the Ambitious-minded-man forbeare
 To be Ambitious, if he once fulfill
 His longing thoughts ? No, he will rather still
 Increase that Passion which at first he had,
 Or fall into some other that's as bad.
 For, altering the Condition, or Estate,
 The foules vexation doth no more abate,
 Than changing roomes or beds doth ease his paines
 That hath a Feuer : sith, the Cause remaines
 Still in himselfe. But how and which way then
 May these diseaseas be recur'd in men ?
 Why, by Philosophy, Counsell, and Reason :
 These being well apply'd in their due season,
 May doe much good. Else seeke the Cause whence rise,
 These hurtfull and pernicious maladies.
 Let them consider that, and so they may
 Cut off th'effect, by taking it away.
 But if they cannot the occasions finde,
 Ile tell them : 'tis a basenesse of the minde ;

CONCL VSION.

Or else a false Opinion that's in some,
Of good or euill present or to come.

Respecting good things thus: They doe desire
And are too vehemently set on fire
With coueting what feemes so; or annoying
Themselues with an excessiue Ouer-joying
In the obtaining. In regard of ill,
They are oppressed with some sorrow still.
So that we see, if men would goe about
To change their mindes, and drieue that basenesse out
Through Magnanimity (And note well this,
That Passion but some false Opinion is,
Fram'd by the Will, and drawne by the direction
Of Iudgement that's corrupted by affection)
Me thinks they might by Reasons helpe confound
The former errors that haue tane such ground
In their weake hearts, and learne for to esteeme
That which doth neither good nor euill seeme
(And in their soules such perturbation wrought)
As things nor good, nor ill; and that which ought
(Being vnworthy) neither to molest,
Nor breed no Passions in their carefull breast.

By these, and other such like meanes as these,
The wise Philosophers in elder dayes
Kept out those Furies. And 'twere now a shame
If that we *Christians* could not doe the same;
Hauing besides those helpes whereon they stayd,
A certaine promise of a better ayde,
If wee'l but aske it. Let's demaund it then,
To rid these euils from our soules agen.

If

CONCL VSION.

If that we feele them yet not stirring in vs,
 Let vs preuent them ere by force they win vs.
 For, 'tis more easie (eu'ry one doth know)
 To keepe him out, than to expell a foe,

If any thinke I from my purpose fwerue,
 Cause my intent was chiefly to *Obserue*,
 And not to *Teach*: let them not blame me tho ;
 For who can see his friends lie sicke, and know
 Which way to cure them ? But you'l say my skill
 Cannot instruct you : yet may my good will
 Be worth accepting : and that howfoeuer
 Is not to be reieected altogether.

For, I haue seene when in a knowne disease,
 Doctors with all their Art could giue no easse
 To their weake Patient ; a poore Countrey Dame
 Hath with a home-made med'cine cur'd the same :
 And why not I, in this ? Yes, Ile abide it ;
 Being well vs'd, it helps, for I haue tride it.

Thus much for that ; but still there doe remaine
 Some other Obseruations to explaine.
 I haue not done ; for I am further taskt,
 And there's more Humors yet to be vnmaskt,
 Wherein because I will not step astray,
 Nor fwarue from *Truth* a iot beside the way,
 I'le say no more, (lest men should feeme belide)
 Than what my owne experience hath espide :
 And then, if any frowne (as sure they dare not)
 So I speake *Truth*, let them frowne still, I care not.

But if my *Muse* you should so fawcy finde,
 Sometyme to leaue her notes, and speake her minde

CONCL VSION.

As oft she will, when she perchance doth see
How *vaine*, or *weake*, or *fickle*, most men be.
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of much good will
I beare to you, and hatred vnto ill.
Which when I see, my purpos'd course I breake,
Because indeed, I am compell'd to speake.
Yet thinke not, though I some-where bitter be,
I count my selfe from all those vices free :
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne,
That heere with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the first Booke.

THE
SECOND
BOOKE.

OF
THE VANITIE,
Inconstancie, Weakenes,
and presumption
of Men.

PRECA TIO.
(· ·)

*Hou that Createdst all things in a weeke,
Great GOD (whose fauour I doe onely seeke,)
E'ne thou by whose desired inspirations
I undertooke to make these Observations ;
Oh grant I pray, sith thou hast daign'd to shew
Thy seruant that which thousands doe not know,
That this my noting of mans hum'rous Passion,
May worke within me some good Altercation,
And make me so for mine owne follies sorry,
That I may lead a life vnto thy glory.*

*Let not Ambition, nor a foule Desire,
Nor Hate, nor Enuy set my heart on fire :
Reuenge, nor Choller, no nor Icaloufie ;
And keepe me from Despaire and Cruelty,
Fond Hope expell ; and I beseech thee blesse
My soule from Feare and too much Heauinessse.
But give me speciall grace to shunne the vice
That is so common ; beastly Auarice :
And grant me power I not onely know,
But flye those euils that from Passion flow.*

The

P R E C A T I O.

*The rest of mens ill Customes yet remaining,
And their vaine humours ; that by my explaining,
They may perceiue how odious I can make them,
Blush at the reading, and at last forsake them.
Yea, let my muse in this, and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, Lord, or else be dumbe.*

T H E



THE SECOND *Booke.*

*Of the Vanitie, Inconstancie, Weakenesse, and
Presumption of Men.*

OF VANITIE.

SATYR. I.

MY Muse, that now hath done the best she can
To blaze corrupted *Passion* bred in man,
Goes further heere, and meaneth to vndoe
Another knot of ills he's prone vnto.
From which, as out of the maine roote there growes
All whatsoeuer euill, *Mankind* knowes.
With thousands of bad Humors; of which some
(Such as to minde by obseruation come;
As also, such as are the proper crimes
Of these vngodly, and disorder'd *times*)
She meanes to treat of. The chiefe heads be these,
(Consider of them Reader if thou please.)

Firſt,

Firſt, wanton and light-headed Vanitie ;
 Next that, Chameleon-like Inconſtancie ;
 Then, miserable Weakenesse ; laſtly this,
 Damned Presumption, that ſo daring is.

But ere I doe begin this worke, that I
 May ſpeake to purpose with ſinceritie,
Lord I beſeech thee helpe me to explaine,
And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine.
I haue begun in thee this my endeouour,
And Conſtancy vouchſafe me to perſeuer :
My knowledge I confeſſe to be but weake,
Yet through thy Strength and Truth I hope to breake
These mires of ſin, from which mankind (kept vnder)
Must be let loſe, like beds of Eeles by Thunder.

Then, that I may mans pride the better ſee,
 From all Presumption Lord deliuer mee.
Likewife diſpierce those foggie mifts of ſin,
That to my purpose haue a hinderance bin :
And th'euill by thy wiſedome I perceiue,
Lord let thy mercy giue me grace to leaue :
That being free my ſelfe, I may not coldly
Taxe others faults, but reprehend them boldly.

So hauing for this good affiſtance pray'd,
 My *Mufe* goes forward, truſting to thine ayde
 To guide me through the wildernesſe of ſin,
Great Vanities Surveye : for being in,
 I ſee now 'tis an intricate Mæander,
 In which (I feare) I ſhall confuſ'dly wander.
 It is a Labyrinth ſo full of wayes,
 And ſeemes ſo endleſſe if my pen once strayes,

As

As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,
 That knoweth not which way to row to land,
 When all alone in some close misty day,
 Farre from the *Hauen* he hath loft his way ;
 Knowing he may as well strike vp the *Maine*,
 As turne vnto the wished Shore againe :
 So I doe feare lest this may carry me
 Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-markes be.
 Because what way so ere my course I bend,
 There *Vanitie* I see without all end.
 Which hath not vnder her subiection gaind.
 Such things alone as are on earth containd,
 Or vnderneath the Orbs of Aire and Fire,
 But reaches farther, and encroches higher :
 According to his meaning, who faid plaine,
That all things underneath the Sun were vaine.

But now I thinke it may a question be,
 Whether the *Sunne*, the *Moone*, and *Starres* be free :
 For sometimes false predictions they impart,
 Or are belyed by abused Art.
 But of *Man* onely heere my *Muse* must tel's,
 Who is by much more vaine then all things else.
 For, *Vanitie* his Reason ouer-fwayes ;
 Not onely on some certaine Months and Dayes,
 But is at all times in him resident,
 As if it were his proper accident.
 Neither doth age, in which he groweth on,
 Any thing lessen the proportion
 Of *Vanity* he had. But in the steed
 Of some reiected follies, there succed

Others

Others as bad. For we perceiue when boyes
 Begin to Man (asham'd of childish toyes)
 They then leaue off their former idle chat,
 And foolish games ; but what's the cause of that ?
 For being ill ? No ; rather they contemne
 Those bad things, as not bad enough for them.

And as one poore, plaies first for poyncts and pins ;
 Once waxing rich, leaues that game and begins
 To venter crownes, and so from day to day
 Growes more and more asham'd of flender play
 As he growes abler : So, young men forfake
 The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take
 Chiefe pleasure in ; not cause they wicked deem them,
 But beeing men, they thinke 'twill not besem them.
 Then Hounds & Hawkes, and Whores are their delight,
 Quarrels and Brawles, doe fit their humours right,
 Disordred meetings, Drunken Reuellings,
 Consuming Dice ; and lauish Banquetings,
 Proud costly Robes. This is the young mans vaine :
 Which hee that Elder is dislikes againe.
 Not since ill neither : but because his yeeres
 Him, vnto other *Vanities* endearas.
 As selfe-conceit, much care for worldly pelfe,
 Heaping vp what he nere enioyes himselfe.
 Prone to Contentions, much desiring still,
 Bee it his weale or woe, to haue his will.
 Extreamly louing lyes, and giuen to prate,
 Yet making shew as if he both did hate.
 Yea, old men boast of what they did in youth,
 Which none disproouing, we must take for truth :

And

And thousands more (or else they are belyde)
 Each age is pester'd with ; And yet beside,
Vanities proper vnto each degree,
 Millions of thousands I suppose there be.

Princes haue these ; They very basely can
 Suffer themselues that haue the rule of Man,
 To be ore-borne by Villaines : so insteed
 Of Kings they stand, when they are flaues indeed.
 By bloud and wrong a heauenly Crowne they'l danger
 T'assure their State heere (often to a stranger.)
 They quickly yeeld vnto the Batteries
 Of flie insinuating flatteries ;
 Most bountifull to fooles, too full of feare,
 And farre too credulous of what they heare ;
 So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing
 Confissted all the Office of a King.

But if herein my harmelesse halting Rimes,
 Were onely ty'd vnto this Place and Times,
 And shoud of none but of my Soueraigne tell,
 Spight of her heart she could not speake but well.
 For I suppose (the Truth I must confesse)
 That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbor'd lesse
 Then he hath done ; vnlesse corrupted Stories
 Rob former Ages of deserued Glories.

If any say, to sooth I now deuise,
 His heart I know, will tell his tongue he lies :
 And did not I, thinke true what here I sing,
 Iustice I would not wrong to please the King.

Great men are vaine too, In much seeking Fames.
 With *Nimrod* and his mates ; they raise their *Names*

N

By

By building Babels. Yea and they suppose,
 Honour consists in Titles and in showes.
 They *Thraſo*-like in Parasites delight,
 That doe in preſence claw, in absence bite.
 They vſe their pleasures not as pleasures now,
 Or Recreations as 'twere fit: but how?
 'Tis all their care; their chiefe and onely ioy;
 In ſatisfying which, they doe employ
 Both wealth, and wit, and all. If they would take
 Something in hand for recreations fake,
 They are with pleasures ſo o're-cloid we ſee,
 It muſt be that which their affaires ſhould be:
A wondrous Vanity! And all their Care
 Is for rich raiment and the curious fare;
 Pampring their flesh, when all is but in vaine,
 For Dust it was, and ſhall to Dust againe.
 Then ſith their euils we ſeeme not to ſee,
 (In vaine) they thinke that they well-thought-of be.
 Tufh; men doe ſpare their lewdneſſe to repeat;
 Why? cauſe th'are faultleſſe? No, because th'are great.
 But, for their vices, though now none dare ſhow them;
 Vnleſſe they mend, another Age ſhall know them:
 And therefore if they count their Honours deare,
 Let them be *Good* as well as *Great-men* heere.
 Let them leaue *Vanitie* and not ſuppoſe
 The world will euer blinded be with showes.
 For that great mighty *Peere* that dyed lately,
 Ere-while was mighty, powerfull and ſtately:
 He was much croucht vnto, and much implor'd;
 Yea, almost, like a Demi-god ador'd.

He

He onely (as my selfe haue heard some prate)
 Was the vpholder of the *Britaine* State.
 And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
 Some thought was harbor'd in his little braine :
 And had he liu'd (if all be true men say)
 He might haue well been *Pater Patriæ*.
 But now (alas) hee's gone ; and all his Fame
 You see not able to preserue his Name
 From soule *Reproch* : but each one breakes his mind :
 Which shewes, that though they winkt they were not
 In spight of all his *Greatnesse*, 'tis well knowne (blind.)
 That store of Rimes and Libels now are fowne
 In his disgrace. But I heare diuers say,
 That they are flanders. (Then the more knaues they
 That were the Authors) but if so it be
 He were from those vile imputations free ;
 If that his Vertue's paid with such a curse,
 What shall they looke for, that are tenne-times worse ?

Well Nobles ; I'le the Court ere-long furuay :
 And if I find among you such as stray
 Through Vanity or Pride (vnlesse they be
 Offences flowing from infirmitie)
 If there be no man that dare taxe you for't,
 My *Muse* shall doe it ; e'ne to make me sport.
 For, though she keepe but a plaine hobbling forme,
 She shall haue wit enough to make you storne.
 I will not spare you thus till Death doe fet yee ;
 But rub you whilst you are aliuie to fret yee.
 Yet doe not thinke I meane to blaze your shame
 In scattered Libels that shall want a name :

No, I hate that : I'le tell the ils you doe,
 And put my name for witnesse thereunto.
 Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magistratum*,
 And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum* :
 Which though you proue not, rather yet then faile,
 You were best hang, or clap me into Iaile
 To stay my tongue ; so much you may doe to me,
 And that's the worst I know that you can doe me.

But whither runnes my ouer-sawcy Pen ?
 There's *Vanitie*, besides in Noblemen.
 The Gentleman, for some repute but vaine,
 Beyond his power oftentimes doth straine.
 Our Yeoman too, that neuer Armes haue borne.
 To Gentlelize it make themselues a scorne :
 But their Gaine's enuy, with a greater charge ;
 Yet of these fooles the Catalogue is large.

Then ere that lesson be halfe taken forth,
 They must adde Knight-hood, or 'tis nothing worth.
 Mony may get it, therefore many sue it,
 Although with shame and beggery they rue it.
 And credit they expect in vaine thereby,
 For it turnes rather to their infamy ;
 Because it is bestowed without deserts :
 And yet in troth our Knights haue done their parts :
 For most haue well deseru'd it ; but as how ?

Brauely in field, eu'n in a field at Plow.

But why looke we in meere Humanitie,
 For that which favours not of *Vanitie* ;
 Sith Diuine matters cannot quite be free,
 But with the same must oft corrupted be ?

Diuines

Diuinies strie not so much how to impart
The truest Doctrines ; as to shew their Art. (found,
They grace their speech, more with vaine words for
Than with graue sayings, needfull and profound.
But 'tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of shame,
And in my judgement highly merits blame,
To paint o're that, whose beautie's neuer fuller
Than when it shines forth in it proper Colour.

Againe, on *Accidents* they arguing fit,
And doe meane while the substance oft omit
Of most essentiall matters. And so, they stand
(With many wrangling spirits in this Land)
Vpon such idle Questions as they know
'Tis no great matter on which side they goe :
And such as best (in my conceit) befits
None but vnquiet and seditious wits.

Here's my Opinion : Be they not the chiefe
Grounds of Religion, or the same *Believe*
Saluation comes by, that men goe about
By their new-fanglednesse to bring in doubt.
So't be not That they touch (as sure they dare not)
Let all the rest goe which way 'twill ; I care not.

Haue not our Lawyers many vaine delayes,
Vnnecessary *Writs*, and idle stayes,
To lengthen out mens futes, when they might foyle
The party faulty e'ne with halfe that quoyle ?
They'l for their Fee relate some pretty Tale,
Like the wife story of old *Jacke i'th vale*,
Which (if they once haue thorowly begun)
Vndoes them quite that tarry til't be done.

Iacke Doe, Dicke Roe, with whom y'ad ne're to do,
 They'l bring to help your Cause, and God knowes who :
 And for your benefit they can afford
 Many a foolish, fenseleffe, idle word.
 Which they I know will not account as vaine,
 Sith That 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.

Besides, as I suppose, their Lawes are pend
 In their old *Pedlers French*, vnto this end
 The Vulgar should no farther knowledge reach,
 Than what shall please their Masterships to teach :
 Or else they haue the selfe-fame policie
 That mou'd those Patrons of the Papacy
 Who *Sacred Writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd,
 Lest that their knauish tricks should be reueal'd.
 But, can they not in our owne language finde
 Words of sufficient force t'expresse their minde ?
 That cannot be denied : but 'tis a trouble,
 So easily to counterfeit and double
 In a knowne tongue ; when th'other, but a few
 Can vnderstand, but that obstreperous Crew.

These make the Lawes almost to none effect ;
 Their Courses are so wondrous indirect.
 To them they fauour, they Delayes can grant,
 Though *Justice* her due expedition want.
 Sometimes vpon one matter we may see,
 That fundry Judgements shall pronounced be :
 Now, there's a *Motion* granted, next day croft,
 So *fee* and *labour*'s to no purpose lost :
 And still the Client shall be so deluded, (cluded.
 That when he hopes all's done, there's nought con-

Nay,

Nay, though we heare the vtmost sentence past,
 Which by all course of Law shoulde be the last,
 Why then, I say (though all feeme wholly ended)
 Yet may the *Execution* be suspended :
 And for some trifle, to the poore mans terror,
 Be cald in question by a *Writ of Error*.
 So that the Right oft yeelds vnto the stronger,
 When poore mens purses can hold out no longer.

Oh miserable state ! What shoulde we say ?
 May not the *Country* thinke themselues a prey
 These *Rauens* liue on ? May we not suppose
 By their *Delayes*, and some such tricks as those,
 They practise onely how to cheat and gull ;
 And on our ruines fill Their gorges full ?
 Yes questionlesse ; for they, Themselues doe raise
 Vnto this height, on other mens decayes ;
 Not their owne Vertues. Oh, thought be too late,
 Yet let me wish that we had kept the state
 And simple *Innocence* we once retain'd.
 For, then we had not of this ill complain'd ;
 Nor yet those mouers of sedition known
 (Now to a many-headed monster-growne.)
 But sith that time is past, we may complaine,
 Yet must ne're looke to see those dayes againe.

We haue good *Lawes*, but they (too) feeme in vaine :
 Sith they according to each Lawyers braine
 May be now wrested to and fro, to make
 The matter good that he doth vndertake.
 I'le say it plainly, and yet not belie them ;
 There's few but *Rich men* can haue *injustice* by them.

And pray you judge, if that Law be not vaine,
 Which when it is enacted (to restraine
 Some Priuiledge or Custome that hath stod
 As a great hindrance to the publique *good*)
 Should of it Vertue be so lightly gull'd,
 As by a *Licence* to be disanull'd ?

Moreouer there be some too much to blame,
 Or *Pænall Lawes* are onely made in vaine ;
 Made in *terrorem tantum*, to affright,
 And not for execution of the right.
 And I may liken them vnto those *logs*
 That *Jupiter* threw downe to rule the *Frogs* :
 At first they come forth with such thundring terror,
 That we doe tremble to commit an error :
 But in a day or two they are so still,
 For ought I see, we may doe what we will :
 Vnlesse that we be *poore*, or some despight vs.
 Then, peraduenture, they'l goe neere to fright vs
 A twelue-month after. If so long they last,
 Twenty to one, then all the furie's past.

Did you but note it, you would much admire
 To see how strictly *Iustices* enquire
 On dayes of fitting, what Abuses raigne :
 How those they threat, that slackely doe complaine ;
 How they will raile, and fume, and chafe, and storme,
 As if all euills they will quite reforme
 Within a moment. But things *violent*
 Cannot you know be long time *permanent*.
 Nor is their *zeale* : for surely (God amend it)
 One twise-twelue houres will both begin and end it.

But

But why are they so earnest then? Oh know,
 That the small Springs within the dales below,
 Glide gently on; vntill a Land-floud fils
 Their empty channels from the higher hils
 And then they'l swell vntill they can discharge
 Their Burthens in some Plaine to runne at large:
 So these *lowe Maiestrates* would gladly fleepe,
 And their owne easie crooked Channels keepe;
 But when that any stremme of *Iustice* floweres,
 And comes downe to them from the Higher Powers,
 Then peraduenture they'l grow *big* a day,
 And *Iustice* shall haue course the neerest way:
 Then in a little space she must be faine
 To runne within their winding *banks* againe.

Some falsely haue affirmed *Iustice* blinde,
 Yet I am sure shee knoweth where to finde
 (If that shee be disposed their to looke)
 Who giues her day-works, by her Counting-booke.
 Nay, shee knowes Capon, Turkey, Goose, & Swan,
 And thee, I warrant, from another man
 What ere thou be. But whilste shee fees so plaine,
 It is no wonder we haue Lawes in vaine.

Also when *Officers* doe vndertake
 Their charge at first, Lord what a quoyle they make
 A *Drunkard* cannot with his capring feet
 Cut out Indentures as he walkes the strect,
 But he's straight stockt for't; or for his offence,
 By fining to the poore he must dispence.

Then those perhaps that slackly doe frequent
Gods diuine seruice, somewhat shall be shent;

And

And many other goodly deedes they'l do,
But these growe quickly weary of them to.

Againe, sometimes comes out a *Proclamation*,
Which threatens on the paine of Confiscation,
That no *Recusant* doe presume to stay
Within ten miles oth'Court, from such a day.
Yet sure 'tis notwithstanding meant that some
Should dayly to the *Presence-Chamber* come ;
And shrowd within a furlong on't or two.
Some *Great-ones* may : and so I hope they doe.
And by their owne *Authority* no doubt
May keepe the rest from danger there-about.
Pish ; they at such a matter will but scoffe,
Cause they know surely how to put it off.
Yet I'le not say it is in vain ; for why,
The peoples heads are set on worke thereby :
And tis moreouer for our satisfaction,
Who else might thinke the *State* were out of action.

But oh you noble *English Senators*,
Our Kingdomes Guard, and Princes Counsellors,
How can you see your labours so misus'd ?
Or brooke to haue your Soueraigne so abus'd ?
Doe you suppose that it deserues no blame,
To make a Scar-crow of the *Regall Name* ?
And to erect it on some common stall ?
There to be gaz'd on, to no end at all ?
Respect it more ; and vse it not for course
Or fashions sake, but shew it hath some force.
Pluck out those Vipers that for feare of harme
Their chilled spirits in your bosomes warme.

Perceiue

Perceiue ye not their stings? No danger feare yee?
 Oh 'tis apparant, let them not shroud neere yee:
 For if they doe, 'tis doubtlesse, the Conclusion,
 If God preuent not, will be your Confusion.
 Yet all (for ought I see) should still remaine,
 Were there not some, who (out of *zeale* to Gaine
 More than religion, or their Countries weale)
 Their scuruie base conditions to reueale,
 In begging and in risling of some few.
 But they their owne corruptions rather shew
 Then redresse any. More I heere could vtter,
 But I me thinks already heare some mutter,
 As if I should be sure of *Romes great Curse*:
 But then I'me sure I shall be ne're the worse.
 Yea, let them goe to *Rome*, curse, ban, and spare not,
 I'le sit at home and laugh; because I care not.

But why doe I of Lawes alone complaine,
 Sith all Man deales in, is in some fort vaine?
Religion is with *Ceremonies* stuft,
 And with vaine glory and presumption puft.
 Now our Almes-deeds, and gifts of Charitie,
 Are done for shew, and with Hypocrisie.

Yea, all's made *vaine*: for if you would but view
 Our *Vniuersities*; indeed 'tis true.
 There you may yet see, how that heeretofore,
 In better dayes, haue beene erected store
 Of *Palaces*; (whose curious build are still
 A faire remembrance of the work-mens skill)
 Which, lest that *knowledge* in the land should fade,
 Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,

That

That there the *Muses* (shelter'd from the rages
Of former, present, and succeeding ages)
Might safely liue, and not beholding be
To *Pyren* for his hospitality.

'Tis also true, there wants not to sustaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertaine
Such as desire *knowledge*. There's enough ;
The worthy *Founders* haue prouided so.

But, of these profits why now make they stay ?
Best sell't, or let some Courtier beg't away.

For publique Gifts are turn'd to priuate vses,
Faire Colledges are full of foule Abuses.

And their Reuenues I account as vaine,
Because they lazie *Dunces* do maintaine,
Who to themselues doe claime the profits, by
Nothing but witlesse Senioritie.

Such as haue *Beard* (with reuerence be't spoken)
Of profound learning haue nor marke, nor token.

Good *Founders* dreaming not of these Abuses,
Gauē them at first to charitable vses :
But we finde now all alter'd, and the due
Which should by right vpon desert ensue,
Like Offices in Court, is bought and sold :
And places may be had, but how ? for Gold.
There, as elsewhere, they now are growne so bad,
Without *Quid dabis* ? nothing can be had.

'Tis strange to see what *Auarice* can doe.
But, are the *Muses* taken with it too ?
Oh no : for they esteeme such gaine a losse ;
And their high spirits scorne such earthly droffe.

How

How then? There are some *Cormorants* crept in,
 Who in their youth pretended to haue bin
 Addicted vnto *knowledge*; when alas,
 'Tis well seene since, that all their purpose was
 To snort in ease; augmenting still their store,
 Till they grew wealthy, and their houes poore.
 Foule *Droanes*, whose voyces must be hir'd with mony,
 Staruing the *Bees*, while they deuoure the hony.

But oh you birds of *Athens*, cleare your Halls,
 And driue those lazie Hornets from your stalls.
 Through them it is men thinke you couetous,
 They make your groues and walks grow scandalous.
 But how will you discerne them? Marry thus,
 Sith they haue made themselues notorious,
 I'le point them out: And though their heads they shrowd
 As *Venus* did *Aeneas* in a cloud,
 I'le so vnamaske them, if their eares they shew,
 You shall be able to say, There they goe.

First note them; There are some by Bribes and Fees
 Can foone passe thorough two or three Degrees:
 And if they sue for ought, are not deny'd it,
 When better *Students* must be put beside it.

Then there be others, who their nests to feather,
 Can keepe an Office nintine yeeres together,
 Enforcing many vnto penury,
 To haue therewith to feed their *luxury*.

Note you not some at fifty Winters study,
 That haue their wits so thin, and braines so muddy,
 They must procure of other men to doe
 Those Exercisef they were call'd vnto?

And

And fit there not of Dunces pretty store
 From Sun to Sun at euery Tradesmans dore ?
 Huge fat Curmudgeons ? Tell me (I think no)
 Doe *Commons* of three halfe-pence feed them so ?
 Or can such Puffes so Humberkin-like set,
 Into a Pulpit once in seauen yeere get ?
 Sure if they doe, their memorie's so weake,
 When they come there, they know not what to speake.
 Nor are they halfe so fit if't came to prooфе,
 To serue for Pastors as to hang at Roofe.

It is no maruaile then that blockish rout
 Retaine their places, and keepe better out ;
 For no good Patron that doth Conscience make,
 Will vnto them the charge of soules betake.
 Because, if such the flocke of *Christ* should keepe,
 No question they would make but Carion sheepe.
 Then they must stay ; yet in their stay they'l be
 A plague vnto the *Vniuersitie*.
 For, ouer and aboue the mischieves nam'd,
 The *vice* for which the younger sort is blam'd
 They are most guilty of. For forc't to tarry,
 Through want, and by their Lawes forbid to marry :
 Thence springs it that the Townesmen are reputed,
 Thus by a common voice to be *Cornuted*.
 For I haue known that such haue dayly beene
 Where younger scholers neuer durst be feene.
 And all (vnleffe that they haue eyes like Moles)
 May see those Foxes vse the Badgers holes.
 Nor hath their lewdnes in that action staid,
 But on the place a fouler *blemish* laid.

Which

Which heere indeed I doe forbear to name,
Lest it be to the place I loue, a shame.
And for because I feare some spightfull mate
May tax them with it who such dealing hate,
Brought in by them ; for who is so impure,
But he that liueth like an Epicure ?

Oh *Muses*, seeke in time to roote these weeds,
That marre your Gardens, and corrupt your seeds.
And you that are appointed *Visitors*,
Who ought to haue bene strict *Inquisitors*,
To search the foule abuses of these Times
And see them punisht : Oh ! let these my Rimes
Moue you to help reforme this villanie ;
Or let the hate of damned *Periurie*
Stirre vp your zeale these euils to restraine ;
If not for loue of *good*, for feare of *paine*.
Which else (though you set light, as at your hecle)
As sure as *God* is iust, your soules shall feele.

Doe you not see now, all the wondrous Cost
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainly lost ?
The Lands, Reuenues, Customs, Charters, Rents
Which they haue left for diuerse good intents,
Vainly employed ? See, the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd, stands at the doore
And may not enter ; whilst the golden *Affe*,
Is quietly admitted in to passe,
And shroud himselfe within those sacred *gates*,
Which were't not for commoditie, he hates.

You sacred *Genij* that did once attend
Those well-deuoted *Patrons* to their end ;

Although

Although your bodies be entomb'd in clay,
 Since you furuiue (because you liue for aye)
 Looke downe on your abused Gifts, and see
 What ods twixt th'vfe and your good meanings be.
 Come and behold, how the laborious fits
 Sharing some hungry Commons, scarce two bits ;
 (And that but when a double *gauday* haps,
 Full glad alas at other times with scraps)
 While that the *lazie Dunce* on dainties feedes.
 Oh come (I say) if you respect your deeds,
 And fright them with some ghastly visions thence,
 They may haue more remorse for their offence.

If I could take on me some hideous forme,
 I'de either make them their bad liues reforme,
 Or feare them quicke to hell. But I am vaine,
 To call for your assistance, or complaine,
 Because I doubt this fault will neare be mended
 Vntill all euill with the world be ended.

Learning is vaine too ; or so made at leaft.
 Consider it, I speake it not in iest :
 Doe we not see that thofe who haue consum'd
 Halfe a mans age in Schooles, and haue affum'd
 Degrees of Art, and hourelly ouer-looke
 Many a leafe, many a wife mans booke,
 Still studying to know ? *fellowes* that can,
 As they themfelues thinke, put downe any man
 That dares of *Prædicables* to dispute,
 Yea, such as can to, if need be, refute
Knowne Truths ; and that in *Metaphysicall*,
 Much more, I thinke, in matters *Naturall*

Seeme

Seeme greatly read? Doe we not fee, I fay,
 That these from study being tane away
 For some imployments in the Publique-weale,
 Are such as it might shame them to reueale
 Their simple carriage? Sooner they'l speake Treason,
 Than any thing that shall be Law or Reason.
 Aske their opinion but of this or that,
 They'l tell a Tale, they scarcely know of what:
 And at the last, you must be well apaid,
 With *This the Poet, or This Tully said.*
 So other mens opinions shall be showne,
 But very seldome any of their owne.

What is't to heape vp a great multitudc
 Of words and sayings, like a *Chaos* rude?
 To say a Latine Disticke out of *Cato*,
 Cite *Aristotle*, or some peece of *Plato*,
 And diuerse more; yet like a blockish Elfe,
 Be able to say nought at all himselfe?
 As if it were all well, and he had payd it,
 If he can once say, *Such a man hath said it.*

Then by their actions, who gather can
 They haue more knowledge than another man;
 Sith they doe worse absurdities commit
 Than those that seeme their *Iuniors* in wit?
 As if they thought it were enough to know,
 And not with knowledge vnto practise goe.
 Those may be learned, and of learning prate;
 But for affaires of Countrey or of State,
 In my conceit they are as farre vnfitt
 As Fooles and Madmen, that haue lost their wit:

O

And

And notwithstanding all their studious paine,
I count their Learning and their Knowledge vaine.

But thinke not that I *Knowledge* fruitlesse deem,
Or count those men who in the *Academie*
Doe spend their times, vnfiting men to deale
About imployments of the Common-weale.
No ; for I euer this account did make,
That there are those know best to vndertake
Great Offices ; and surely such as haue
Both knowledge and desert : yet shall they faue
But their owne credits. Th'other, who are knowne
To haue no gifts of nature of their owne,
For all their knowledge gotten in the Schooles,
Are worse by much ods then vnlearned Fooles.

Now thou that wouldest know rightly these mens state,
Goe but a while and talke with *Coriate*,
And thou wilt soone be able to maintaine,
And say with me, that *Learning's some-where vaine*.

Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where *now-despised-Virtue* should haue grace,
She were *vaine* too ; and those that lou'd her best,
Were to be counted *vaine* aboue the rest.
For they be sure of all these worldly Croffes,
That whofoere gaine, theirs must be the losses,
Justice is wanting so : for if that men
Commit an ill, the Law giues smart ; but when
They doe performe a vertuous deed ('tis hard)
There's no Law here that giues them a Reward.

Nay, if a man by wrong susppcion be
Brought into any wofull misery,

If

If he be rackt and tortur'd so, that Death
 May pleasure him by stopping of his breath :
 And if at last by proofes it doth appeare,
 That he of the suspected crime is cleare,
 Onely he may his life by that meanes saue,
 But shall no other satisfaction haue.
 Yea, and he must be glad and well content
 He hath his life for being *Innocent* :
 Whereof he would full glad haue ridden bin,
 To scape the torments they had plung'd him in.
 'Tis meere *Iniustice*. And I say againe,
 In this Age to be good it were in vaine.
 But that it one day shall rewarded be
 By Heauens *Chief-Iniustice*, with Eternity.
 I will not here endeaour to reueale,
 The vaine Trades crept into our common-wc ale :
 Onely I say (and so I thinke will any,
 Would lesse there were, for such there be too many.

But I must needs declare their vanity
 Who build their treasure and felicitie
 On things meere friuolous, As *Honour, Strength,*
Pleasure, and *Wealth*, and *Beauty* ; which at length,
 Yea, in short time, must fade. High *Titles* plac't
 Without desert ; are not alone disgrac't,
 And lose that reputation of their owne ;
 But shame them too, on whom they are bestowne.

What's *Noblenesse* of *Birth* but meerely *vaine* ?
 Vnlesse that in the *linage* there remaine
 Some noble *qualities* which in them bred,
 They haue deriu'd from Predecessors dead ?

What's *Honour*? but e'ne *smoake* and idle *fame*?
 A thing consisting onely in a *name*?
 Which if you take away, then you take all.
 For *Alexanders* glory was not small :
 Yet were he nameleffe, what would then remaine,
 His honourable Titles to retaine,
 Sith that his best part from the earth is fled,
 And th'other, though remaining here, now dead ?

Then if that *Honour* no aduantage bring
 To Soule nor Body, but doth wholly cling
 Vnto the name : who Care or Paines would take,
 (If he be wise) a *Tropheie* vaine to make
 Vnto the fame, which may enioyed be
 By many thousand other men ; whilst he
 Rots. And which three mens *vertues* (I'le maintaine)
 Grace not so much, as one mans *vice* shall staine ?

Were't onely for a *name* that men did well,
 And stroue in *vertues* others to excell,
 What good had *Simon* the Apostle gain'd
 More than the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd ?
 And how shoulde we giue each of them his fame,
 Who liuing, being two, had but one name ?
 Were outward Honour all that Virtue got,
 He were a wise-man that esteem'd it not.
 But shees the Bodies comfort till it die,
 And Soules Companion to eternitie.

Vulgar Repute ; what is thereby acquired ?
 Why is't so glorious, and so much desired ?
 But I doe chiefly maruell what they ment,
 That haue prefer'd it before their Content.

I hold it *vaine* and wondrous friuolous
 Extreamely foolish and ridiculous,
 That any man should stand in greater feare
 What he doth vnto other men appeare
 Then to himselfe ; or striue so much (poore Elues)
 To feeme to other, *Gods* ; when to themselues,
 Th'are worse then *Diuels*. Why, I say, should they
 With vaine repute be so much borne away ?
 And why boast men of strength that lasts no longer ?
 And seeing the bruit creatures are farre stronger.
 A woman may binde *Sampson* with her charmes,
 And little *Dauid* slay a man at Armes ;
 For God doth make (as holy Scripture speake,
Strong things to be confounded by the weake.

Then some are *vaine* in Pleasures ; like to him
 Who for because he in delights would swim,
 (In these our dayes) to please his bestiall fences,
 Made twenty hundred crownes one night expences.
 I onely doe forbeare to tell his name,
 Lest he should hap to vaunt vpon the fame.

But why in *Beauty* should men glory so ;
 As well we may perceiue there's many do ;
 Sith 'tis no better then a fading flower,
 That flourishes, and withers in an hower ?
 It could not faue the good King *Dauids* sonne,
 From being iustly by his foes vndone :
 Nay, there's scarce any that enjoy the fame
 Can keepe vnto themselues an honest Name.

We fee moreouer men vaine-glorious grow,
 In *building* and *apparell* ; all's for shew ;

O 3

And

And yet the *Prince* that's gorgiouſt in array,
 Must lie as naked as his *Groome*, in clay.
 And though that men to build ſo curious be,
 How worthy of contempt it is we fee,
 In that th' *arch-King* of heauen, earth and all,
 Was very well contented with a *Stall*.
 What minde are they in, who ſuppoſe to raiſe
 By ſuch a *vanitie* an endleſſe praife?
 When as they daily ſee by obſeruation,
Time vtterly decayes the ſtrong'ſt *Foundation*.

Where are thoſe wondrouſ high *Pyramides*,
 That were admired at in former dayes?
 And of thoſe huge *Coloffi* what remaines?
 (Which to erect now were an endleſſe paines)
 Nothing almoſt; no ſcarce his Name that ſpent
 The paine and coſt of ſuſh a *Monument*:
 If that be ſo, how muſh more *vanity*
 Is it to hope for fames eternity, (mending
 By ſuſh trifles whose ground-worke needs
 Before the rooſe be brought vnto an ending?

Againe, ſome thiſke how ere their liues they ſpend,
 Yet if they can attaine to in the end
 A glorious *Funerall*, and be interd
 With idle pompe and ſhow, or be preferd
 In a bald *Sermon*, for ſome one good deed
 They did the Common-wealtheſt, for their owne need:
 Or by their owne, or friends procurement haue
 On their vnworthy ſcarce-deſerued *graue*
 A goodly *Epitaph*; they thiſke all's well.
 Alas poore ſilly men! what can they tell

How

How long 'twill stand, before't be razed downe ?
 But say it bide a while ; what faire renowne
 Can in a peece of carued *Marble* be ?
 What can a gilded *Tombe* then profit thee ?
 Preserue thy fame ? I know it cannot passe
 The wondrous *Heape* that once erected was,
 And yet e'ne at this present doth remaine
 Not farre from *Sarum*, on the *Westerne* Plaine.
 Yet, who can say directly, (or what story
 Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory
 That, first was founded ? or by whom ? or why ?
 And if a Deed of such great wonder die.
 Doost thou suppose, by a few carued stones,
 (Scarcely enow to couer ore thy bones)
 To be *immortall* ? If thou long to liue
 After thy death ; let noble *Vertue* giue
 And adde that liuing glory to thy name.
 Let her sound forth the trumpet of thy fame,
 And it shall last. For, she knowes how to place it :
 Where *Time* nor *Emuy* shall haue power to race it.
 I say, endeuour to be vertuous heere,
 So shall thy Sacred *memory* be deere
 To those that liue ; and whilst thy Body lies
 Entomb'd on earth, thy soule shall mount the skies.
 But if in pleasure thou hast liued long,
 And tooke delight in seeking bloud and wrong :
 When that the *euill day* shall come to end thee,
 The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee.
 Thy Soule shall pay for't, and the selfe-fame *Graue*
 Thou for thy *Honour* didst suppose to haue

O 4

Shall

Shall be thy *shame*; for those that trauell by it
 Shall often curse it, yea, deride, defie it ;
 And to each other say, *There doth he lye,*
That acted such, or such a villany.

Then why should gay clothes be delighted in,
 Sith they are but a badge of our first sin ?
 And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions
 We borrow now adayes from other Nations.

Some we haue seene in Irish trouzes goe,
 And they must make it with a codpeece too :
 Some (as the fashion they best like) haue chose
 The spruce diminutie neat *French-mans* hose,

Another lik't it once, but now hee chops
 That fashion for the drunken *Switzers* *flops*.
 And cause sometimes the fashions we disdaine
 Of *Italy, France, Netherland, and Spaine*,
 Weele fetch them farther off. For, by your leaues,
 We haue *Morisco* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeues,
Polonian shooes, with diuers far-fecht trifles,
 Such as the wandring *English* Gallant rifles
 Strange Countries for. Besides, our Taylors know
 How best to set apparell out for show.
 It either shall be gathered, sticht, or lac't,
 Else plaited, printed, iagd, or cut and rac't,
 Or any way according to your will,
 For we haue now adayes learn'd much *vaine* skill.

But note you, when these gue-gawes, once be made,
 And that this cunning Master of his Trade
 Must bring it home. For, there lies all the iest,
 To see when the poore flauue hath done his best

To

To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
 He can set right, what Nature crooked made)
 When he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,
 Whom he would please ; when he hath brusht & pickt
 E'ne till he sweat againe : Yet (though he spies
 Scarce any fault) *You rogue the Gallant* cries,
A plague confound thee ; looke heere how this sits,
Zounds, 'tis a mile to wide ; where were thy wits ?
See, this is halfe too long, that halfe too short,
'Sblood I could finde in heart to knocke thee for't.
 Then for the faults behinde he lookes in Glasse :
 Straight raues againe ; and calls his Taylor Asse,
 Villaine, and all the Court-like names he can,
Why I'le be iudg'd (saies he) heere by my man
If my left shoulder seeme yet, in his sight,
For all this bumbaft, halfe so big's the right.

How is he seru'd ? This day he shoulde haue went
 With such a Lord or Lady into Kent ;
 To *Hampton-Court* to morrow comes the Queene,
 And there shoulde he with certaine friends haue beene.
 Villaine (he cryes go instantly and mend it :
 And see with all the sped you can, you send it :
 Or by his sword the *Gallant* sweares he will
 Make thee to wait twice twelue-months with thy *Bill*
 If ere he pay thee. Then the other takes it,
 Carries it home againe, turnes, rubs, and shakes it,
 Lets it lie still an houre or so, and then
 As if 'twere alter'd, beares it backe againe
 Then, 'tis so fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell
 That ere he had Apparell made so well.

Erc-

Ere-while, fayes he, faith, I was angr'd fore,
 Why could'ft thou not haue done it thus afore ?
 With many gentle speeches in amends,
 And so these two, *vaine fooles*, grow quickly friends.

What shall I say of our *superfluous fare* ?
 Our beastly, *vaine*, and too excessiue care
 To please the belly ? We, that once did feed
 On homely roots and hearbs, doe now exceed
 The *Persian* Kings for dainties. In those Cotes
 A man would thinke they liu'd with Hay & Oates :
 The *Diet* they are growne vnto of late,
 Excels the Feasts that men of high estate
 Had in times past. For, there's both flesh and fish :
 With many a dainty new deuised dish.
 For bread, they can compare with Lord or Knight,
 They haue both raueld, manchet, browne and white,
 Of finest Wheat. Their drinks, are good, and stale :
 Of *Perry*, *Cider*, *Mead*, *Metheglin*, *Ale*,
 Or *Beere*, they haue abundantly. But then,
 This must not serue the richer sort of men.
 They with all sorts of forraine *Wines* are sped ;
 Their cellars are oft fraught with *White* and *Red*,
 Be't *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, if they craue it :
 Nay, *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may haue it.
Cate Pument, *Veruage* (if they doe desire)
 Or *Romney*, *Bastard*, *Capricke*, *Osey*, *Tire*,
Muscadell, *Malmsey*, *Clarey* ; what they will,
 Both head and belly, each may haue their fill.

Then if their stomacks doe disdaine to eate
Beefe, *Mutton*, *Lambe*, or such like Butcher's meat :

If

If that they cannot feed of *Capon, Swan,*
Ducke, Goose, or common houfshould Poultry ; than
 Their store-house will not very often faile,
 To yeeld them *Partrich, Pheasant, Plover, Quaile,*
 Or any dainty fowle that may delight
 Their gluttonous, and beastly appetite.
 So they are pampered whilst the poore man starues.
 Yet, there's not all ; for *Custards, Tarts, Conscrues,*
 Must follow too ; And yet they are no let
 For *Suckets, March-panes*, nor for *Marmalct* ;
Fruite, Florentines, sweet Sugar-meates, and splices,
 (With many other idle fond deuices)
 Such, as I cannot name, nor care to know.
 And then besides, the taste, 'tis made for shew.
 For, they must haue it colour'd, gilded, printed,
 With shapes of beasts and fowles: cut, pincht, indented,
 So idely, that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
 They are both foolish, and exceeding vaine.
 And howfoe're they of Religion boast,
 Their *belly* is the *God*, they honour most.

But see whereto this *daintiness* hath brought vs,
 The time hath been, that if a *Famine* caught vs,
 And left vs neither Sheepe, nor Oxe, nor Corne :
 Yet vnto such a dyet were we borne,
 (Were we not in our Townes kept in by th'Foe)
 The Woods and Fields had yeelded vs enough
 To content Nature : And then in our needs,
 Had we found either *leaues, or grasse, or weeds,*
 We could haue liu'd, as now there doth, and can
 With good contentment, many an Irish-man.

But,

But, in this age, if onely *Wheat* doe rise
 To any extraordinary prise :
 Or if we haue but *Cheese* or *Butter* scant,
 (Though almost nothing else that is, we want)
 Lord how we murmur, grumble, fret, and pine,
 As if we would vpbraid the powers Diuine ?
 Yea, daily to prouoke God, as the *Iewes*
 Did in the wildernesse is now no newes.

But you, that are so like to sterue in plenties,
 Because you are a little bard your dainties :
 Leauue off your *Luxury*, let me entreat ;
 Or there will come a *Famine* shall be great ;
 When Soule nor Body neither, shall haue food,
 Or any thing to comfort them that's good.

We talke of scarcitie : yet heere there came
 No want this twentie ages worth the name
 Of *Famine* ; but our gentle God hath bin,
 Exceeding mercifull vnto our fin.

Wheat at ten shillings, makes no dearth of bread,
 Like theirs, where once (we read) an Asses head
 Cost foure-score siluer peeces : Doues dung
 Was highly priz'd ; and Mothers eate their young.
 There *Famine* raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not.
 If we can fast with *Niniue*, we shall not.

But truly much I feare the same ; vnlesse,
 We doe leauue off our gluttonous exceſſe.
 For, though we quaffe and fwill much time away,
 Yet three fet-meales will scarce suffice a day
 To satisfie our lust ; whereas but one
 Suffis'd our Predeceſſors : sometime none

It

It were a worke too tedious here to quote
 The sundry *Vanities* that we may note
 Sprung from this *Greediness*. As our *Long sitting*.
 A custome, rather, in my minde, befitting
 Pagans and Epicures, than honest men,
 But 'tis a vse now common growne. And then,
 This Foolery we haue : We nothing deeme
 That merrits our desiring, or esteeme,
 Saue that, which we haue either dearely bought,
 Or far-away from forraine Kingdoms brought.
 Yea notwithstanding, heere in this our Land,
 Those things be better, and more neare at hand ;
 Yet we, out of an idle humour are
 So much more pleased with all Forraine ware
 Than with our owne ; that we the same detest ;
 And this our vainenesse doth not onely rest
 In meats, and in apparrell ; but 'tis shwon
 In many things : we least affect our owne.

Our home-made Cloth, is now too course a ware,
 For *Chyna*, and for *Indian* stuffs we are.
 For *Turkey Grow-graines*, *Chamblets*, silken *Rash*.
 And such like new deuised Forraine trash.
 Yea, though our natvie Country-men excell
 In any Trade, we like them not so well
 As we doe Strangers : and (in very deed)
 I thinke for vaine inuentions they exceed.

And then moreouer ; when we doe not want
 Any good wholsom Hearb, or Fruit, or Plant,
 That my be necessary, fit or good,
 Either to serue for Physick or for food.

Yet

Yet, those we sleight, as if we did abhor them,
 And send to seeke in other Kingdoms for them.
 So, while we onely make our vse of them ;
 Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
 (Oh *Vanity*) our Country yeelds enough,
 What need we *Græcian* or *Arabian* stuppe ?
 Why send we for them to those Countries thus ?
 'Twas planted there for them, and not for vs.
 What though it helpe them of diseases there ?
 The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
 So different (for ought that I can gather,)
 Heere't may not helpe our griefes, but poyson's rather.
 That *Opium* which a *Turk* in fastie will,
 Deuour at once two *Englishmen* would kill.
 And as I'ue heard experienc'd men to say,
 That which will value their wounds within a day
 Who of the farthest *Esterne Countries* be,
 Will not recure an *Englishman* in three.
 Then sure, if we should vse that med'cine heere,
 It would not helpe nor cure vs in a yeere.
 Trust me ; I think, this ouer-much respecting
 Of Forraine Druggs, and foolishly neglecting
 Our natvie Simples, is the cause that we
 So little better for our Physick be.
 Some, in their writings praise *Tobacco* much :
 Perhaps the vertue of it may be such
 As they haue said ; where first the Simple grew.
 But, if it be re-planted heere a new,
 From it owne foile where Natures hand did place it ;
 I dare not with those properties to grace it

Which

Which there it had : Nor can the *vertue* bide,
 When 'tis transported to our Region, dri'd.
 Yet, 'tis almost a wonder to behold,
 How generally now both young and old
 Suck on that *Forraine weede*. For, so they vse it,
 Or rather (to speake right) so they abuse it,
 In too oft taking ; that a man would think
 It were more needfull than their meat or drink :
 But what's their reason ? Doe not aske them why,
 For neither can they tell you that, nor I :
 Vnlesse't be thus : So they haue seene some doe :
 And therefore they forsooth must vse it too.

Nay, wonder not : The Sun lights not a Nation
 That more addicteh Apish imitation.
 Than doe we English. Should we some man see
 To weare his doublet where his hose should be,
 Pluck gloves on's feet, and put his hands in's shooes,
 Or weare his Rings and Iewels on his toes ;
 And, come so tired to our English Court,
 Attended in some strange prepost'rous fort.
 Some of our Courtiers would make much adoo,
 But they would get into that fashion too.

For, they so idle are that if they see
 Those that with Rhume a little troubled be,
 Weare on their faces a round Maſtick patch,
 Their fondneſſe I perceiue is apt to catch
 That for a fashion. Nay ; we cannot name
 That thing ſo full of Barbarisme and shame
 That they'l not imitate. VVitneſſe this *fmoake*,
 VVhich, though at firſt it was enough to *choake*

Or

Or stifle vp the sense ; though 'twere vnpleasing
 In taft and fauour ; oftentimes diseasing
 The takers bodies. Yet, like men halfe mad,
 (Not knowing neither what effect it had)
 Onely because a *rude and savage Nation*
 Took't for some vnknown need, they'l make't a fashion.

Alas, what profit *England* at thy neede
 Haft thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weed* ?
 What, hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd health,
 Or hath it brought thee more increase of wealth ?
 It dries superfluous moisture ; Dooth't ? indeed,
 Tane with discreation it may stand insteed :
 And surely, it deserues to be excus'd,
 Beeing with honest moderation vs'd.
 But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
 That first did tak't in way of *Complement*.
 For, now it is as common at each meeting,
 As *how d'ye*, or, *God sauе yee*, for a greeting.
 Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burnt pipes, Tobacco, and his *Tinder-box*.
 And therefore, there be some who scarce abide it,
 Yet alwaies will for company prouide it :
 With whom (though they alone the same eschew)
 They'l take it till they spet, and cough, and spue.
 Me thinks they may as well, sith this they'l do,
 At all their meetings take *Purgations* too.

There's not a Tinker, Cobbler, Shepheard now,
 Or Rascall Ragamuffin that knowes how
 In a blinde Alehouse to carouse a pot,
 Or swagger kindly, if he haue it not.

You

You shall haue some among them will not stick
 To sweare, that they are for *Tobacco* sicke ;
 When by their ragged out-sides you would gather
 It were for want of bread, and victuals rather.
 And so I take't. But now if you deny
 Th'Affecting forraine drugs, a *vanity*,
 Yet you, I hope will grant (because 'tis plaine)
 The vsing of *Tobacco* thus is vaine :
 I meane in those that daily sit and smoake
 Alehouse and Tauerne, till the windowes roake.
 And you must yeeld that we now iustly may
 E'ne as the old verse fayes, *flos, fænum, fumus.*

Some *vainly*, much *Acquaintance* seeke to get,
 And often in a Strangers cause will sweat :
 Yet these, where their best seruices are due,
 So much their charitie will scarcely shew.

The loue of *Men*, some labour to attaine,
 And they haue iust their trauaile for their paine.
 For what's the fauour or the loue of *Men* ?

A thing long getting, and soone lost agen.

Him, haue I knowne whose company hath seem'd
 In the appearance to be so esteem'd
 By many, that in shew he hath appear'd
 To be more neerly to their soules indear'd
 Than their owne bloud. And surely for the time,
 (But that *Inconstancie*'s a humane crime)
 He hath been so : For when he hath departed,
 As if his *absence* inwardly had smarted ;
 Out of their eyes full oft against their will,
 I haue seene sorrow looke, and teares to trill.

P

And

And yet againe hath my Experience seene
 The selfe-fame Man that hath so made-of beene,
 Euen of those Men he hath been so respected,
 After some absence, either much neglected,
 Wholly forgotten ; or they so estranged,
 As if their Loue and good-conceit were changed.
 Which hauing found, I weighed well the end,
 And thought them *vaine* that on the like depend.

Also, me thinkes it makes me pretty sport
 To note the *vainenesse* of the Greater sort :
 How full of *Conges, courtesies, and greetings,*
Embracements, and kinde words they are at meetings,
 And oft, what *Memorandums* past between,
 Of great good turnes, that nere perhaps haue been,
 What *Commendations* and *Joyes* there be,
 For one anothers good prosperitie ;
 When howsoeuer they their malice smoother,
 They care not what becomes of one another.
To see me well, hee's glad at hart one cryes,
 When 'tis well known, that in his heart he lies.
Another bids me welcome to my face,
 When he would leaue my presence for my place.
 Yea, and to fweare it too, he will not tremble,
 Although he knowes, I know he doth dissemble.
 Which in my iudgement is a *vanitie*
 Too full of shamelesse grosse absurditie ;
 And I much wonder men delight to spend
Time that's so precious, to so little end,
 As to Consume't in idle Complement,
 And not so much as to a good intent :

Crouching

Lib. 2.

VANITIE.

Satyr. 1.

*Crouching and kneeling, when each peasant knowes,
Much curtesie, much craft, the Prouerbe goes.
A qualitie beseeming men I deeme't
Ay to be Courteous, and I much esteeme't :
Yet sure, without good meaning 'tis vnfitt,
And extreame vaine when men are cloyd with it.*

*When some mans Table's furnished with store,
Of Dainties that a Prince can haue no more,
Hee'l bid you welcome, though that by your chare
It doth not (as hee'l say himselfe) appeare :
And yet he fees and knowes well that his Bords,
Haue what the Water, Earth, and Ayre affords :
With pray yee eate, I drinke t'ye, nay be merry,
And such like words ; I oft haue been as weary
To thanke, to pledge, and say, I doe not spare,
As ere was Sommers of his trotting Mare.*

*I often haue obserued in our Feasts,
A vanity which each free minde detests,
And this it is ; When any one intends
For merryment to entertaine his friends,
And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
That they may well perceiue they welcome are ;
He marres the bounty of his louing feast
By his ill chusing some vntastefull guest.
For, so it often haps he doth invite
Some lofty States-man, or proud neighboring-Knight
Who marres their freedome by his expectation
Of more then necessary obseruation.
And he must be a flauue vnto that guest,
Contenting him though he displease the rest.*

P 2

This

This, folly is : Were I as he ; my Bord
 Should neuer entertaine that Knight or Lord
 In way of feasting, that allow'd not mee
 To be as merry and as blith as *hee* :
 Or that through his disdaine would think amis
 To beare some iests of mine, as I beare his :
 For who but fooles would while their guest is baiting
 Stand with bare-heads, like Ale-house-keepers waiting
 (As if they were some strangers wanted chearing)
 In their own houses ; while they dominering
 Say what they list. Be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equals if you'l merry be.
 At least let them be such as can abide,
 To lay *Superiority* aside.

Moreouer (if they haue the prouidence
 To bid their Friends, and keep their Mar-feasts thence)
 They are too lauish, and doe much deuise,
 How they the appetite may best suffise.
 But 'tis a signe their vnderstanding's small
 That can afford them no discourse at all,
 It showes a shallow Pate and muddy Braine,
 When men haue nothing els to entertaine
 Their Friends withall, but *whiffes of smoake, or drinke,*
Or curious fare ; as if that they did thinke
 They could not shew their honest loue, vnlesse
 They did abound in Gluttonous excesse.

But there be many Greedy-guts indeed,
 That will finde fault vnlesse their Cates exceed.
 Such *Socrates* shewes how to answere best ;
 Who hauing for his friends prepar'd a feast,

And

Lib. 2.

VANITIE.

Satyr. 1.

And heareing one to discommend his store,
 Told him directly, Friend, there needs no more :
 For be they vertuous, heere's enough for such ;
 If otherwife (quoth he) there is too much.

A fitter answere we can neuer finde
 For such nice Gluttons ; differing in minde
 From certaine deare and learned Friends of mine ;
 Whom, when I late requested had to dine
 Or sup with me one night ; would not agree,
 Vnlesse I dreft what they appointed mee.
 I will, sayd I, and not a bit beside :
 Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to prouide
One dish, no more. (We loue not him that crams :)
 And let our *second course* be *Epigrams*.
 So much they found ; with more good mirth & laughing ;
 Than those that had their dainties and their quaffing,
 Who can declare what *vanity* Man shewes
 In hearing and reporting *idle newes* ?
 The foolish tales, and lyes that he doth faine,
 Are more than any numbers can containe.
 And now I think on that fame *lying cuill*,
 (A mischefe first inuented by the *Diuell*)
 I cannot chose but greatly wonder why
 Men should delight so in that *Vanity*.
 It is not onely vicious and bafe,
 But also doth their credits quite deface.
 And *Truth* out of their mouthes is mis-esteem'd,
 Because, oft lying, they are lyers deem'd.
 I meane not any falsehoods to maintaine,
 No though they be Officious or for gaine.

Yet worse doe like them, who their wits doe bend
 To Coyne new tales vnto no other end
 But to prouide the company some talke,
 And cause they loue to heare their owne tongues walke.

Some I haue knowne (iudge of their *vanity*)
 That haue told tales to their owne infamy,
 And yet vntrue 'tis like they haue small care
 Of others credits, when they will not spare
 To wrong themselues. Another crew besidc,
 Among these Lyars I haue also spide,
 Who (as it may appeare) did like so well
 Strange newes, and matters past beliefe to tell,
 That notwithstanding they doe surely know
 It makes not onely modest eares to glow,
 But that 'tis knowne they lie, yet still they dare
 Gainst *Truth, their owne, and all mens knowledge* sweare:
 Yea, when they may aswell, and speake as right,
 Sweare that each man is blind, and all Crowes white.
 Which is a daring and a lewd offence,
 Sprung from a brazen, hellish impudence.

Then there's a number to, that doe suppose,
 All that beyond their *little reason* growes
 Is surely false; And vainely doe vphold,
 That all reports which *Trauellers* vnfold
 Of Forraine Lands, are lies: because they see
 No such strange things in their owne Parish be;
 If that I may not tearme such fellowes *vaine*,
 Ile fay th'are *dull*, and of *a shallow braine*:
 And him I count no wise man, that imparts
 To men of such base misconceiuing hearts

Any

Any rare matter, for their brutish wit
 Will very quickly wrong both him and it.
 For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,
Ignorance only is true wisedomes foe.

Then thou art *vaine* that wilt vouchsafe to spend
 Thy breath, with witleffe people to contend
 In weighty matters ; when it is well known
 They'l like of no opinions but their owne :
 Euer disablings what thou dost recite,
 Yea notwithstanding it be nere so right.
 And be their owne cafe false, and all amisse,
 They'l proue it true : How ? Thus : *Because it is.*
 So if there be no moe *wife men* in place,
 Thou bear'st the shame, and they'l haue all the grace.

And yet the mischiefe hath not there an end :
 For tell me, you that euer did contend
 With such ; is not their waiward disputation
 A meere confusion, and a strong vexation ?
 I know 'tis so, for I my selfe haue tride it,
 And since that time could neuer yet abide it.
 But, let those follow *vanity* together
 With *purblind ignorance* ; and Ile fend thither,
 To keepe them company, those that take pleasure
 In tedious discourse ; they be at leasure :
 And those that loue to heare their owne tongues walke,
 Still seeking opportunity of talke,
 Shall not stay from them. Yet I haue beheld
 More *vanities* which must not be conceal'd :
 As foolish *wishes*. Many a filly Asse
 Couets those things that cannot come to passe.

Another, that in wishing is as heedleffe,
 Desires some trifling bables which are needleffe.
 Nay, I haue heard, without regard or shame,
 Such beastly *wishes* as I blush to name.
 What damn'd infernall Curses can each brother
 In euery angry fit wish one another?
 When such as these their iesting words they'l make ye,
A pox, a Pestilence, and a Murraine take ye.
 Which if the Lord shoulde in his iustice fende them,
 Their own *vaine wishes* would ere long time end them.

Some free-borne men I haue obserued toe
 Who are thought wife, yet very *vainely* doe.
 These, as if they lackt troubles of their owne,
 For other men are flaues and drudges growne.
 I tax not such as honestly haue stoo'd
 In the maintaining a poore neighbours good ;
 But rather those who are so out of measure
 Enurde to be for other men at leasure,
 That they can finde almost no time to be
 Employd about their own commoditie.

Others there are, more knauish, and as *vaine*,
 Who seeming carefull of anothers gaine,
 Intrude themselues into their actions ; When
 'Tis not for any good they wish the men,
 But for this cause, and sure for nothing more,
 In each mans Boat they loue to haue an Oare.
 'Tis good to looke to their affaires ; but yet,
 I hold it for a *vaine* thing and vnfit
 We shoulde be vexed with such extreame care
 In following them, as many times we are :

For,

For, vnto me it seemes, the *greateſt part*,
Take businesſe not in hand now, but in hart.
 What meane our wealthy *Vſurers* to hoord
 More vp for others than they can affoord
 Vnto themſelues? Whereas they doe not know
 Whether it ſhall be for a friend or foe.
 Sure ſuch me thinks ſhould be, deſeruedly,
 Recorded for their ſottish *vanity*.
 Now, as the moſt of wealth too well doe deeme,
 So others make thereoſt too-small eſteeme ;
 As of a thing whose vſe were of no weight :
 But both are led away with vane conceit.

Then ſome mans care is, that when this life ends,
 He dying, may be buried with his Friends ;
 As if he fear'd his Foes had not forgotten
 To do him miſchiefe though their bones were rotten.

Others, extreamly are diſtempered,
 To thiſke what men will doe when they are dead ;
 And vainly ſit (more wit God one day fend)
 Lamenting what they know not how to mend.

For worthleſſe matters ſome are wondrouſ ſad :
 Whom if I call not *vaine*, I muſt terme mad.
 If that their noſes bleed ſome certaine drops,
 And then againe vpon the ſudden ſtops :
 Or if the babbling fowle we call a *Jay*,
 A *Squirrel*, or a *Harc*, but crosse the way :
 Or if the falt fall towards them at table,
 Or any ſuch like ſuperſtitious bable,
 Their mirth is ſpoyl'd, because they hold it true
 That ſome miſchance muſt thereupon enſue.

But

But I doe know no little numbers be
 Seduced with this foolish *vanity* :
 And questionlesse, although I discommend it,
 There want not some that stoutly will defend it :
 But all their prooфе is onely this I know ;
By daily triall they doe finde it so,
 Indeed 'tis true, God often by permission,
 To see if they will trust to Superstition
 More than to him, doth willingly supply
 What they so looke for, by their *Augury*.

Then some to be esteemed men of state,
 Of nothing but the *Court* affaires doe prate.
 If they but come amongst vs Countrey-men,
 Lord, what *Magnificoes* they will be then !
 Yea though they blow but the Kings *Organ-bellowes*,
 We must suppose them Earles & Barrons fellowes,
 Or else we wrong them. 'Twas my chance to light
 In a friends house, where one of these that night
 Tooke vp his lodging ; At the first I deem'd him
 A man of some great place, and so esteem'd him ;
 And he tooke me for some soft *Country* gull,
 Thinking my wit (as tis indeed) but dull.
 But I percei'd his pride, I must confesse,
 And seem'd as if I had a great deale lesse.
 I made him more fine *conges* by a score,
 Then ere he had at *Court* in's life before,
 The *worship* and the *honour* too I gaue him,
 But from the charge of either I dare faue him.
 Yet my high tearms so pleas'd the *Courtiers* veine,
 That vp he rips the newes of *France* and *Spaine*,

Of

Of *Germany*, of *Denmark*, and of *Sweed* ;
 And he had French, store, therefore I tooke heed.
 Then next he tels me all their life at Court,
 Relates *S. Georges* shewes, and *Chrifmas* sport,
 With such like talke ; which I in shew desir'd,
 And (as I nere had seene't before) admir'd :
 Which he perceiuing, falleth to deuise
 More *strange reports*, and tels me fundry lies,
 Which still I wondred at ; and in his talke
 I noted though his tongue did euer walke,
 He neuer spake of others than the best :
 For Earles, and Lords, and Ladies were the least
 I heard him mentioning ; when sure the foole,
 Is but some seruant to the Groome o'th stoole.
 But howsoeuer, for this once he passes,
 To shew the nature of his fellow-*Asses*.

I am affraid 'twill be to little end,
 If I shoulde words and precious leasure spend
 To tell our *Gallants*, what *vaine*, friuolous
 Discourse they haue ; and how ridiculous
 They are at Meetings. I haue beene for laughter,
 Often beholding to them a weeke after.
 And trust me, Ile not giue a *Cue* so foone
 To see an Ape, a Monkey, or Baboone
 Play his forc't tricks ; as I would giue a *Tesler*,
 To come and view them and their Apish gesture,
 When they are either frolike in their Cans
 Or courting of their light-heeld Curtezans.

They thinke themselues fine men (I know they do)
 What will they giue me, and Ile thinke so to ?

And

And yet I shall not sure, doe what I can,
 They haue so little in them that is man.
 For my *few yeeres*, haue noted many fruits
 Producted in fine filks and fatten futes
 Worth obseruation : I could now recite
 Their braue behauour in their Mistresse fight :
 But sure they'l nere endure't ; they cannot do't ;
 Yet if I lift now I could force them to't,
 But loe I spare them ; th'are beholding to me,
 And may (perhaps) as great a fauour doe me.

But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold :
 To keepe in all their *vanities* vntold :
 At least one humorous trick I must not misse,
 Which lately I obseru'd. And that was this :

Two *Lads* of late disposed to be merry,
 Met at a towne not farre from *Canterbury*,
 Where, though their busines scarce wold let them stay,
 They'd frolicke out a night, and then away :
 So, there they supt and slept, where I let passe
 To tell their mirth in what good fashion 'twas :
 But (as I heard) the Parish-clock strooke one,
 Before their merry-mad-conceits were done :
 And then they went to bed, where I dare say
 They'd more deuotion to goe sleepe than pray.
 Next morne, th'one waking, suddenly vpstart,
 And lightly gert out fuch a boystrous —
 It wake't his fellow ; who surpriz'd with wonder,
 Leapt vp amaz'd, and swore he heard it thunder.
 Now whether storme there were or no, 'twas fed,
 The Chamber-pot ore-flow'd and drown'd the bed.

But

But, hauing pray'd a *Curſe* or two, th'one rifes,
 Then of his businesſe with himſelfe deuifcs,
 And thereupon doth like a carefull *man*,
 Sweare he will thence with all the ſpeed he can.
Come prethee riſe (quoth he) and let's be gon,
 Yes yes, (quoth the other) *I will come anone*.
Zounds harke; *I think the cloſeſt ſtrikes eight, why when?*
Oh ſoone enough to breake my fast by ten.
 Then *Chamberlaine* one calls aloud, *dooſt heare?*
Come bring vs vp a double lugge of Beere.
 So either hauing drunke a good carouſe,
 Downe come the *Gallants* to diſcharge the houſe.
 But, taking leauē, oh what d'yeē think they miſt?
 Their *Hosteffe* (pretty woman muſt be kiſt)
 Then vp ſhee's cald, and in her night attire,
 Downe claps ſhe on a ſtoole before the fire;
 Where hauing bid her welcome from her neſt,
Come ſay (quoth one) *what wine iſt you like beſt?*
Truly (quoth ſhe) *I uſe to drinke no wine,*
Yet your beſt mornings draught is Muskadine.
 With that the Drawer's call'd to fill a quart,
 (Oh ! 'tis a wholsome liquor next the hart.)
 And hauing drunke it, whiſt their heads were ſteady,
 They bad the Hostler make their Horſes ready:
Nay (quoth the Hosteffe) *what needs all this haſt?*
In faith you ſhall not goe till dinner's paſt?
I haue a diſh prepared for the nones,
A rich Potato Pie, and Marrow-bones;
Yea, and a bit, which Gallants, I proteſt,
I will not part with vnto euery queſt.

W

With that the *Punies* lay aside their cloakes,
The glasses walke, and the *Tobacco* smoakes,
Till dinner comes, with which when they are fraught,
To get on horse-back by and by tis naught.

As hauing sup't tis good to walke a mile,
So, after dinner men must sit awhile.

But what? will they sit idle? 'twere a shame,
Reach them the Tables, they must play a game.
Yet; set them by againe, for now I thinke
They know not when to leau: they'l rather drink
A *health* or two, to some especciall Friend,
And then ifaith they meane to make an end.

Then, one cals *Drawer*: he cries, *What d'ye lack?*
Rogue, bring vs vp a gallon more of Sacke.

When that's turn'd vp, *Zounds* one will drink no more,
But bids the Hostler bring his horse to dore:
The fellow might performe it without stay,
For why? they had beene bridl'd vp all day.
Then like good husbands without any words,
Againe they buckled on their cloakes and fwords;
But, stepping out of dore theire Hostesse meets them,
And with a ful-fill'd boule demurely greets them.
This was Her *Pinte*, but they'l giue her the tother,
Which drew the third down, & the third another;
Vntill these *Gallants* felt their heads so addle,
Their bodies scarce could sit vpright ith'saddle.
Then, more to settle their vnsteady braine,
They fell to their *Tobacco* once againe:
At which they fuckt so long, they thought no more
Of the poore Iades, wch they left ty'd at dore:

Till

Lib. 2.

V A N I T I E.

Satyr. 1.

Till that the Sun declin'd vnto the West.
 Then starting vp, th'one swore he thought 'twere best
 That they went thence ; and to his fellow said,
Come, We shall be be-nighted I'me afraid.
What if we be (quoth tother) by this light,
I know the time when I haue rid all night :
By twelue a clocke Ile be at home I vow,
Yet Hostesse, by this kisse, Ile sup with you.
 And so they did ; but after supper, th'one
 Hastens the other, that they may be gone.
Nay be aduised (quoth his copefmate) harke,
Let's stay all night, for it growes pestlence darke.
I marry (quoth the Host) perswadcd be,
There's many Murthers now I promise yee.
Ile bid my seruants to shut vp the gate,
No guest shall goe out of my house so late.
No surely (quoth their Hostesse) by Saint ANN,
You may be mischiest ; stay and sauc a man.

Well, they'l be rul'd for once ; but sware they'l goe
 The following morning ere the Cocks doe crow :
 In troth at farthest, ere the day giues light.
 Then, hauing kist their Hostesse ouer-night,
 To bed againe these roystering yongsters went,
 Forgetting whereto they before were bent.
 But when the Morne her turne againe did take,
 And that it grew high time for them to wake ;
 Then vp they bustled, and began to lay
 The fault from one to th'other of their stay.
For this (the first said) we may thanke your sloth ;
(But I thinke therein they were guilty both)

Nay

*Nay (quoth the other) might you haue your will,
You'd drinke Tobacco, and be quaffing still.
Who I (quoth he) I weigh it not two chips:
I could not get you from mine Hostesse lips.
You doe me wrong (faith th'other) for I sweare,
I sildome toucht them: but you still hung there.*

To beare the burthen he grew discontent,
And swore he would not drink before he went:
But call'd; *Our horses Ostler, and our wands;*
And sirra Tapster, water for our hands.
Yet (quoth the other) thou'le be rul'd I thinke,
Prethce let me intreat thee now to drinke
Before thou wash; *Our fathers that were wise,*
Were wont to say, 'Twas wholesome for the eyes.

Well; if he drinke, a draught shall be the most,
That must be spiced with a nut-browne tost.
And then, 'twere good they had a bit beside,
For they consider'd they had far to ride.
So, he that would not drink, alate, for haft,
Is now content to stay and breake his fast.
Which, e're 'twere ended, vp their Host was got;
And then the Drunkard needs must haue his pot,
And so he had: but I commend my Cozen,
The Cuckolds one Can, cost the fooles a dozen.

But then, perceiuing they began to stay,
Quoth G V T S, *My bullies, harke ye, what d'yee say?*
Can you this morning on a rasher feed?
Oh yes, say they, that's kingly meat indeed.
They ask't it, and they had it; but this cheere
Quickly drew down a dozen more of Beere:

which

Which being drunke, they had got out of towne,
But that their Hostesse newly was come downe ;
With whom they spent ere they could get away,
In kissing and in quaffing halfe that day.

And fие times, as I heard, they tooke the paine
To get on horse-backe, and come off againe.
But at the last, iust as the clocke strooke two,
They were the fixt time hors't with much adoe.

But then (as 'tis the *Drunkards vse*) they fate
Tippling some hower and a halfe at gate :
So that the night drew on apace, and then,
Thither came riding other Gentlemen,
And ment to lodge there. They had friendship showne,
Th'other were stale guests, and their mony flowne :
Their honest Host for all their large expence,
And former kindnesse, quickly got him thence.
Yea, their sweet Hostesse that so worthy deem'd them,
Slunke out of sight, as if she nought esteem'd them.
And as most wil that meet with such a crew,
Left them old *Guls*, to enter league with new ;
Who at their parting purpos'd to haue kist her,
But were so drunken that they neuer mist her.
For, there they quafte so long, they did not know
Which way, nor whither, nor yet when to goe ;
That some suppose ; yea, and they thinke so stille,
Their horses brought them thence against their will.
For, if so be their beasts had wanted wit
To come themselues ; the Fooles had been there yet.

If you 'twas made by, read with discontent,
You are too blame ; none knowes by whom 'twas ment :

Q

There

There is no cause you should dislike my *Rime*,
 That learnes you wit against another time.
 When others are thus vaine, could you forbear it,
 And note the follies in't you would forswere it?
 And so that those, who thus you entertaine,
 Will flout, and vse the next as well, for gaine.

Now, what doe you vnto these Gallants say?
 Were they not pretty witty ones I pray?
 It may be they will frowne at this, to see't,
 And I am very sorry for't: but yet,
 One *humour* more which I haue noted vaine,
 Here to be told of, they must not disdaine.
 It may annoy them if they doe not mend it,
 Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it.
 'Tis this: They too much of their valour vaunt,
 And so extreamely for vaine-glory haunt,
 That to procure themselues a valiant name,
 Or peraduenture one halfe houres fame,
 They'l hazard life and limb; yea, soule and all,
 Rather then in their brauery they'l let fall
 A *vaine Repute*. Oh silly senselesse men!
 What will the breath of Fame auaile you, when
 You lie in dust and molded vp in clay?
 Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day,
 In some poore Village where your bodies lie:
 To all the earth besides, your fame shall die.
 And it may be, whereas you looke for glory,
 You shall but serue to make more long the story (you)
 Of haire-brain'd fooles; and such (how-ere some deeme
 Men, that haue vnderstanding will esteeme you.

But

But yet, there is a crew that much annoyses
 The Common-weale, some call them *Roaring-boyes* ;
London doth harbour many at this time,
 And now I thinke their Order's in the Prime
 And flourishing estate. Diuerse are proud
 To be of that base Brotherhood allow'd.
 And reasoun too : For why ? they are indeed
 No common fellowes, for they all exceed
 They doe so, but in what things are they thinke ye ?
 In *villany* : for these be they will drinke ye
 From morne till night, from night till morne againe,
 Emptying themselues like Conduits, and remaine
 Ready for more still. Earth drinkes not the showres
 Faster then their infernall throats deuours
 Wine and strong liquors. These be they will fweare
 As if they would the veile of heauen teare,
 And compell God to heare their blasphemy.
 These are the Patrons of all *villany* ;
Whores Champions : *deceit* and *treachery*,
 With the most loathsome vice of *lechery*
 Is all their practise. Thunder when it roares,
 Ioyn'd with the raging waues that beat the shoares,
 Together with the windes most rude intrusion,
 Make not a noise more full of mad confusion
 Than do these Hell-hounds, where they vse to houze
 And make their most vnciuill *Rendeuouse* :
 For a more godlesse crew there cannot well
 Be pickt out of the boundlesse pit of Hell.
 Yet these base flaues (whose lewdnesse I confess
 I cannot finde words able to expresse)

Are Great-mens darlings ; (As some vnderstand)
 The absolutest *Gallants* in this Land.
 And onely men of spirit of our time,
 But this opinion's but a vulgar crime.
 For, they which vnderstanding haue, see plaine,
 That these and all their fauourites are vaine.
 And sure 'twere good if such were forc't to giue
 A strict account by whom, and how they liue.

Thus haue I brought to light as well's I can,
 Some of the *Vanities* I find in Man.
 But I doe feare in taking so much paine,
 I haue but showne my selfe to be most vaine ;
 Because I haue spent time, and reprehended
 That which will nere the sooner be amended.
 But yet there's hope it may ; and therefore I
 Say thus much more, that this foule *Vanity*
 Confisfeth not alone in *words* and *workes*,
 It hath tane roote within, and also lurkes
 About the heart : and if it there be fought,
 I know it also may be found in *thought*.
 And that is it makes one man sit and plot,
 What is by trafficke with *Virginia* got :
 What it may cost to furnish him a Fleet
 That shall with all the Spanish Nauy meet ;
 Or how he may by Art or practise finde
 A neerer passage to the *Easterne Inde* ;
 When as perhaps (poore foole) besides his coat,
 He is not worth a *Portsmouth* passage boat :
 Nor neuer meanes to trauell so much Sea,
 As from *Hith-ferry* to *South-hampton-key*.

Another

Another Woodcocke is as fondly vaine,
 And to no purpose doth molest his braine,
 To study if he were a Nobleman,
 What kind of carriage would befit him than.
 How ; and in what fet words he would complaine,
 Of the Abuses that he now fees raigne.
 Where ; he would make his place of Residencie,
 How, he would keepe his house with Prouidence,
 And yet what plenty daily at his doore
 Should be distributed vnto the poore.
 What certaine Sheepe and Oxen should be flaine,
 And what prouision weekly to maintaine
 His Lordly port. How many Seruicingmen
 He meant to keepe ; and peraduenture then
 What pleasure he will haue, what hawkes, what hounds,
 What game he will preferue about his grounds.
 Or else he falls to cast what profits cleare,
 His gifts and bribes will come to in a yeere :
 How heele put off his hat, cause people than
 Shall say, he is a curteous Noble-man.

Then vpon this againe he fals to plot,
 How when that he the peoples loue hath got,
 If that the King and all his kindred die,
 And if none may be found that will supply
 The Regall office, the respect they beare him,
 Vnto that Princely dignity may reare him.
 Then doth his thoughts on that estate so feed,
 That he forgetteth what he is indeed.

And if a man could hit so iust a time
 To come vpon him when his thought's in *Prime*,

And giue him vnawares a sudden knocke,
 Conceit his vnderstanding so would locke,
 That I suppose (because it stands with reason)
 He would goe neere to start, and call out *Treason* :
 For oftentimes mens hearts are so annoyd
 With those vaine thoughts whereon they are employ'd
 That for a time they so forgetfull grow,
 As what they are, or where, they doe not know.

But now, sith you may see there doth remaine
 Nothing in Man but in some sort is *vaine* ;
 And sith I must be driuen to confesse,
 His *vanities* are great, and numberlesse,
 I'le goe no farther in this large *Suruay*,
 For feare discourse should carry me away :
 And peraduenture so I may become
 Lesse pleasing, and more tedious vnto some.
 Which to auoyd ; though I no end espy,
 Yet, here I end, to treat of *Vanity*.

O F



OF INCONSTANCE.

SATYR. 2.

YEET, there's another property in Men
 That meanes to set my *Muse* to worke agen
Inconstancy: and that no other is
 (Vnlesse I vnderstand the fame amisse)
But an vnsettled humour of the minde,
Which so vnstable is, it cannot finde
By any study, that Opinion
Which long it dares to be resolued on:
 'Tis meere *Ir-resolution, and Estranging*
 From what is purpos'd, by a fickle changing.

But sith this vice I threaten to detect,
 Women I know will earnestly expect
 To be fore rail'd on. But I'le gently vse them,
 Because I see their consciences accuse them,
 And notwithstanding they deserue much blame,
 Yet I'le not speake of ought vnto their shame.
 So they will thinke I meane them also, when
 I treat of the inconstancy of *Men*:
 And though their faults I seeme not to vpbraid,
 (Cause nothing is directly of them said,

Q 4

Yet

Yet they I hope will nere the more disdaine
To be thought fickle, proud, and weake, and vaine.

But now for Man ; whereas I did complaine
He both in Deed and Word, and Thought, was vaine :
So I in this (I fee) the like may doe,
Sith he in all these is *inconstant* too.
It is a wondrous thing me thinkes, to fee
How variable all his actions be ;
He labours now, and's altogether fet
Vpon the world, how he much wealth may get ;
Vpon a sudden (then he thinkes to mend it)
Hee's in an humour and a course to spend it :

Sometime, he is consenting with the Diuell,
And ready to doe any act that's euill.
Which he (perhaps) repenting, some diuine
Or heauenly matter doth his thoughts refine.
So that he is resolu'd to spend that day,
In reading what Gods holy Prophets say ;
Which in his minde it may be worketh so,
He leaues it, and will to a Sermon goe ;
But, by the way a Bill he doth espy,
Which shewes there's acted some new Comedy ;
Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
There's nothing that shall hinder his intent.
But ere he to the Theater can come,
He heares perhaps the sounding of a Drum :
Thereat he leaues both Stage-play and Deuotion,
And will (forsooth) goe see some idle motion.
Ere he gets in, his rowling wandring eyes
Behold some Fencer prest to play his prize,

Faith

Faith, then there is no remedy hee'l see't.
 But, ere he can get halfe way o're the street
 Some very neere acquaintance doth salute him,
 Who for a miser would perhaps repute him
 Vnlesse he kindly offer to bestow
 The Wine, or Beare at leaft, before he goc.
 Well then, he will ; but while they doe deuise
 What Wine to haue, perhaps they heare the cries
 And howling which the eager Mastiffes make,
 When they behold a Bull or Beare at stake.
 Oh, on a sudden then they will be gone,
 They'l see that first, and come and drinke anon.

But iuft as he out of the Tauerne peepes,
 Some gallant *Lasse* along before him sweepes :
 Whose youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim
 And louely making, doth so rauish him,
 That as if he were bound her to attend,
 He leaues Play, Fencer, Wine, Bull, Dogs, and Friend.
 By which we see his minde is alwaies varying
 And sildome constant on one obiect tarrying.
 But still that thing with most desire is sought,
 Which is presented last vnto his *thought*.

One while, he likes best of the Country-sport,
 Anon prefers the pleasure of the Court.
 Another his mind is trauelling to *Spaine*,
 Then vnto *France*, and hither straight againe.
 Now, he thinks highly of a *Single life*.
 And hates the *Mariage* bed, as full of strife :
 And yet e'ne in the turning of a hand,
 He's glad to make a *Joynture* of his Land,

And

And woo with much intreaty to obtaine
That wife, which he did but of late disdaine.

One while he zealously professeth *Christ*,
Another while becomes an *Atheist*.

In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
Among the cursed Pagans can implore
A *Carned stone*; in *Rome* he hath profest
The worship of the *Antichristian beast*;
And yet in *England*, heere with vs, he grants
No found *Religion* but the *Protestants*.

And not alone according to the place,
Can these Chamelions alter thus their case;
But for a shift themselues they doe apply,
To answere both the Time and Company.

Gallants shall finde them formall, young men wilde,
Plaine men shal think them simple, old men milde.
And for the time, with *Edward* they will be
(Ile warrant) *Protestants* as well as he.
And when his Sister *Mary* comes to raigne,
They can be *Papists* easily againe.

Nay, I do feare me, though we haue had teaching,
And almost threescore yeeres the *Gospels* preaching
(*Vnconstant* mankinde is so prone to ill,
And to be changing hath so good a will)
Too many both of old men and of youth
Might soone be drawne for lyes to leaue the Truth.

Lets note it and it will be strange to see
What contradictions in our actions be:
Sometime, that man we doe with *Trophies* raiſe,
Whom we did but awhile before dispraise:

Nor

Nor can we alway in one Passion keep,
But often for one thing rejoyce and weep.

Is't not a signe of humane fickleness,
And a true note of our vnseluednesse,
When not alone some one, or two, or few
But a great number, a selected Crew,
Pickt out of all estates, and they the wifeliest,
The vnderstandingest, yea, and the precisest
Of a whole Empire, that when these (I say)
Haue argu'd *pro & con*, from day to day,
From weeke to weeke, to haue (perhaps) enacted
One Law or Statute, yet when all's compacted.
And euery thing seems clearly done and ended,
Then to haue some thing in't to be amended ?
Yea, and when this is done, and the Records
Fram'd in the plainest and most effectuall words,
T'expresse their meaning, and they think it plaine ;
Yet at next reading tis dislik't againe ?
This yeare they make a Law, repeal't the next,
Then re-inact it, and then change the text ;
Either by taking from, or adding to.
And so they haue an endlesse worke to do.

But some may tell me that thus stands the case,
They must haue both respect to *Time* and *Place*,
And that no Law deuis'd by humane wit,
Can be for euery place and season fit :
All which I yeeld for truth indeed ; but then,
We must confest a misery in men,
That they (Chamelion-like) must haue a mind,
With euery obiect vnto change enclin'd.

I might speake of the changes which I see
 In mens Externall fortunes also bee :
 For, this day he hath friends, to morrow none :
 Now he hath wealth, and in an houre tis gone ;
 Some, in their youth there be, haue all things store,
 And yet doe often liue till they are poore.
 Againe, there's some in youth at beggers states,
 Become in age to be great Potentates.
 Some are of Kings made flaues, and Kings againe,
 Whilst other with the contrary complaine.
 For poore *Eumenes*, of a Potters sonne,
 By fickle Fortunes helpe a kingdome wonne ;
 Who, for him, such a dyet did prouide.
 That shortly after he of hunger dy'd.

I many such examples might inferre,
 But that would waste more time and make me erre
 From my intent, who purpose to relate,
 The ficklenesse of man, not his estate.
 Moreouer, hee's a Creature knowes not how
 To doe an a^ct which he shall long allow,
 Or well himselfe approue. He cannot tell,
 What he would haue, nor what he would not, well.
 For peraduenture he is now content
 To doe what he will in an houre repent.
 He does, and vndoes what he did before,
 Is discontented, and with no man more
 Than with himselfe. In word, hee's fickle too,
 Fo he will promise what hee'l neuer doo.
 If that he tell me he will be in *Pauls*,
 Ile goe looke for him in the *Temple-Hals* :

For

For foonest to that place resort doth he,
Whereas he faies or fweares he will not be.

Oh ! had there been in words a constant trust,
I needed not t'haue done as now I must ;
I should haue had no cause to haue bewail'd
That which I once thought would haue neuer fail'd :
But sith tis thus, at nothing more I grieue,
Than that *vnconstant* words made me belieue.

Were promises worth trust, what needed than,
Such written contractes between Man and Man ?
And wherefore should they make so much adoo,
To haue *hands, seales, and witnesse thereunto* ?
Vnlesse it be for proofes to make it plaine,
Their words are both inconstant, false, and vaine.

To morrow he will earnestly gaine-say
What stoutly is affirm'd by him to day :
Yea, truly he's so wauering and vniust,
That scarce a word of his deserueth trust.
But as a creature of all good forlorne,
Swears what's deni'd, and straight denies what's sworne.
That I suppose, himselfe he doth but mock,
And is more changing then a Weather-cock.
For e'ne the thought that's likeliest to remaine,
Another that's *vnlike* puts out againe.
Meere Appetite (not Reason) guides him still ;
Which makes him so *inconstant* in his *will*.
Had he a fute at first made but of Leather,
And cloathes enow to keepe away the weather,
'Twere all his wish ; well, so moch let vs grant,
And ten to one he someting else will want ;

But

But sweares, that he for more would neuer care,
 Than to be able to haue cloth to weare ;
 Which if he get, then would he very faine
 Reach to haue Silkes, for cloth he thinks too plaine ;
 And so his wishes feldome would haue stay,
 Vntill that he hath wisht for all he may.

But though from this infirmitie there's no man
 That I can well except, it is so common ;
 Yet surely I most properly may call't,
 Or tearme't to be the common peoples fault.
 Thinke not I wrong them, for if it may not be
 A fault, so to digresse, you foone should see
 Their nature and condition ; but I hate it :
 And here in this place I will now relate it.
 Let therefore none condemne me if I breake
 My course awhile ; for I of them will speake ;
 Something, I say, my *Muse* of them must tell,
 She cannot beare it any farther well.
 And yet expect not all, for Ile but shew,
 Of many-hundred-thousand-faults, a few.

And to be briefe : The vulgar are as rude,
 A strange-inconstant-hare-braind multitude :
 Boren to and fro with euery idle Passiion ;
 And by Opinion led beside all fashion.
 For nouelty they hunt, and to a Song,
 Or idle Tale they'l listen all day long.
 Good things foone tyre them and they euer try
 To all reports how they may adde alie ;
 Like that of *Scoggins Crowes* : and with them still
Custome hath borne most sway, and euer will.

Or

Or good or bad what their fore-fathers doe,
They are resolu'd to put in practise too.

They are feditious, and so giuen to range
In their opinions ; that they thirst for change.
For if their Country be turnoyl'd with warre,
They thinke that peace is more commodious farre.
If they be quiet they would very faine
Begin to set the warres abroach againe.
I well remember when an *Irish* preffe,
Had made a Parish but a man the leffe,
Lord what a hurly burly there was than !
These warres (say they) hath cost vs many a man,
The Country is impouerisht by't, and we
Robb'd of our Husbands and our Children be ;
With many sad complaynings : But, now peace
Hath made *Bellonaes* bloody anger ceafe,
Their euer-discontented natures grutch,
And think this happy peace wee haue too much,
Yea, and their wifdomes beare vs now in hand,
That it is warre that doth enrich the Land.

But what are these ? not men of any merit,
That speake it from a bold and daring spirit,
But lightly some faint-harted brauing Momes,
That rather had be hangd at their owne homes
Than for the wel-fare of their Countrie stay
The brunt of one pitcht battell but a day :
Or such, as would distract with feare become,
To heare the thundring of a martiall Drum.
They cannot keepe a meane (a naughty crime)
Nor neuer are contented with the time ;

But

But better like the state they haue beene in,
 Although the present hath the better bin.
 E'ne as the *Iewes*, that loathing *Manna*, faine
 Would be in Egypt at their flesh againe,
 Though they were there in bondage. So doe these
 Wish for the world as in *Queene Maries* dayes ;
 With all the blindnesse and the trumperie,
 That was expeld the Land with Popery.
 Why ? things were cheap, and t'was a goodly meny
 When we had foure and twenty egges a penny.
 But sure they ate them stale for want of wit,
 And that hath made them addle-headed yet.

Then this (moreouer) I haue in them seene,
 They alwaies to the good haue eniuious beene.
 Milde men they reckon fooles, and doe vphold
 Him to be valiant that is ouer-bold.
 When, he with wife men is and euer was
 Counted no better then a desperate Asse.
 He that doth trust vnto their loue shall finde
 Tis more vnconstant then the wauering winde :
 Which since my time a Man that many knew
 Relyng on it, at his death found true.

Then they haue oft vnthankfully withstood
 Those that haue labour'd for the common-good.
 And, beeing basely minded, euermore,
 Seeke lesse the *publike* than their *priuate* store.
 Moreouer, such a *Prince* as yet was neuer,
 Of whom the *People* could speake well of euer.
 Nor can a man a *Gouvernour* inuent them
 How good soeuer, that shall long content them.

Their

Their *honestie* as I doe plainly finde
 Is not the disposition of their minde :
 But they are forc't vnto the same through feare :
 As in those *villaines* it may well appeare,
 Who hauing found some vile vngodly cause,
 If there be any meanes to wref the Lawes
 By *trickes* or *shifs*, to make the matter goc
 As they would haue it, all is well enow :
 Although the wrong and iniury they proffer,
 Be too apparent for a *Iew* to offer.

They know not *Injustice* ; and oft caufeflesse *hate* :
 Or where they shoul not, are *compassionate*.
 As at an Execution I haue feenc,
 Where Malefactors haue rewarded beene,
 According to desert ; before they know,
 If the accused guilty be or no :
 They on report, this hastic censure giue ;
 He is a *villaine*, and vnfitt to liue :
 But when that he is once arraign'd and found
 Guilty by Law, and worthily led bound
 Vnto the Scaffold, then they doe relent
 And pitty his deserued punishment.

Those that will now braue gallant men be deem'd,
 And with the Common people be esteem'd,
 Let them turne Hackfsters ; as they walke the street,
 Quarrell and fight with every one they meet ;
 Learne a Welsh song, to scoffe the British blood,
 Or breake a iest on Scotshmen, that's as good ;
 Or if they would that fooles shoul highly prize them,
 They shoul be Iugglers, if I might aduise them :

R

But

But if they want such feates to make them glorious,
By making Ballets they shall grow notorious.

Yet this is nothing ; If they looke for fame,
And meane to haue an euerlasting name
Amongst the Vulgar ; let them seeke for gaine
With *Ward* the Pirat, on the boistrous Maine ;
Or else well-mounted keepe themselues on land,
And bid our wealthy Trauellers to stnd
Emptying their full-cram'd-bags : for they'l not sticke
To speake in honour still of *Cutting-Dicke*.

But some may tell me, though that it be such,
It doth not goe against their conscience much :
And though there's boldnesse showne in such a case,
Yet Tiburne is a scuruy dying-place :
No, 'tis their credit ; for the people then,
Will say, *'Tis pitty, they were proper men*.
And with a thousand such-like humours, naught,
I doe perceiue the *common-people* fraught.

Then by th'opinion of some it seemes,
How much the Vulgar sort of men esteemes
Of *Art* and *Learning*. Certaine neighbouring Swaines
(That thinke none wise men, but whose wisdome gaines ;
Where *knowledge*, be it morall or diuine,
Is valued as an Orient-Pearle with Swine)
Meeting me in an Euening in my walke,
Being gone past me, thus began to talke :
First an old Chuffe, whose roofe I dare be bold,
Hath Bacon hangs in't aboue fие yeeres old,
Said ; That's his sonne that's owner of the grounds
That on these pleasant Beechy Mountaine bounds ;

D'ye

D'ye marke me neighbors? This same yong mans vather
 (Had a bin my zon, chad a hang'd him rather)
 Assoone as hee perceiu'd the little voole
 Could creepe about the house, putten to schoole :
 Whither he went not now and then a spurt,
 As't had been good to keepe him from the durt ;
 Nor yet at leisire times (that's my zonnes ftint)
 Vor then indeed there had bin reason in't :
 But for continuance, and beyond all zesse
 A held him too't fixe dayes a weeke, no lesse ;
 That, by *S. Anne*, it was a great presumption
 It brought him not his end with a Confumption.

And then besides, he was not so content,
 To putten there whereas our childers went,
 (To learne the Horne-booke and the Abcee through)
 No, that he thought not learning halfe enough,
 But he must fecke the Countrey all about,
 Where he might finde a better Teacher out.
 And then he buyes him (*now a pips befall it*)
 A vlapping booke : (I know not what they call it)
 'Tis Latine all ; and thus begins : *In speech*,
 And that's in English, *Boy, beware your breech.*

One day my *Dicke* a leafe on't with him brought,
 (Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught)
 And to his mother and my selfe did reade it :
 But we indeed did so extreamely dread it,
 We gaue him charge no more thereon to looke,
 Vor veare, it had beene of a *coniuring Booke*.
 But if you thinke I iest, goe aske my Wife,
 If ere she heard such gibbrish in her life.

R 2

But

But when he *yong* had cond the same by hart,
 And of a meny moe the better part ;
 He went to *Oxford*, where he did remaine
 Some certaine yeeres, whence hee's returnd againe.
 Now who can tell (it in my stomacke stickeſ)
 And I doe veare he hath ſome *Oxford* trickes :
 But if't be zo, would he had nere come hither,
 Vor we ſhall ſtill be ſure of bluſtring weather.
 To what end elſe is all his vathers coſt ?
 Th'ones charges, and the tothers labour's loſt.
 I warrant hee ſo long a learning went,
 That he almost a brothers portion ſpent ;
 And now it nought auailes him : By this Holly
 I thinke all learning in the world a folly ;
 And them I take to be the verieſt vooles,
 That all their life time doe frequent the Schooles.

Goe aske him now, and ſee if all his wits
 Can tell you when a *Barley ſeafon* hits ;
 When *Meddowes* muſt be left to ſpring, when mowne,
 When *Wheat*, or *Tares*, or *Rye*, or *Peafe* be ſowne :
 He knowes it not ; nor when 'tis meet to *fold*,
 How to manure the ground that's *wet* and *cold* :
 What Lands are fit for *Paſture*, what for *Corne*,
 Or how to harten what is ouer-worne.

Nay, he ſcarce knowes a *Gelding* from a *Mare*,
 A *Barrow* from a *Zow*, nor takes he care
 Of ſuch like things as theſe. He knowes not whether
 There be a diſference twixt the *Ewe* and *Wether*.
 Can he reſolute you (No, nor many more)
 If *Cowes* doe want their vpper teeth before ?

Nay,

Nay, I durst pawne a groat hee cannot tell
 How many legs a *Sheepe* hath very well.
 Is't not a wise man thinke yee? By the Masse
 Cham glad at hart my Zonne's not zuch an Asse:
 Why he can tell already all this geare,
 As well almost as any of vs heere.

And neighbours; yet I'le tell you more; my *Dick*
 Hath very pretty skill in *Arsemetricke*:
 Can cast account, write's name, and *Dunces* daughter
 Taught him to spell the hardest words ith' Zauter,
 And yet the Boy I'le warrant you knowes how
 As well as you or I, to hold the Plow:
 And this I noted in the Vrchen cuer,
 Bid him to take a Booke, he had as lether
 All day haue drawne a Harrow; truth is so,
 I like't it well, although I made no show;
 Vor to my comfort I did plainly fee,
 That he hereafter would not bookish be.

Then when that hauing nought at home to doe,
 I sometime forc't him to the schoole to goe,
 You would haue grieu'd in heart to heare him whine;
 And then how glad he was to keepe the swine,
 I yet remember: and what trickes the Mome
 Would haue inuented to but stay at home,
 You would haue wondred. But 'tis such another,
 A has a wit in all the world likes mother.
 Yet once a month although it greeues him than,
 Hee'l looke you in a booke doe what ye can:
 That *Mother*, *Sister*, *Brother*, all we foure
 Can scarce perswade him from't in halfe an houre.

But oft I thinke he does it more of spight
 To anger vs, then any true delight :
 Vor why ? his mother thinkes as others doe,
 (And I am halfe of that opinion too)
 Although a little learning be not bad,
 Those that are bookish, are the foonest mad.
 And therefore, sith much wit makes vooles of many,
Chill take an order, mine shall ne're haue any.

Byr Lady, you'r the wiser (quoth the rest)
 The course you take, in our conceit's the best :
 Your zonne may liue in any place i'th land
 By his industrious and laborious hand ;
 Whilst he (but that his Parents are his stay)
 Hath not the meanes to keepe himselfe a day.
 His study to our fight no pleasure giues,
 Nor meanes, nor profit ; and thereby he liues
 So little thing the better, none needes doubt it,
 He might haue beene a happier man without it :
 For though he now can speake a little better,
 It is not words you know will free the debtter.

Thus some, whose speeches shew well what they be,
 For want of matter fell to talke of me :
 Of whom, though someting they haue said be true,
 Yet sith, in steed of giuing *Art* her due,
 They haue disgrac't it. Notwithstanding, I
 Haue not the knowledge that these Dolts enuy,
 Or can so much without incurring blame,
 As take vnto my selfe a Schollers name :
 Yet now my reputation here to faue,
 (Sith I must make account of what I haue)

I'le

I'le let you know, though they so lightly deeme it,
What gaine's in *knowledge*, and how I esteeme it.

As often as I call to minde the Bliss,
That in my little *Knowledge* heaped is ;
The many comforts, of all which the least
More ioyes my heart than can be well exprest :
How happy then, thinke I, are they whose soules
More wisedome by a thousand part inroules ;
Whose vnderstanding harts are so diuine,
They can perceiue a *million* more than mine ?
Such haue content indeed. And who that's Man,
And should know reason, is so senselesse than
To spurne at *Knowledge*, *Art*, or *Learning*, when,
That onely showes they are the race of Men ?
And what may I then of those Peasants deeme,
Which doe of wisedome make so small esteeme ;
But that, indeed, such *blockish*, *senselesse logs*,
Sprang from those *Clownes Latona* turn'd to *frogs* ?
Alas ! Suppose-they nothing can be got
By precious stones, 'cause Swine esteeme them not ?
Or doe they thinke, because they cannot vse it,
That thos that may haue *Knowledge*, will refuse it ?

Well, if their shallow coxcombes can containe
A reason when 'tis told them, I'le explaine
How that fame little *knowledge* I haue got,
Much pleasures me, (though they perceiue it not.
For first, thereby though none can here attaine
For to renew their first estate againe)
A part reuiues (although it be but small)
Of that I lost by my first Fathers fall.

R 4

And

And makes me *Man*; which was before (at least)
 As haplesse, if not more, than is the beast,
 That reason wants: for his condition still,
 Remaines according to his Makers will.
 They neuer dreame of that. And then by this,
 I finde what *godly*, and what *euill* is:
 That knowing both, I may the best ensue;
 And, as I ought, the worser part eschew.
 Then I haue learnt to count that droffe but vaine,
 For which such *Boores* consume themselues with paine.
 I can endure all discontentments, croffes,
 Be *Iouiall* in my want, and smile at losses;
 Keepe vnder *Passions*, stop those insurrections,
 Rais'd in my *Microcosmus* by affections,
 Be nothing grieued for Aduersitie,
 Nor ne're the prouder for Prosperity.
 How to respect my Friends, I partly know,
 And in like manner how to vse my Foe.
 I can see others lay their Soules to pawne,
 Looke vpon Great-men, and yet scorne to fawne;
 Am still content; and dare, whilst God giues grace,
 E'ne looke my grimmeſt fortunes in the face.
 I feare mens censures as the char-coale sparks,
 Or as I doe a toothlesſe dog that barkes;
 The one frights children, th'other threatens to burne:
 But sparkes will die, and brawling curres returne.
 Yea, I haue learn't that still my care shall be
 A rush for him, that cares a straw for me.
 Now what wold men haue more? Are these no pleasures;
 Or doe they not deserue the name of treasures?

Sure

Sure yes ; and he that hath good *learning* store,
Shall finde these in't, besides a thousand more.

O ! but our *Chuffs* thinke, these delights but course,
If we compare them to their Hobby-horse :
And they belieue not any pleasure can
Make them so merry as Mayd-marian.
Nor is the Lawyer prouder of his fee,
Than these will of a Cuckooe Lordship bee :
Though their sweet Ladies make them father that
Some other at their *Whitson-Ales* begat.
But, he whose carriage is of so good note,
To be thought worthy of their Lords fooles coat,
That's a great credit ; for because that hee
Is euer thought the wifest man to be.
But, as there's vertue where the Diuel's precifest,
So there's much knowledge where a foole's the wifest.

But what meane I ? let earth content these Moles,
And their high'ſt pleasure be their Sommer-poles ;
Round which, I leaue their Masterships to dance,
And much good doo't them, with their *ignorance*.
So this I hope will well enough declare
How rude these *vulgar* ſort of people are.

But hereupon there's ſome may queſtione make,
Whether I onely for the *vulgar* take
Such men as theſe. To whom I anſwer, no ;
For let them heereby vnderſtand and know,
I doe not meane theſe meaner ſort alone,
Tradefmen, or Labourers ; but every one,
Be he Esquire, Knight, Baron, Earle, or more,
For if he haue not learn'd of Vertues lore,

But

But followes *vulgar* Passions ; then e'ne he,
 Amongst the *vulgar* shall for one man be : (him,
 And that poore Groome whom hee thinks should adore
 Shall for his *vertue* be preferd before him :
 For though the world doth such men much despise,
 They seeme most noble, in a wise-mans eyes.

And notwithstanding some doe noblest deeme
 Such as are sprung of great and high esteeme,
 And those to whom the Country doth afford
 The title of a Marquis, or a Lord,
 Though 'twere atchieued by their Fathers merits,
 And they themselues men but of dunghill spirits ;
 Cowards, or Fooles ; (And such as euer be
 Prating or boasting of their Pedigree)
 When they are nothing but a blot or shame,
 Vnto the noble house from whence they came :
 Yet these (I fay) vnlesse that they haue wit,
 To guide the Common-wealth, as it is fit
 They shoule ; And as their good fore-fathers did,
 How-ere their faults may seeme by Greatnes hid,
 They shall appeare ; And that poore Yeomans sonne,
 Whose proper vertue hath true honour wonne,
 Preferred be ; for though Nobilitie
 That comes by birth, hath most antiquity ;
 And though the greater sort, befooled, shall
 That new-enobled man an vpstart call,
 Yet, him most honor I, whose Noblenesse
 By *Vertue* comes ; yea such mens worthynesse
 Most ancient is. For, that is iust the same,
 By which all Great men first obtain'd their Fame.

Lib. 2. INCONSTANCE. Satyr. 2.

I therefore hope 'twill not offend the Court,
That I count some there with the Vulgar sort,
And out set others; though some thinke me bold,
That this opinion I presume to hold.

But shall I care what others thinke or say?
There is a path besides the beaten way;
Yea and a safer. For heere's *Christs Instruction*,
The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.
And truly no opinions deceiue
Sooner than those, the Vulgar sort receiue:
And therefore, he that would indeed be wise,
Must learne their rude conditions to despise,
And shun their presence; for we haue been taught,
Diseases in a presse are quicklie caught.

Now *Satyr* leaue them till another time,
And spare to scourge the Vulgar with thy Rime:
If any thinke thou haft digrest too long,
They may passe ouer this, and doe no wrong.

But in my former matter to proceed;
Who (beeing of mans Race) is so much freed
From ficklenessse, that he is sure to find
Himselfe to morrow in that very mind
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know
No reason wherefore he should not be so;
But also though he plainly doe perceiue
Much cause he should not that opinion leaue.
If no man find it so, who iustly can
Be forced to relye, or trust in Man;
Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amisse,
That by himselfe, himselfe deceiued is?

Who

Who is so fottish as to build Saluation
 On such a feeble tottering foundation
 As Man? Who is't that hauing a respect
 To his soules safety, will so much neglect
 That precious assurance, as to lay
 His confidence on that false peece of clay,
 Which beeing fickle, merits farre lesse trust,
 Than letters written in the sand or dust?
 Doe they not see those they haue foundest deem'd,
 And for their constantſt Writers long esteem'd,
 All wauering in assertions? yea, but looke,
 And you shall finde in one and the same booke,
 Such contradiction in Opinion,
 As shewes their thoughts are scarce at Vnion.

Where finde you him that dares be absolute,
 Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?
 There's none; I by mine owne experience speake,
 Who haue a feeling that we men are weake:
 Whereon, much musing, makes me inly mourne,
 And grieue almost that I a man was borne.
 (Yet hereupon I doe desire that no man,
 Would gather that I long to be a woman.)

Alas! how often had I good intendments
 And with my whole hart vow'd and fwore amendments;
 Yea, purpos'd that, wherein I once thought neuer
Vnconfancy should let me to perseuer?
 And yet for all my purpose and my vow,
 I am oft altered ere my selfe knowes how.

But therefore, fith it is not I alone,
 Or any certaine number that is knowne,

To

Lib. 2.

INCONSTANCE.

Satyr. 2.

To be vnstable ; but e'ne all that be ;
 Sith none (I say) is from this frailty free,
 Let vs confesse it all, and all implore
 Our *nere repenting God that cuermore*
Remaines the same, we may be (as we ought)
 More certaine both in *word*, and *deed*, and *thought* :
 That he will keepe vs from *Inconstancie*,
 Yea, from all damned, lewd *Apostacie* ;
 And howsoeuer our affe \mathfrak{c} tions change
 And we in flight opinions hap to range ;
 Yet, pray his *Truth* in vs be so ingraued,
 That, biding to the end, we may be faued.

O F



O F W E A K N E S.

S A T Y R. 3.

B Vt, oh looke heere ; for I haue surely found
 The *maine chiefe roote*, the very spring and ground
 Of our *Inconstancie*. It is not *Chance*
 That so disabiles our perseuerance ;
 But a base *Weakenesse* : which to tearme aright,
Is merely a priuation of our might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which should be in those limbs and mindes of our.
 Wee boast of strength ; but tell me, can our dayes
 Afford a *Milo*, or a *Hercules* ?
 Can all the world (and that is large enough)
 A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* shew ?
 Haue we a Champion strong enough to wield
 His Buckler ? or Sir *Ajax* seauen-fold Shield ?
 I thinke we haue not : (but I durst so grant,
 There be some liuing shall with *Ajax* vant.)
 Nay, now in these dayes it is doubted much,
 Whether that any former Age had such
 As these fore-nam'd ; but indeed our faith
 Binds vs to credit, that as Scripture faith ;

There

There was a *Samson*, who could fright whole hostis,
 And rent down *Azaths* barred gates and postis,
 Whose mighty Armes vnarm'd could bring to passe,
 E'ne with the rotten Iaw-bone of an Asfe,
 A thousands ruine ; and yet 'twill be long
 E're he shall thereby prooue that man is strong.
 For first, the strength he seem'd to haue, was known
 To be the *Spirit of God*, and not his own :
 And then his proper weaknes did appeare.
 When after his braue act he had wel-neare
 Beene dead for thirst, whereas if he in spight
 Of Nature had been able, by his might
 Out of that little Bony-rocke to wring,
 To quench his present thirst, some flowing Spring,
 As did a stronger one : or if his power
 Could haue compeld the melting *clouds* to showre
 For present need, such plentious drops of raine
 He might haue had no Reason to complaine,
 Or craue more aide ; Sure, then we might at length,
 Suppose that Men had in themselues a strength,
 But nere till then. He's mighty that can make
 The *Heauens*, *Earth*, and *Hell*, with's breath to shake,
 That in his Spheare the Suns swift course can stop,
 And *Atlas* with his burthen vnder-prop.
 He that with ease this massie Globe can rowle,
 And wrap vp Heauen like a parchment scrowle ;
 He that for no Disease or Paine will droope,
 Nor vnto any plague Infernall stoope :
 He that can Meat, and Drinke, and Sleepe refraine,
 Or hath the power to Die, and Rise againe.

He's

Hee's strong indeed ; but he that can but teare
 Or rent in two a Lion or a Beare,
 Or doe some such like act, and then goe lie
 Himselfe ore-come by some infirmitie,
 How-ere with vants he seemes his deedes to grace,
 He is both miserable, weake, and base.

What Creature is there borne so weake as Man,
 And so vnable ? tell me, he that can.
 Or (if that they could numbred be by any)
 Count his diseases, and what hath so many ?
 Or else what Creature is there, if he be
 In bone and flesh of the same quantity,
 So fraile as Man ? or that can worse sustaine
 Hunger, or thirst, or cold, or heate, or paine ?
 Sure none ; and yet in Histories we finde,
 Till *Luxurie* had weakened thus mankinde,
 They were much stronger ; could endure the heat,
 Trauell a long time without drinke or meat :
 And their best daintie was no costlier thing,
 Than a wilde roote, or water from the spring.
 With which small commons Nature was content ;
 Yea, in our Climate, people naked went ;
 And yet no question felt as little cold,
 As we, wrapt vp in halfe a dozen fold.
 They had no wast-coats ; night-caps for their heads,
 Nor downy pillowes, nor soft feather-beds :
 They scornd as much, to haue such things about them,
 As we in this Age scorne to be without them.
 Their heads some stone bare vp : their brawny fides,
 With ease the hardnesse of the earth abides.

Glut-

Gluttonous fare that so the palat pleases,
 Nere fild their bodies full of foule diseases ;
 Nor any pleasing liquors with exceſſe,
 Made them grow weake through beastly drunkennesſe.
 No lust-prouoking meats made them vnchaſte,
 Nor vnto carnall copulation haſte.

For I am in the minde they nere requir'd it,
 Till Nature, come to her full strength, desir'd it :
 And that is it alone which made them be
 More stout, more ſtrong, and brauer men then we.
 It was a noble care in them indeed. But how
 Are we become ſuſh Dwarſes and Pigmies now ?
 How are our limbes ſo weake and feeble growne ?
 I thinke I need not tell it, 'tis well knowne ;
Nice tender breeding, which we well might ſpare,
Much drunkennesſe, and our *luxurious fare* ?
 Which addes not strength, as ſome doe vainely fay,
 But rather takes both ſtrength and health away.
 Yet chiefly this fame *imbecillity*,
 Comes by too foone and frequent *venerie*.

A beardleſſe Boy now cannot keepe his bed,
 Vnleſſe that he be of his Night-geere ſped,
 And many Giglets I haue married ſeene,
 Ere they (forſooth) could reach *eleuenteeene*.
 Nay 'tis no wonder we are growne ſo weake,
 For now they'r matching brats ere they can ſpeake ;
 And though we yet fay that the men are stronger,
 Yet he (I thinke) that liues but ſo much longer,
 The reuolution of an Age to fee,
 Will fay that men the weaker vefſels be.

S

But

But now our strength of body, which indeed,
 Deferues no more respect then doth a Reed,
 Is not the strength of which I meant to speake,
 For we are yet another way too *weake*.
 Our minds haue lost their Magnanimitie,
 And are so feeble through infirmitie ;
 That either to be resolute we care not,
 Or else because of some base *feare* we dare not.

Where can we almost finde a man so hardy,
 Who through his *weaknes* is not sometime tardy
 To speake the truth ? or to declare his minde,
 Though he doe many iust occasions finde ?
 Hee'l winke at's friends offence, and passe it blindly,
 Left (peraduenture) he should take't vnkindly.
 And if it be a Great man that offends,
 Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,
 And Ile admire him. Nay, wee'l rather now
 Bend our endeaour, and our study how
 To sooth and fawne ; or to their lewdnes tell
 That all they doe (be't ne're so bad) is well.
 Their very lookes and presence we so feare,
 As if that they some monstrosous *Cyclops* were ;
 Which makes them worse. But howsoere they trust
 Vnto their *might*, Ile tell them (for I must)
 Although they threaten, and can flanders make
 Of iust reproofes, my heart shall neuer quake
 T'informe their Honors, thus 'tis censur'd by men,
 If they be Great-ones, *Tanto maius crimen* :

One knowes the *Truth*, but dares not to defend it,
 Because he heares another discommend it ;

Yea

Yea diuers follow Vertues wayes but coldly,
 Because they dare not doe a good thing boldly :
 And doe we not perceiue that many a man
 Fearing to be entitled *Puritan*,
 Simply neglects the meanes of his saluation,
 Much hazarding thereby his Soules damnation ?

Some cannot well enduer this or that ;
 Others distemperd with I know not what
 Shew an exceeding frailty : Few can brooke
 With any patience, that men shoulde looke
 Into their actions ; and though they shoulde loue them,
 They rather hate them for't that doe reprooue them.

Is there a man so strong, that he forbeares
 Choller or Enuy, when by chance he heares
 Himselue reuill'd, reproached and disgrac't ?
 If there be such a one, he shal be plac't
 Amongst the *Worthies*, with the formost three
 For in my iudgement none more worthy be
 To haue renowne for strength, than thos that can
 On their rebellious Passions play the man.

This *Weaknes* I doe also finde in men,
 They know not their owne happineffe till then
 When they haue lost it : And they doe esteeme
 Men for their Wealth, and doe them blessed deeme
 That are most Rich ; supposing no man more
 Accursed or vnhappy than the poore.

Some basely doe condemn each strange report
 To be vntrue, because it doth not sort
 With their weake reasons. Some againe will be
 Astonished at euery nouelty :

But too much wondring doth discouer plaine,
Where ignorance and frailtie doth remaine.

Is it not *Weakenes*, when some petty losses,
Some hinderance in preferment, or such crosses,
Shall make men grieue ? Is it not *weaknes*, when
Aduersity shall so disquiet men,
That they should not with patience sustaine,
Or vnder-goe a little croffe and paine ?
Yes questionlesse it is ; for were they strong,
They would so arme themselues gainst grieve & wrong.
That no disastrous or ill hap should fright them,
Though Fortune did the worst she can to flight them :
Nor would they those, as the vnworthiest deeme,
To whom Dame Fortune doth most foward feeme ;
But rather such as all their life-time be
In quiet state, and from disturbance free :
For she oft givies what their base longing craues,
Because she scornes to vexe deiected slaves.

I haue knowne *braue-men*, braue at least in shew
(And in this Age now that is braue enow)
That in appearance for braue Champions past,
And yet haue basely yeelded at the last.

Besides, there's many who thought scorne to droope
By Fortunes power, haue beene made to stoope,
And with discredit shamefully left vndone
What they with honour at the first begun :
And their weake hearts (which frailty I much hate)
Deiected, haue growne base with their estate :
Whereas (me thinkes) the minde should neuer be
Subiect to Fortunes frownes nor tyrannie.

But

But heere, through *weaknes*, some offence may take,
 That I of Fortune should recitall make :
 For they by Fortune say there's nothing done ;
 But all things are both ended and begun
 By Gods appointment. I confesse indeed
 That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed.
 In the respect of whom, I cannot fay
 Ought comes by Chance : respecting vs, I may.

So they are answer'd : But how can men be
 So ouer-borne with this infirmitie ;
 As those who are in eu'ry matter led
 By Parasites and Apes : *Where is their head?*
 I meane their will, their reasoun, and their sensc ?
 What is become of their intelligence ?
 How ist that they haue such a partiall care,
 They can iudge nothing true, but what they heare
 Come from the tongue of some flie Sycophant :
 But for because they strength of judgement want ?

Those that themselues to Flatteries inure,
 I haue perceiued basely to endure
 Too plainly to be soothed, mockt, and flouted,
 Made coxcombs to their faces ; yet not doubted
 That they were highly reuerenc't, respected,
 And by those fawning Parasites affected.
 And why forsooth ? they often here them prate
 In commendation of their happy state :
 Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,
 Wife, courteous, strong, and beautifull to see :
 When if the eye of reason were not lockt,
 They plainly might perceiue that they were mockt.

For what is't else, when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions, that had neuer any ?

This frailty also merits to be blam'd,
When fearfull of reproach we are ashamed
Our Ignorance in those things to explaine,
Wherein 'twere fit more knowledge to attaine.
'Tis weaknes also, when a Bargaine's bought,
Then to dispraise the penniworth, as nougat,
And tell what might haue been, or fondly prate
Of counsell, when he sees it is too late.

Nor is it any leffe, to seeke to stay
Him that we know doth haften on his way ;
Or be importunate for that which will
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill.
Also to be affraide for to gaine-say
What men doe know vntrue : or to delay
The right of any matter to declare ;
Because they feare they vnbeleeued are :
For notwithstanding *Truth* doth oft bring blame,
It may be freely spoken without shame.

Diuers more wayes, of which I needs must speak,
There's many men doe shew themselues but weake.
In some but lately I obserued this,
And must needs say, their nature euill is ;
If friends to them haue any kindnesse showne,
Or entertainments willingly bestowne,
That they confesse they are indebted for it :
Yet such is their condition (I abhor it)
If then those friends doe hap to take the paine,
To come sometime and visite them againe

In

In meere good will, because these great ones see
 They cannot then so well prouided be
 To bid them welcome as their loues require,
 (Though more than loue, their loues did nere desire)
 A foolish shame so blinds them, that they shall
 (For giuing them too much) haue nougnt at all :
 Yea, for because they want excessiue fare,
 Or some such things, for which their friends nere care,
 (Though by their will it otherwise had been)
 They neither will be knowne at home, nor feene :
 Which doth not onely shew impiety,
 But hindereth loue, and barres societie.

Yet now the greatest weakenesse that I finde
 To be in man, is ignorance of minde :
 It makes a poore man he's scarce good for ought ;
 If rich men haue it, they are worse then nougnt.
 For hauing riches store, and wanting might
 Or strength of mind to vse the same aright,
 'Tis Arogancies and Ambitions fuell,
 It makes them Couetous, Inconstant, Cruell,
 Intemperate, Vniust, and wondrous heady ;
 Yea, in their actions rude, and so vnsteady
 They cannot follow any found direction,
 But are still carried with a wild affection :
 This is their nature ; (It is quickly noted)
 If they to honour be by hap promoted,
 Then they grow insolent, beyond all reason,
 Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treafon ;
 Or any villanie that followes those
 Who doe the summe of happinesse repose

In worldly glory. But if Fortune frowne,
 And from her fickle wheele once cast them downe ;
 Then their deie&ted hearts againe grow base,
 They are impatient of their present case,
 Raue or run mad, and can doe naught poore Elues,
 Vnlesse it be goe hang or drowne themselues.

Moreouer, the same weakenesse that proceeds
 From ignorance, this mischefe also breeds ;
 It makes men well-conceited of their will,
 Which they will follow, be it ne're so ill :
 And they thinke all things needs must fall out bad,
 Wherein their wife aduise may not be had.
 But heere's the hell : to them all counsell's vaine,
 Cause they all others wisedome doe disdaine,
 And wholly on their owne deuises rest ;
 As men perswaded that their owne are best.

But, as all such are weake, e'ne so I say
 Is euery one that rashly doth repay
 Vengeance in anger : Or that's male-content
 Oft, or oft mooued and impatient ;
 Or those that iudge of counsels by th'euent ;
 Or that perswade themselues, if their intent
 Be good and honest, that it doth not skill
 Although the matter of it selfe be ill ;
 Which were it true, then *Dauid* might complaine,
 Thar *Vzzah* for his good intent was slain.

Others againe, thinke Superstitious Rites
 To be the seruice wherein God delights :
 But fith I'me forc't my mind of them to speake,
 I must needs say their iudgements are but weake.

The

The like I must of them who dis-esteeme
 All former customs, and doe onely deeme
 Their own praise-worthy : As also such as do
 Thinke those things best they cannot reach vnto ;
 Yet in the Vulgar this weake humor's bred :
 They'l sooner be with idle customs led,
 Or fond opinions (such as they haue store)
 Than learne of reason, or of Vertues lore.

We thinke that we are strong ; but what alas
 Is there that our great might can bring to passe ?
 Sith though we thereto bend e'ene all our will,
 We neither can be good nor wholly ill.
 God giues vs needfull blessings for to vse them,
 Which wanting power to doe, we oft abuse them.

Some hold them wise and vertuous that possesse
 An Heremitall solitariness :
 But it proceeds from *Imbicity* ;
 And for because, through *Non-ability*,
 Those things they cannot well endure to do,
 Which they indeed should be iniur'd vnto :
 Besides they wrong their Country and their Friends ;
 For Man (faith *Tully's*) borne to other ends
 Than for to please himselfe : A part to haue
 The Common-weale doth looke, and Parents craue
 A part ; so doe his friends. Then deales he well,
 That closely mew'd vp in a carclesse Cell
 Keepes all himselfe ? and for a little ease,
 Can in his conscience finde to rob all these ?
 I say hee's weake, and so againe I must ;
 But adde withall, hee's flothfull and vniust.

Then

Then, as hee's vaine that precious time doth spend
 In fond and idle pleasure, to no end :
 So are those weake, that with contempt disdaine
 All pleasure and delight on earth, as vaine ;
 And though they would be zealous thought, and wife,
 I shall but count them foolishly precise :
 For man hath cares, and pleasures mixt with-all
 Are needfull : yea, both iust and naturall.
 We are no *Angels*, that our recreation
 Consist should onely in meere contemplation :
 But we haue bodies too, of whose due pleasure,
 The Soules must find sometimes to be at leasure,
 For to participate. But in this kinde,
 Though some find fault, we are not much behind.

Then 'tis through humane weaknes, when that we
 Of a good turne will foone forgetfull be ;
 And readier to reuenge a small offence,
 Than for that good to make a recompence.
 And so 'tis also when that we eschew,
 Or shun them, vnto whom from vs is due
 Both loue and money : this, because their owne ;
 Th'other, 'cause friendship at our need was showne.
 But 'tis well seene, there's many so abhor
 To be in presence with their Creditor,
 That (thanklesse Elues) though he be still their friend,
 They rather would desire to see his end.

Hee's weake too, that's not able to withstand
 Any vnlawfull or vniust demaund :
 As well as he that knowes not to denie
Seruing-mens kindnesse, or *Pot-curteſie*.

Some

Some simple fellowes, 'cause that Silken-fooles
(Who had their bringing vp in *Bacchus* schooles)
In shew of loue, but daigne to drinke vnto them,
Thinke prefently they such a fauour do them,
That though they feele their stomacke wel-nigh sick,
Yet if to pledge these kind-ones they shoulde stick,
Or for a draught or two, or three refuse them,
They think in conscience they shoulde much abuse them.

Nay, there be some, and wise men you would thinke,
That are not able to refuse their drinke.
Through this their weaknes ; though that they be sure,
'Tis more than their weake stomacks can endure.
And why ? Oh 'tis the health of some great Peere,
His Masters, or his Friends he counteth deere.
What then ? If so the party vertuous be,
Hee'l not esteeme of such a foolery ;
If not, who er't be, this is my mind still,
A straw for's loue, his friendship, or good-will.

Some muse to see those that haue knowledge gain'd,
And to Degrees of Art in Schooles attain'd,
Should haue opinions stuft with heresie,
And in their actions such simplicity
As many haue. At first, without a pause,
As meere a Boy as I, may tell the cause :
Is't not the reason, their acquired parts
And knowledge they haue reaht vnto by Arts,
Is grown a match too great, and farre vnfit
For to be ioyned with their naturall wit ?
'Tis so : and they instead of rightfull vsing,
Draw from their learning, errors, by abusing.

Plaine

Plaine Reason shewes, and euery man that's wise
 Knowes, though that Learning be a dainty prize,
 Yet if that Fate with such a weakling place it,
 Who hath no helps of Nature for to grace it,
 Or one whose proper *knowledge* is so small
 Hee is beholding to his Booke for all ;
 It onely breeds (vnlesse it be some Treasons)
 Crippled-Opinions, and prodigious Reasons :
 Which beeing fauour'd, bring, in the Conclusion
 Publique Diffensions, or their owne Confusion.

For I may liken Learning to a Shield,
 With a strong Armour lying in a Field,
 Ready for any man that hath the wit
 To take it vp and arme himselfe with it.
 Now, if he be a man of strength and might,
 That happens on that furniture to light,
 He may doe wonders ; As offend his foe,
 And keepe himselfe and his from ouerthrow :
 But, if a weake and feeble man should take
 These instruments of *Mars*, what would they make
 For his aduantage ? Surely I should gather
 They would goe neere to ouerthrow him rather :
 For they would load him so, a man more strong
 Although he be vnarm'd, may doe him wrong.
 So he that is depriu'd of Natures gifts,
 With all his Learning, maketh harder shiffts
 Through his own weaknesse, and incurs more shames,
 Than many that want Art to write their Names.

We haue some fellowes that would scorne to be
 Tearm'd *Weake* I know, especially by me,

Because

Because they see that my vngentle *Fate*,
 Allow'd me not to be a *Graduate* ;
 Yet whatsoeuer they will say vnto it,
 For all their scorning I am like to doe it.
 And to be briefe, they are no simple fooles,
 But such as haue yauld *Ergo* in the Schooles,
 Who being by some men of Worship thought,
 Fit men by whom their children may be taught,
 And learn'd enough, for that they are allowd
 The name of Teachers ; whereof growing proud,
 Because (perhaps) they heare that now and then
 They are admir'd at by the Seruing-men ;
 Or else by reason some thing they haue said,
 Hath beene applauded by the Chamber-maid ;
 They thereupon suppose that no man may
 Hold any thing for truth but what they say :
 And in discourse their tonges so much will walke,
 You may not heare a man of reason talke ;
 They are halfe Preachers, if your question be
 Of matters that concerne Diuinitie.
 If it be Law ; Ile warrant they'l out-face
 A dozen *Ploydens* to maintaine their case :
 But if it be of Physick you contend,
 Old *Galen* and *Hypocrates* may fend
 For their opinion ; nay, they dare professe
 Knowledge in all things, though there's none know lesse :
 Now I shoud wonder they preuail'd so much
 Did not the Common-people fauour such ;
 But they are known although their verdict passes,
 Proud *Dogmatists*, and selfe-conceited Asses ;

Whom

Whom I may tearm (though I cannot out-sould them)
Weake simple fooles, & those that doe uphold them.

Moreouer, some (but foolishly precise,
 And in my iudgement, far more weake than wise)
 Misiudge of *Poetry*, as if the same
 Did worthily deserue reproach and blame :
 If any Booke in verse they hap to spy,
Oh, out upon't, away, prophane, they cry ;
Burn't, read it not, for sure it doth containe
Nothing but fables of a lying braine ;
 All-asfe take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
 The out-side of thy false-vain glorious-sutes :
 And to the blinded people makes it plaine,
 The colour thou so counterfet'ſt will staine.

Because we see that men are drunke with Wine,
 Shall we contemne the liquor of the Vine ?
 And sith there's some that doe this Art misvſe,
 Wilt therefore thou the Art it ſelſe abuse ?
 'Twere meere iniuſtice : For *Diuinitie*
 Hath with no Science more affinitie
 Than this ; and howſoere this ſcruple roſe,
 Rime hath expreſt as ſacred things as Proſe ;
 When both in this Age, and in former time,
 Proſe hath bin ten-times more profane than Rime.

But they ſay ſtill that *Poetry* is lies
 And fables ; ſuch as idle heads deuife ;
 Made to please fooles : but now we may by this
 Perceiue their weaknes plainly what it is :
 Yea, this both weake and ignorant doth proue them,
 In that they'l censure things that are aboue them :

For

For if that worthy Poets did not teach
 A way beyond their dull conceited reach,
 I thinke their shallow wisedomes would espy,
 A Parable did differ from a Lie.
 Yea, if their iudgement be not quite bereft ;
 Or if that they had any reason left,
 The precious Truths within their fables wrapt,
 Had not vpon so rude a censure hapt.

But though that kind of teaching some dispraise,
 As there's few good things lik't of now adaiers :
 Yet I dare say, because the Scriptures shew it,
 The best ere taught on earth, taught like a Poet :
 And whereas Poets now are counted base,
 And in this worthleffe Age in much disgrace ;
 I of the cause cannot refraine to speake ;
 And this it is : Mens iudgements are grown weake,
 They know not true desert ; for if they did
 Their wel-deseruings, could not so be hid.

And sure if there be any doth despise
 Such as they are ; it is cause he enuies
 Their worthinesse ; and is a secret foe
 To euery one that truely learnes to know :
 For, of all sorts of men here's my beliefe,
 The Poet is most worthy, and the chiefe :
 His Science is the absolut'ft and best,
 And deserues honour aboue all the rest ;
 For tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
 But rather tis inspir'd into the heart
 By *Diviine* meanes ; and I doc muse men dare
 Twixt it and their professions make compare.

For

For why should he that's but Philosopher,
 Geometrician, or Astrologer,
 Physician, Lawyer, Rhetorician,
 Historian, Arithmetician,
 Or some such like ; why should he (hauing found
 The meanes but by one Art to be renown'd)
 Compare with him that claimes to haue a part
 And interest almost in euery Art ?
 And if that men may adde vnto their name,
 By one of these, an euerlafting fame,
 How much more shoulf it vnto them befall,
 That haue not onely one of these, but all,
 As Poets haue ? For doe but search their Works,
 And you shall finde within their writing lurks
 All *knowledge* : If they vndertake
 Of *Divine* matters any speech to make,
 You'l thinke them Doctors. If they need to tell
 The course of Starres, they feeme for to excell
 Great *Ptolomey* ; Intend they to perswade,
 You'l thinke that they were Rhetoricians made.

What *Law*, what *Physicke*, or what *History*,
 Can these not treat of ? Nay, what Mysterie
 Are they not learn'd in ? If of Trades they write,
 Haue they not all their tearms and words as right
 As if they had seru'd an Apprentiship ?
 Can they not name all Tooles for workmanship ?
 We see tis true. If once he treat of Warres,
 Of cruell bloudy frayes, of wounds, of scarres.
 Why then he speakes so like a Souldier there,
 That he hath been begot in armes thou'l fweare.

Againe,

Againe, he writes so like a Nauigator,
 As if he had seru'd *Neptune* in the water ;
 And thou wouldest thinke he might of trauell make
 As great a volumne, as our famous *Drake*.
 Old *Proteus*, and *Vertumnus* are but Apes,
 Compar'd to these, for shifting of their shapess ;
 There is no humorous Passiōn so strange,
 To which they cannot in a moment change :
 Note but their *Dramatickes*, and you shall see
 They'l speake for euery sex, for each degree,
 And in all causes ; as if they had beene
 In euery thing, or at least all things seene.
 If need be they can like a Lawyer prate,
 Or talke more grauely like a man of State ;
 They'l haue a Tradsemans tongue to praise their ware,
 And counterfeit him right (but they'l not fweare.)
 The curiouſt Physicians (if they please)
 Shall not coyne words to giue their Patient eafe,
 So well as they ; And if occasion vrge,
 They'l Choller, yea and Melancholy purge,
 Onely with charmes and words ; and yet it shall
 Be honest meanes, and meerely naturall :
 Are they dispos'd to gossip't like a Woman,
 They'l shew their tricks so right, that almost no man
 But wouldest thinke them : Virgins that are pureſt,
 And Matrons that make shew to be demureſt,
 Speake not so like chaſte *Cynthia* as they can,
 Nor *Newbery* so like a Curtezan.
 They'l giue words either fitting for a Clowne ;
 Or ſuch as ſhall not vnbeſeeme a Crowne.

T

In

In shew they will be chollericke, ambitious,
Desperate, iealous, mad, or eniuious ;
In sorrow, or in any Passiōn be ;
But yet remaine still, from all Passions free :
For they haue onely to this end exprest them,
That men may see them plainer, and detest them.

But some will say that these haue on the Stage,
So painted out the *vices* of this Age,
That it not onely tels that they haue bin
Experienc't in euery kind of sin,
But that it also doth corrupt and shew
How men should act those sinnes they did not know.

Oh hatefull saying ! not pronounc't by chance,
But spew'd out of malicious ignorance.
Weigh it, and you will either thinke these weake,
Or say that they doe out of enuy speake.
Can none declare th'effect of Drunkennesse,
Vnlesse they vsed such like beastlinesse ?
Are all men ignorant what comes by Lust,
Excepting those that were themselues vniust ?
Or thinke they no man can describe a sin,
But that which he himselfe hath wallowed in ?

If they suppose so, I no cause can tell,
But they may also boldly say as well
They are Apprentices to euery Trade,
Of which they find they haue descriptions made ;
Or else, because they see them write those things
That doe belong to Rule, best say th'are Kings :
As though that sacred *Poesie* inspir'd
No other knowledge than might be acquir'd

By

By the dull outward sence ; yes, this is she,
That shewes vs not alone all things that be,
But by her power layes before our view,
Such wondrous things as Nature neuer knew.

And then whereas they say that men are worse
By reading what these write, 'tis their owne curse ;
For, is the flower faulty, cause we see
The loathsome Spider and the painfull Bee
Make diuers vse on't ? No it is the same
Vnto the Spider, though she cannot frame
Like sweetnesse, as the Bee thence. But indeed
I must confesse that this bad Age doth breed
Too many that without respect presume
This worthy title on them to assume,
And vndeseru'd ; base fellowes, whom meere time
Hath made sufficient to bring forth a Rime,
A Curtaine Iigge, a Libell, or a Ballet,
For Fidlers, or some Rogues with staffe and wallet
To sing at doores : men onely wise enough,
Out of some rotten-old-worme-eaten stiffe
To patch vp a bald witlesse Comedy,
And trim it here and there with Ribauldry
Learn'd at a bawdy house ? I say there's such,
And they can neuer be disgrac't too much.
For though the name of *Poet* such abuses
Yet they are enemies to all the *Muses*,
And dare not fort with them for feare they will
Tumble them headlong downe *Parnassus* hill.

Why then should their vsurping of it, wrong
That Title which doth not to them belong ?

T 2

And

And wherefore should the shame of this lewd crew
 Betide them, vnto whom true honour's due ?
 It shall not ; for how ere they vse the name,
 Their workes will shew how they doe merit fame ;
 And though it be disgrac't through ignorance,
 The generous will *Poesie* aduance,
 As the most Antique Science that is found,
 And that which hath been the first root and ground
 Of euery Art ; yea, that which onely brings
 Content ; and hath been the delight of Kings.
 Great I A M E S our King, both loues and liues a Poet,
 (His books now extant doe directly shew it)
 And That shall adde vnto his worthy name,
 A better glory, and a greater fame
 Than *Britaines Monarchie* ; for few but hee
 (I thinke) will both a King and Poet be ;
 And for the last, although some fooles debase it,
 I'm in the minde that *Angels* doe imbrace it :
 And though God giue't heere but in part to some,
 All shall haue't perfect in the World to come.

This in defence of *Poesie* to say
 I am compel'd, because that at this day,
Weakenesse and *Ignorance* haue wrong'd it sore :
 But what need any man therein speake more
 Than *Diuine Sidney* hath already done ?
 For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
 I haue oft sighed, and bewailed my Fate,
 That brought me forth so many yeeres too late
 To view that *Worthy* ; And now thinke not you
 Oh *Daniel, Drayton, Johnson, Chapman*, how

I long to see you with your fellow Peeres,
Syluester matchlesse, glory of these yeeres :
 I hitherto haue onely heard your fames,
 And know you yet but by your Workes and Names :
 The little time I on the earth haue spent,
 Would not allow me any more content :
 I long to know you better, that's the truth,
 I am in hope you'l not disdaine my Youth :
 For know you *Muses* Darlings, Ile not craue
 A fellowship amongst you for to haue,
 Oh no ; for though my euer-willing-hart
 Haue vow'd to loue and praise You and your Art,
 And though that I your stile doe now assume,
 I doe not, nor I will not so presume ;
 I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet* ;
 It is not yet deseru'd by me, I know it :
 Grant me I may but on your *Muses* tend,
 And be enroul'd their Seruant, or their Friend ;
 And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
 Then for a *Fellow* (if it please you) take me.

But yet I must not here giue off to speake,
 To tell Men wherein I haue found them weake,
 And chiefly those that cannot brooke to heare
 Mention of Death, but with much griefe and feare :
 For many are not able once to take
 That thought into them, but their Soules will quake.

Poore feeble spirits, would you nere away,
 But dwell for euer in a piece of Clay ?
 What finde you heere wherein you doe delight,
 Or what's to seeing that is worth the sight ?

What? doe the heauens thy endeauours bleffe,
 And would'ft thou therefore liue still to posseffe
 The ioy thou hast? Seeke't not; perhaps to morrow,
 Thoul't wish to haue di'd to day, to scape the sorrow
 Thou then shalt see: for shame take stronger harts,
 And adde more courage to your better parts:
 For Death's not to be fear'd, sith 'tis a Friend
 That of your forrowes makes a gentle end.

But here a quality I call to minde,
 That I amongst the Common-people finde;
 This 'tis, a weake one too; When they perceiue
 A friend neere death, and ready for to leaue
 This wretched life; and if they heare him say
 Some parting words as if he might not stay,
Nay, say not so (these comforters reply)
Take heart, your time's not come, yee shall not die:
What man, and grace of God, you shall be stronger,
And liue no doubt, yet many a faire day longer;
Thinke not on Death; with many such like words,
 Such as their vnderstanding best affords:
 But where is now become this peoples wit?
 What doe their knowledges esteeme more fit
 Than death to thinke on? chiefly when men be
 About to put off their Mortalitie.
 Me thinkes they rather should perswade them then,
 Feareleffe to be resolu'd to die like Men:
 For, want of such a resolution stings
 At poynt of Death; and dreadfull horror brings
 E'ne to the Soule; 'cause wanting preparation,
 She lies despairing of her owne saluation.

Yea

Yea and moreouer, this full well know I,
 Hee that's at any time affraid to die,
 Is in weake case ; and whatsoe're he faith,
 Hath but a wauering and a feeble Faith.

But what need I goe further to relate
 The frailtie I haue seene in Mans estate ?
 Sith this I haue already said makes cleere,
 That of all Creatures God hath place heere,
 (Prouided we respect them in their kinde)
 We cannot any more vnable find :
 For, of our selues we haue not power to speake ;
 No, nor to frame a thought, we are so weake.
 Against our bodies euery thing preuailes,
 And oft our knowledge and our iudgement failes :
 Yea, if that one mans strength were now no lesse
 Than all men doe in generall posseſſe ;
 Or if he had attain'd to ten times more
 Than all Gods creatures ioynd in one before ;
 Yet would his power be euen then fo small,
 When he stands sureſt, hee's but ſure to fall.

'Tis onely *weakenes* that doth make vs droope,
 And vnto croſſes and diſeases ſtoope ;
 That makes vs vaine, inconstant, and vnsure,
 Vnable any good things to endure :
 It brings vs to the ſeruile base ſubiection
 Of all loſe paſſion, and vntam'd affection :
 It leades vs and compels vs oft to ſtray,
 Both beſide Truth, and out of Reasons way :
 And laſtly wee, and that becauſe of this,
 Either doe nothing, or doe all amifs.

Which being so, we may with *Dauid* then,
Confesse that we are rather *Wormes* than *Men*.



O F P R E S V M P T I O N.

S A T Y R. 4.

Soft heedlesse *Muse*, thou no aduisement tak'st ;
Waſt not of *Men* that laſt of all thou ſpakſt ?
It was : and of the *weakeneſſe* too of *Men* :
Come then with shame now and denie't agen :
Recant ; for ſo the matter thou didſt handle,
Thou maift be curſt for't with *Bell*, *Booke* and *Candle*.
Is mankinde weake ? Who then can by their powers
Into the Aire hurle Palaces and Towers ?
And with one blaſt e'ne in a moment make
Whole Kingdomes and braue Monarchies to ſhake ?
Or what are they that dare for to aſpire
Into Gods ſeat ; and, if it might be, higher :
That forgiue finnes as fast as men can doe them,
And make *Iehouah* be beholding to them ?

I'ue

I'ue heard of such ; What are they ? Would I wist ;
 They can make Saints (they say) of whom they list :
 And beeing made aboue the starres can seat them,
 Yea, with their own hands make their gods, & eat them.

Ha ? Are they Men ? How dar'ft thou then to speake
 Such Blasphemy, to say, *Mankinde is weake* ?

I tell the this, *Muse*, either *Man* is strong,
 And through thy babbling thou hast done him wrong,
 Or else beyond his limits he doth erre,
 And for *Presumption* puts downe *Lucifer*.

Is't so ? Nay then I prethee *Muse* goe on,
 And let vs heare of his *Presumption* :

For I doe know, cause I haue heard him vaunt,
 That he's a Creature proud and arrogant :

And it may be he is not of such might
 As he makes shew for ; but usurps some's right.
 There't goes indeed : For though he be so base,
 So weake, and in such miserable case,

That I want words of a sufficient worth,
 To paint this most abhorred vilenesse forth ;

Yet such is also his detested Pride,
 That I suppose the Diuell is belide

By euery man that shall affirme or say

Hee is more proud. For doe but mark I pray
 This Creature *Man* : did *Natures* powerfull King,
 (*G O D*, that of *nothing* framed euery thing)

Mould, out of Clay, a peece which he had rent
 E'ne from the Earth, the basest Element ?

And whereas he might haue been made a *Thrall*,
 Yea, and the very *Vnderling* of all ;

That

That God with title of *Chiefe Ruler* grac't him,
 And as a Steward ouer all things plac't him :
 Gauē him a pleasant Garden for to till,
 And leaue to eate of eu'ry Tree at will ;
 Onely of *one* indeed he did deny him,
 And peraduenture of that *one* to try him.
 But see his insolence ; though God did threat
 Death if he eate, and though that God was great,
 And so exceeding Iust, that he well knew
 All that he threatned doubtlesse would ensue :
 Though God were strong, & could, had man bin prouder
 (Pore clay-bred worme) haue stampt him into pouder ;
 Yet (notwithstanding all this fame) did he
 Presume to taste of that *forbidden Tree*.

A rash beginning ; but he sped so ill,
 D'yee thinke he held on this presumption still ?
 To heare he had left that offence, 'twere newes ;
 But *Caine* and *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh* and the *Iewes*
 Shew'd it continued ; and grew much more,
 Rather than lesser, than it was before.
Caine in his murther, and his proud reply ;
Nimrod in that he dar'd to build so high ;
Pharaoh by boldly tempting God, to shew
 His sundry plagues to Egypts ouerthrow :
 And many waies the last. But what need I
 Recite examples of Antiquitie ?
 Or thus to tax old ages of that crime,
 Sith there was nere a more presumptuous time
 Than this that's now. What dare not men to do,
 If they haue any list or minde thereto ?

Their

Their fellow creatures they do much contemnes,
 Vaunting that all things were ordain'd for them ;
 Yea ; both the gladsome dayes and quiet nights,
 Sun, Moone, and Heauen, with thofe glorious lights,
 Which fo bespangle that faire azure roofe :
 They thinke were onely made for their behoofe :
 When as alas, their power and weak command,
 Cannot extend fo farre as to withstand
 The leaft Starres force ; o're them and their estate,
 Sun, Moone, and Starres too, doe predominate.

Before our Fall indeed we did excell
 All other creatures that on earth did dwell ;
 But now, I thinke the very worſt that be,
 Haue iuft as much to boast vpon as we.
 Our Soule's defil'd ; And therefore, if in Senſe
 We place our worth and chiefe preheminence,
 Tis known that there be diuerſe creatures then
 Will haue the vpper hand ; for they paſſe men :
 And though we ſtill preſume vpon't, tis vaine
 To challenge our old Sou'raignty againe :
 For when that we from our obedience fell,
 All things againſt vs alſo did rebeſſel ;
 Lions and Beares, and Tygers fought our bloud,
 The barren earth deny'd to yeeld vs food :
 The clowds rain'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
 We finde ſuſh pleaſure in *Preſumption*.

But for because there's ſome doe scarcely know
 How we doe in that fault offend, I'le ſhow :
 First, when that they new worſhippings inuenſt,
 And cannot hold themſelues fo well content

With

With that which God doth in his Word ordaine,
As with inuentions of their own weak braine ;
It seemes they thinke, their fancies to fulfill,
Would please him better than to haue his will.

Next, I doe reck on them that ouer-bold,
Gods sacred Legend haue at will controld ;
And maugre his grand curse, some places chang'd ;
Added to some ; and some againe estrang'd.

Then, those great Masters I presumptuous deeme,
That of their knowledge doe so well esteeme :
They will force others, as the Papists doo
For to allow of their opinion too ;
Yea, though it be a meere imagination,
That neither hath good ground, nor iust foundation.

Some will be prying, though they are forbidden,
Into those secrets God meant should be hidden.

So doe some Students in Astrologie,
Though they can make a faire Apologie.
And so doe those that very vainely try
To finde our fortunes by their Palmistry :
These doe *presume*, but much more such as say
At this, or that time comes the Judgement day.
Or such as aske, or dare for to relate
What G O D was dooing ere he did create
Heauen and Earth : or where he did abide ;
How, and by whom, he then was glorifie.

But those that into such deepe secrets wind,
A slender profit in their labour find ;
For, to make known how highly they offend,
A desperate madnes is oft-times their end.

Yet

Yet such their nature is, they'l not beware,
 But to be prying further still they dare :
 For sure, that longing can no way be staid :
 Which well the Poet seem'd to know, who said ;
Man, what he is forbidden, still desires ;
And what he is deni'd of, most requires.

Rather then many will a man gain-say,
 They dare make bold with God : they thinke they may,
 Because it feemes they deeme him not so strong,
 Or so well able to reuenge a wrong.

Some such great power to themselues assume,
 And on their owne strength doe so much presume,
 They sildome doe for Gods assistance craue ;
 As if it were a needlesse thing to haue :
 Which is the cause, that often the conclusion
 Proues their own shame, their hind'rance, and confusion.

In *Praying*, men presume, vnlesse they be
 With eu'ry one in loue and charitie :
 Or if in their Petitions they desire
 Such things as are vnlawfull to require.

Death's their reward, we know, that breake the law ;
 But neither that, nor yet damnations awe
 Keepes vs from sinne ; a thousand God-heads in
 Than *one* wee make, and dare for to adore
 Our own hand-works : the Sabbath we disdaine.
 And dreadlesse take the Name of God in vaine.

If but by his Lords hand an Irish sweare,
 To violate that oath he stands in feare ;
 Lest him both of his lands and goods he spoile,
 For making him the instrument of guile :

And

And yet dare we (poore wormes) before his face,
(Respecting whom, the greateſt Lords are base)
Both ſweare, and forſweare, vſing that great Name
At pleasure, without any feare of blame.

Why ſhould not we as well ſuppoſe that he
Who in our hearts would haue no fraud to be ;
Will miſerable, poore, and naked leauē vs,
Yea of thoſe bleſſings and Estates bereauē vs
We now hold of him, if we thus contemne,
And ſtill abuse his ſacred Name and him ?

But men ſecure in wickednes perſift,
As if they could please God with what they lift ;
If they can, *Lord haue mercy on them* fay,
And mumble ſome few Prayers once a day,
There needs no more : nay ſurely, there be ſuch,
That thiſke it is enough ; if not too much.
But what's their reaſon ? God made all the man,
Why ſhould he haue but part allow'd him than ?
He in their ſeruice nothing doth delight,
Vnleſſe it be with all their ſtrength and might,
With their whole heart and foule, and that way too
As he appoints them in his Word to doo.

Some men there are who hope by honeſty,
By their Almes-deeds, and works of Charitie
To win Gods fauour, and ſo to obtaine
Saluation by it ; but their hope's in vaine.

Others there are, who for becauſe th'aue faith
For to beleeue tis true the Scripture faith ;
Sith they haue knowledge in Religion,
And make thereof a ſtrict profession ;

Or

Or doe obserue the outward worship duly,
Do thinke that therein they haue pleas'd God truly.

Now these are iuft as farre as th'other wide,
For they Gods worship do by halves diuide ;
And for his due, which is e'ne all the hart,
Doe dare presume to offer him a part.
But th'one must know he will not pleased be,
With a Religion that wants honestie :
And th'other, that as little good will doo
His honest shewes without Religion too.

If this be fo (as fo it is indeed)

How then will those presumptuous fellowes speed
Who thinke (forsooth) because that once a yecre
They can affoord the poore some flender cheere,
Obserue their Country feasts, or Common doles,
And entertaine their Christmas Waffaile bowles
Or else because that for the Churches good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* custome stood,
A *Whitson-Ale*, or some such goodly motion,
The better to procure young mens deuotion ?
What will they doe, I say, that thinke to please
Their mighty God with such vaine things as these ?
Sure very ill ; For though that they can mone,
And say that Loue and Charity is gone,
As old folkes doe, because their banqueting,
Their ancient drunken-summer reuelings
Are out of date ; though they can say, through teaching,
And since the Gospell hath had open preaching,
Men are grown worse ; though they can foone espy
A little moate in thelr owne neighbours eye ;

Yea,

Yea, though that they their *Pater-noster* can,
And call their honest neighbour *Puritan* ;
How-ere they in their own conceits may smile,
Yet sure they are *Presumptuous, weake, and vile.*

Also in this abhominable time,
It is amongst vs now a common crime,
To flout and scoffe at those which we espy
Willing to shake of humane *Vanity* ;
And those that gladly doe themselues enforce
Vnto a strict and more religious course
Than most men doe ; although, they truly know
No men are able to pay halfe they owe
Vnto their God ; (as though their wisedoms thought,
He might be serued better than he ought)
They count precise, and curious more than needs,
They try their sayings, and weigh all their deeds :
A thousand things that they well do, shall be,
Slightly past ouer, as if none did see :
But one thing ill done, (though the best does ill)
They shall be certaine for to heare of still ;
Yea notwithstanding they can daily smother
Millions of ten-times-greater faults in other.

Who are so hated or so often blam'd ?
Or so reuil'd, or scorn'd, or so misnam'd ?
To whom doe we now our contentions lay ?
Who are so much tearm'd *Puritans* as they
That feare God most ? But tis no maruell men
Prefume so much to wrong his children, when
As if they fear'd not his reuengefull rod,
They can blaspheme, and dare to anger God.

Now

Now, By these words to some men it may seeme,
 That I haue *Puritans* in high esteeme ;
 Indeed, if by that name you vnderstand
 Those whom the vulgar *Athiſts* of this Land
 Doe daily tearme ſo ; that is ſuch as are
 Fore-named heere ; and haue the greatest care
 To know and please their Maker : then 'tis truē,
 I loue them well, for loue to ſuſh is due :
 But, if you meane *the busie-headed ſcēt*,
The hollow crew, the counterfeiſt Elect :
Our Dogmatiſts, and euer-wrangliſt ſpiriſts,
That doe as well contemne good workeſ as meriſt :
 If you meane thoſe that make their care ſeeme great
 To get ſouleſ food, when 'tis for bodies meat ;
 Or thoſe, all whose Religion doth depend
 On this, *that they know how to diſcommend*
A May-game, or a Summer-pole deſie,
Or ſhake the head, or eſle turne vp the eye :
 If you meane thoſe, how euer they appeare,
 This I ſay of them (would they all might heare)
 Though in a zealous habite they doe wander,
 Yet they are Gods foes, and the Churches flander ;
 And though they humble be in flew to many,
 They are as haughty euery way as any.

What need I heere the lewd preſumptions tell
 Of *Papiſts* in theſe daies ? 'tis knowne too well.
 For them thereoſ each Peaſant now conuinceſ,
 In thiſs as well concerning God as Princes.

Others I finde too, that doe dare preſume,
 The office of a Teacher to affuſe,

V

And

And being blinde themselues and gone astray,
Take on them to shew other men the way.

Yea some there be, who haue small gifts of spirit,
No kind of knowledge, and as little merit :
That with the world haue made a firme coniunction,
Yet dare to vndergoe the sacred function
Of Christ his Pastor. Yea such is their daring,
That (neither for their Charge nor Duty caring)
Insteed of giuing good and found Instruction,
They lead themselues and others to destruction.

We reade that *Ieremie* and *Moses* both,
To vndertake their charge were wondrous loth,
(The greatnes of the same so much appall'd them)
Yea, though that God himselfe directly call'd them ;
But our braue Clarks, as if they did condemne
The too-much bashfull backwardnesse of them ;
Or else as if themselues they abler thought ;
Those Diuine Callings haue not onely sought
Without respect of their ability,
A Christian Conscience or Ciuitie ;
But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe
Purchase it often with a hatefull bribe ;
Which showes that they such places doe desire,
Not for the good of others, but their hire.

But *Patrons*, feare ye neither God nor Hell ?
Dare ye the Churches patrimony sell
For filthy lucre, in despight of Law
Sacred or humane ? *Pedants*, dare ye ? haw !
Dare ye buy't of them ? By Gods helpe, vnlesse
This villany ere long haue some redresse,

Ile finde a meanes, or else let me haue blame,
 To bring some smart, or else eternall shame
 Vpon you for't : It may be you doe scent it,
 But all your pollicie shall not preuent it.
 What doe you looke for ? Hell and your Damnation ?
 Well, you shall haue it by impropriation :
 I know now you haue entred *Simony*,
 You'l double damne your soules with *Periury* :
 For they as oft together may be seene
 As is the chilling *Feauer*, and the *Spleene*.

But oh deare Countreymen, be more aduis'd ;
 Thinke what God is, he may not be despis'd.
 Could you well weigh his Iustice and his Power,
 How many Infinites it passeth ouer,
 And knew his iudgements, you would not dissemble
 An outward fained reuercence ; but tremble
 And shake with horror ; you'd not dare to venter
Sanctum Sanctorum so vnfit to enter ;
 His Churches good you rather would aduance,
 Than rob it thus of her inheritance ;
 Or make the same, (as men still vnbeleeuing)
 Like to a *house of Merchandise and Theeuing*.

You to whom deeds of former times are knowne,
 Marke to what passe this age of ours is growne,
 Euen with vs that doe strictest seeme to be
 In the professing Christianity ;
 You know men haue beene carefull to augment
 The Churches portion, and haue beene content
 To adde vnto it out of their estate ;
 And *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did so hate,

V 2

That

That the meere *Irish*, who seem'd not to care
 For God nor man, had the respect to spare
 The Churches profits ; yea, their heed was such,
 That in the time of need they would not touch
 The knowne prouisions they daily saw
 Stor'd vp in Churches : in such feare and awe
 The places held them ; though that they did know,
 The things therein belonged to their foe :
 But now the world and mans good nature's chang'd,
 From this opinion most men are estrang'd ;
 We rob the Church, and what we can attaine
 By Sacrilege and Theft, is our best gaine :
 In paying dues, the refuse of our stocke,
 The barrennest and leanest of our flocke
 Shall serue our *Pastor* : whom for to deceiue,
 We thinke no sin. Nay further (by your leauue)
 Men seeke not to impropriate a part
 Vnto themselues ; but they can finde in heart
 T'engrosse vp all : which vile Presumption
 Hath brought Church-liuings to a strange Consumption :
 And if this strong disease doe not abate,
 'Twill be the poorest member in the state.

No maruell though insteed of learned Preachers,
 We haue been pesterd with such simple Teachers,
 Such poore, mute, tong-tide Readers, as scarce know
 Whether that God made *Adam* first or no :
 Thence it proceeds, and there's the cause That Place
 And Office at this time incurres disgrace.
 For men of iudgement or good dispositions,
 Scorne to be ty'd to any base conditions,

Like

Like to our hungry Pedants, who'l engage
Their soules for any curtail'd Vicarage.
I say, there's none of knowledge, wit, or merit,
But such as are of a most feraile spirit,
That will so wrong the Church, as to presume
Some poore-halfe-demi-Parsonage to assume
In name of all ; no, they had rather quite
Be put beside the same, than wrong Gods right.

Well, they must entertaine such Pedants then,
Fitter to Feed Swine, than the Soules of men :
But Patrons thinke such best, for there's no feare
They will speake any thing they lothe to heare :
They may runne foolishly to their damnation
Without reproofe, or any disturbance ;
To let them see their vice they may be bold,
And yet not stand in doubt to be controld :
Those in their houses may keepe priuate Schooles,
And either serue for Iesters or for fooles,
And will suppose that they are highly grac't
Be they but at their Patrons table plac't :
And there if they be call'd but Priests in scoffe,
Straight they ducke downe, and all their caps come off,
Supposing it for to be done in kindnesse,
Which shewes their weaknesse, and apparent blindnesse.

Moreouer, 'tis well knowne that former time
Held it to be a vile presumptuous crime,
Such men in sacred Offices to place,
Whom they knew toucht with any foule disgrace :
Or to allow those whom they did suspect
To haue an outward bodily defect :

V 3

But

But be they now not onely crooked, lame,
 Dismember'd, and of the vnshapliest frame
 That euer *Nature* form'd ; though they be blind
 Not in sight onely, but as well in mind ;
 Though they be such, who if they came to shreeuing
 Might confesse murder, whoredom, flander, theeuing,
 And all damn'd villany ; yet these men will be
 Admitted to the *sacred Ministrie*.

But most of vs doe now disdaine that place,
 Accounting it vnworthy, meane, and base ;
 Yea, like to *Ieroboams* Priests we see
They of the lowest of the people be :
 And though we know the *Israelites* allow'd
 God the first borne, for his : we are so proud,
 Vnlesse they either doe want shape or wit,
 Or seeme for wordly businesse vnfitt,
 Few thinke Gods seruice worthy the bestowing
 Their Childe vpon it ; or such duty owing
 Vnto the same ; but rather that Vocation
 They count a blemish to their reputation.
 But where's your vnderstanding, oh you men ?
 Turne from your brutish dulnesse once agen,
 Honour Gods Messengers ; for why ? 'tis true
 To them both Reuerence and Honour's due :
 Thinke what they are, and be not stll selfe-minded,
 Suffer not *Reason* to be so much blinded ;
 If not for loue that you to *Iustice* beare,
 Yet follow her (although it be) for feare,
 And see that this *Presumption* you amend,
 Or looke some heauy plague shall be your end.

Then

Then it is also a *Presumptuous* aēt
 With knowledge to commit a sinfull fact,
 Though ne'er so small : for sinne's a subtille elfe ;
 That by degrces insinuates it selfe
 Into our soules ; and in a little space
 Becomes too huge a Monster to displace :
 Yea, it is certaine that one sinne though small,
 Will make an entrance great enough for all ;

And what is't but *Presumption* to abuse,
 And without feare and reuerence to vse,
 Gods sacred Word ? yet we that Christ professe
 Thinke it no fault, or that there's no fault lesse :
 Else sure we would not in our common talke,
 Let our loose tongues so much at randome walke ;
 We would not dare our Iests of that to make,
 At vttering whereof the Heauens shake ;
 For if God had reueal'd his Gospell newes,
 To vs, as heretofore vnto the Iewes
 He did the Law : who heard him to their wonder,
Speaking through fearefull fiery flames of Thunder ;
 We would more dread, in any euill fashion
 To vse that sacred meanes of our saluation.

Our cursed *Pagan* vnbeleeuing foe,
 I meane the *Turke*, more reuerence doth shew
 In those his damn'd erronious Rites than we
 In the true *Worship* : for 'tis knowne that he
 Will not so much as touch his *Alcharon*,
 That doth containe his false *Religion*,
 With vnwash't hands ; nor till he hath o'er-went
 All that his vaine and confus'd rabblement

Of Ceremonies vs'd much leffe dares looke
 On the Contents of that vnhallowed Booke :
 But we in midſt of all our villany
 In our Pot-conference and Ribaldry,
 Irreuerently can the ſame apply,
 As if 't were ſome of *Pasquils Letany*.

But soft, my *Muze* in her perambulation
 Hath hapt vpon an *Excommunication* :
 And though that her *Commission* ſhe wanted,
 Yet ſhe made bold to ſearch wherefore 'twas granted ;
 Which if you would know too ; why, it may be
 Some were ſo pleas'd because they lackt a fee :
 For, had the Officers beene well contented,
 They ſay the matter might haue been preuented.
 But you that haue the wifedomes to diſcerne
 When abuse is, pray tell me, I would learne :
 Mifuse we not *Excommunication* ?
 You know, *It is a Separation*
From God : and *a moſt fearefull baniſhment*
From the partaking of his Sacrament,
And good mens fellowſhip ; *a ſad exile*
 (Perhaps for euer : at the leaſt, awhile)
From the true Church, and oh (moſt horred euill)
A giuing of men ouer to the Diuill.
 And therefore was ordain'd in better times
 Only for ſuch who in their hainous crimes,
 With hardned obſtinacy did perſift,
 As may appeare : but now, we at our liſt,
 As if the ſame but ſome flight matter were,
 For euery trifle to pronounce it dare ;

And

And peraduenture too, on such as be
More honest farre, and better much than we.

But sith my *Muse* hath her endeauour done,
To note how men into this fault doe run ;
I will be bold to let you vnderstand
One strange *Presumption* noted in our Land,
Worth the amending : and indeed 'tis this
(*Reader* pray iudge how dangerous it is.)
Wee, seeing God hath now remoued farre,
From this our Countrey his iust plague of *Warre*.
And made vs through his mercy so much blest,
We doe in spight of all our foes yet rest
Exempt from danger : by vs it appeares
Through the great blessing of these quiet yeeres,
We are so fearelesse, carelesse, and securer,
In this our happy peace, and so cocke-sure,
As if we did suppose, or heard it said,
Old Mars were strangled, or the Diuell dead :
Else can I not belieue we would so lightly
Esteeme our safety, and let passe so lightly
Our former care of *Martiall Discipline*,
For exercises merely feminine :
We would not see our Armes so soyl'd in dust,
Nor our bright blades eate vp with cankerd rust,
As now they be : our Bowes they lye and rot,
Both Musket and Caliuer is forgot ;
And we lie open to all forraine dangers
For want of Discipline : 'tis knowne to Strangers,
Though wee'l not see't. Alas, will not our pleasure
Let vs be once in seauen yeares at leasure

To

To take a muster, and to giue instruction ?
 No, rather Pleasure will be our destruction.
 For *That* first caus'd the *Law*, that now preuents
 And barres the vse of *Pouder-inſtruments*
 To be enacted. Why ? for to preferue
 As idle *Game*, the which I wish might sterue
 Amids our plenty, so that with their curse
 The Land and People might be nothing worse ;
 'Cause for that trifle, to the Realmes abuse,
 The *Hand-gun* hath beene so much out of vse.
 Scarce one in forty, if to proofe it came,
 Dares, or knowes well how to discharge the same.

Oh valiant *Engliſh*, we are like to hold
 The glory that our Fathers had of old :
 But fure, I thinke ſome *vndermining-hand*,
 That ſtudies for the ruine of the Land,
 Is cause of this ; in hope thereby at length
 To weaken ours, and let-in forraine ſtrength.

What, doe we think, cause there's a truce with *Spaine*,
 That we are ſafe ? Alas, that thought is vaine :
 Our danger's rather more. For, while they dar'd
 To proffer wrong, they found vs ſtill prepar'd :
 The profitable feare that we were in,
 Preuented danger that might elfe haue bin.
 But now the cause of forraine feare is gone,
 We haue not onely let all care alone,
 But alſo are ſo drunken with delights,
 And drown'd in pleasures, that our dulled ſprites,
 Are ſo o're-clogd with Luxury, we droope,
 More fit for *Venus* than for *Mars* his troope :

That

That if our foes should now so ventrous be
 As to inuade the Land, vnlesse that we
 With speed amend this error, here's my minde,
 The way to worke our ruine they'l soone finde :
 For iust the *Troians* last nights watch we keepe,
Who then were buried all in wine and sleepe.

We read, when *Cato* should a Captaine chuse
 For the *Panonian* fight, he did refuse
 His kinsman *Publius*, 'cause that from the warre
 He often had return'd without a scarre,
 And went perfum'd. But if such faults as these
 Displeas'd the *Censor*, sure then in our dayes,
 He scarcely would in Towne or Country finde
 A man with vs according to his minde :
 Such is our daintineffe. Besides, to strangers
 (As if there were no cause to doubt of dangers)
 We doe not onely our great riches shew,
 (A shrewd temptation to allure a foe)
 But we moreouer plainly doe declare
 By fond apparell, too superfluous fare,
 Much idlenesse, and other wanton parts,
 That we haue weake effeminated harts :
 Which being knowne, are sure a great perswasion
 Vnto our Enemies to make inuasion.

But we doe say, In God's our onely trust,
 On him we doe depend : Well, so we must ;
 And yet we ought not therefore to disdaine
 The lawfull meanes, by which he doth ordaine
 To worke our safety then : for that's a signe
 We rather loue to tempt the Powers Diuine,

Than

Than trust vnto them. Worthy *Brittaines* then,
 Leaue this presumption, once againe be men,
 Not weake *Sardanapali*; leaue thos toyes
 To idle Women, wanton Girles, and Boyes:
 Vnto our foes I wish you could betake them,
 Or vnto any so you would forsake them.

Let *Martialists* that long haue beene disgrac't
 Belou'd againe, and in our fauours plac't:
 Count not them Rogues, but rather such as can
 So much degenerate themselues from Man,
 In tyre and gesture both to womanize.
 Goe call a Parliament, and there deuise
 An Act to haue them whipt now: oh 'twere good,
 A deed well worthy such a noble brood.

Meane while, let's trim our rusty Armes, and scour
 Those long-vnvsed well-steeld-blades of our;
 (We shall not doe the Spyders any wrong,
 For they haue rent-free held their house-roome long
 In Morains, Helmets, Gauntlets, Bandileres:
 Displace them thence, they haue had all their yeeres)
 And giue them such a lustre, that the light
 May dimme the Moone-shine in a Winters night
 Away with idle Citherns, Lutes, and Tabers,
 Let knocks requite the Fidlers for their labours.
 Bring in the war-like Drum; 'twill musicke make yee:
 That from your drousie pleasures will awake yee:
 Or else the hart'ning Trumpet, that from farre
 May found vnto you all the points of Warre.
 Let Dances turne to Marches; you ere long
 May know what doth to Ranks and Files belong.

And

And let your thundering shot so smoake and rore,
 Strangers may tremble to behold the fhore,
 And know you sleep not. But now, to what end,
 Doe you suppose that I these words doe spend ?
 Belieue me, I'me not malecontent with Peace,
 Nor doe desire this happy time might ceafe ;
 I would not haue you foule *Seditions* make,
 Or any vniuft warres to vndertake :
 But I desire you leaue those idle fashions,
 That haue beene the iuft fall of many Nations.
 Looke well vnto your felues, and not suppose,
 'Cause there's a league with *Spaine*, we haue no foes.
 For, if *Warres* euer make this Land complaine,
 It will be thought some *Truce* it had with *Spaine*.

But here I bid you once againe beware,
 Delay not time, but with all speed prepare ;
 Repaire your Forts againe, and man them well,
 Place better Captaines in them : I can tell
 Some are growne couetous, and there's no trust
 To such as they ; that vice makes men vniuft.
 They pocket vp the wages of their men,
 And *One* poore Souldier serues alone for *Ten*.

Looke to the *Navy-Royall*: were't well scand,
 I doubt it would be found but simply mand :
 The *Purfers* study (if some not belie them)
 Onely which way they may haue profit by them :
 But fee vnto it you to whom't belongs.
 See the abuses done, redresse the wrongs.

And oh ! renew the forces of this Land,
 For there's a fearefull bloody day at hand ;

Though

Though not fore-seene, a bloody day for some,
Nor will the same be long before it come.

There is a tempest brewing in the *South*,
A horrid Vapour, forc't from Hell's owne mouth.
'Tis spred already farre into the *West*,
And now begins to gather in the *East*:
When 'tis at full once, it will straight come forth
To showre downe all it vengeance on the *North*.

But feare not little Ile, thy cause is right ;
And if thou hast not cast all care off quite,
Nor art secure ; why by that token then
Thou shalt driue backe that threatening storme agen,
Through Gods assistance ; euen to ruine those,
By, and amongst whom, first of all it rose.
But if that still thou carelesse snorting lie
In thy presuming blinde securitie,
Take't for a signe, that now thy finnes are ripe,
And thou shalt surely feele the death-full stripe
Of that ensuing ill vnto thy shame,
And extirpation of thy former fame.

But yet, I hope, this oversight will end,
And we shall this presumptuous fault amend :
I hope, I say, (and yet I hope no harmes)
To see our *English* youth trickt vp in Armes ;
And so well train'd, that all their foes shall heare
No newes from them, but Horror, Death and Feare :
Yea, and their march, like *Iehu's*, King of Iury,
Shall shew they come with Vengeance, Speed, and Fury.

I would we could as easily forfake
Other Presumptions ; and that we could take

But

But halfe the care and diligence to arme
 Our foules, in danger of a greater harme.
 Would we the holy weapons could assayme
 Of *Christian* Warfare, and not still presume
 To leaue our better parts all open so,
 For the aduantage of the greater foe
 Than *Rome* or *Spaine*. Oh would we could begin
 To feele the danger of Presumptuous sin !
 Which foone would be, if we could once be brought
 But to consider, with an equall thought,
 Our base beginning and infirmite,
 Our wauering, and wondrous misery.
 And with this wretched poore estate of our,
 Gods infinite, and all-sufficient power ;
 His *Injustice*, with his hatred vnto ill,
 And threatnings if we disobeiy his will :
 Or else remember, he doth still behold,
 And see vs when we finne ; for who so bold,
 Vnlesse depriu'd of grace, then to offend ?
 But it should seeme, we our endeauours bend
 To anger God ; for we of finne complaine,
 Yet with our *will*, finne in his fight againe.

Say, were't not a presumption very great,
 If comming to a King, one should intreat
 A pardon for some murther, and yet bring
 The bloody blade with which he did that thing
 He would haue mercy for ? And whilst he speaking,
 Sheathe it againe with blood and gore yet reaking,
 In the Kings Sonne before his Fathers face ;
 And yet still bide, as if he hop't for grace ?

Should

Should we not thinke him mad? Sure yes; yet wee
 Cannot that madnes in our own felues see:
 For, we dare come before th'almighty King
 To sue for pardon for our sinnes, yet bring
 The selfe-same bad minde, still conceiuing murther
 Against his children, to prouoke him further:
 And looke what ill is but in thought begun,
 With him's all one, as if the same were done.

It is no maruaile that no humane law
 Can keepe our ouer-daring harts in awe;
 Sith that we doe so little dread the rod
 Of such a powerfull, and so iust a God:
 And if in mans and Gods own fight we dare
 So feareleffe sinne without respect or care;
 It seemes that we doe little conscience make
 What mischieves by our felues we vndertake:
 Or thinke it no presumption to commit
 Something alone in our owne fight vnfit.

Oh grosse and ignorant! Why, that's the worst
 Of all presumptions, the most accurst,
 And full'ft of Danger. Silly man take heed,
 Doe not before thy selfe an euill deed;
 For when God doth forgiue, and man forget,
 Thine owne ill conscience will oppose and set
 Her selfe against thee, tell thee thine offending,
 And keepe thee backe from euer apprehending
 Grace or forgiuenesse; neither will afford
 The smallest comfort of the sacred Word:
 But rather to thy sad remembrance call
 Each saying that may serue to proue thy fall:

And

And though that fier wondrous tortures brings
 Vnto the body, yet when Conscience stings,
 Nor fire, nor fword, nor hell it selfe can yeeld
 A worser torment. God defend and shild
 Me from the like ; and giue me grace to feare,
 So that I may preferue my Conscience cleare
 In all my actions : and then I shall be
 In better case a thoufand-fold then he
 That vnto wealth and honour hath attain'd
 With a craz'd Conscience that is blurd and stain'd.

Alas ! how easie wer't to clime or mount
 To worldly Reputation and Account ?
 How foone could I if I had an intention
 To plot, and to contriue, a damn'd inuention
 Get golden heapes ? yea, and so priuily,
 That though 'twere done by craft and villany,
 I by the blinded world would be deemed
 Perhaps more honest ; but much more esteemed
 Than now I am. But God forbid that I
 Such base vaine trash and dunghill stuffe should buy
 At such a rate. For, there's no Iewell dearer,
 Nor any losse a man can haue goes nearer
 Than peace of Conscience. Which, to be most true,
 The ancient Poets very wisely knew,
 And therefore fain'd their *Furies*, with intent
 So to declare the inward punishment
 Of guilty mindes : which sure they might doe well ;
 For, there are in them Diuels, yea, and Hell,
 With all her torture. What else was the cause
Nero (who knew no God, nor feared Lawes)

X

When

When he had kill'd his Mother tooke no rest,
 But thought he saw her comming to molest
 And plague him for't? What made him to furnise
 He was still tortur'd in such hellish wife,
 That *Furies* did to his appearance scorch
 His liuing body with a burning torch?
 Was't not his Conscience that had priuy been
 Vnto the fact? Was not the Cause within,
 His owne bad selfe? If 'twere, let's to amending
 Of our *presumptuous* finnes, and bold offending;
 If, neither in regard of God, nor men,
 Oh let's for feare of our owne Conscience then.

Yet there's another thing which wer't well weigh'd
 Our rash *Presumption* would be somewhat stai'd.
 The end of life, with the nere ending paine
 God for *presumptuous* sinners doth ordaine.
 Could we note that; with deaths vncertaine times
 And how it takes men acting of their crimes
 Euen in the very nicke of their offence,
 And beares them (ere they can repent them) hence,
 To such a place where nothing shall appeare,
 But all the ghastly obiects of grimme feare.
 Where euery Senfe shall feuerally sustaine
 The miserable smart of endlesse paine:
 The tender feeling, shall in euery part,
 Be subiect to th'intollerable smart
 Of hellish flames, commixt with chilling cold:
 Tortures beyond conceit; not to be told.
 The dainty mouth that had the curiouſt taste
 And of the choiſest cates ſtill made repaſt;

Shall

Shall filled be, yea belly, throat, and all,
 With filth more loathsome then the bitterest gall :
 The once-perfumed nostrill, there, shall drinke
 Foule noysome smels : beside the sulphurous stinke
 Of choaking flames. And there, the listning eare,
 Fed with the sound of pleasant Musick here,
 Shall change it for the woefull schreeching cry
 Of damned soules that in hels tortures ly ;
 Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,
 Be kept from piercing that amazed sence.

And then while they shall trembling thinke to flie
 From those amazements that doe seeme so nic,
 Lo, there the fearefull'st obiect of the Sight,
 Their quite despairing mindes shall more affright.
 For garish formes of foule mishapen fiends,
 And vgly *Bugs* for euermore attends,
 To thwart each looke. But, if this doe not make
 Thy ouer-hardned heart (oh man) to quake :
 If this relation be too weake to winne,
 Or to reclaime thee from thy wonted sinne,
Reader, if this doe no impression leaue,
 So that thou canst not any feare conceiue
 Through this description ; thinke vpon't at night,
 Soone in thy bed, when earth's depriu'd of light :
 I say at mid-night, when thou wak'st from sleepe,
 And lonely darkenesse, doth in silence keepe
 The grim fac't night. And, but imagine then
 Thou wert borne all alone to some darke den,
 And there set naked : though thou felt no paine,
 Yet seeing no way to get out againe,

If thou shouldst in that naked lonenesse heare
 Some yelling voyce, or some strange noise draw neare,
 With threatning ; or but calling on thy name :
 Oh with what patience couldst thou bide the same !
 But if withall, thy wandring eyes shoulde marke,
 And now and then see peering through the darke
 Some monstrous visages, or vgly faces,
 Which would make proffer of some rude embraces,
 And sometime seeme as if they would begin
 With griping pawes to seize thy trembling skin ;
 Or, but suppose, that in thy Chamber there,
 Where cannot be the hundreth part of feare
 (Because to thee the place well knowne will be,
 And thou maist haue therewith to couer thee)
 Yet there I say suppose thou shouldst behold,
 Not such grim obiects as are heere foretold,
 But onely heare the dolefull voyce of men
 Complaining in the darke ; And now and then,
 Behold the ghastly shafe of friends long dead,
 Wrapt in their sheetes as they were buried ;
 Or else from out thy Chamber flore to rise
 A troope of bony, pickt Anatomies.
 Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
 That must ere long their bare Companion be.
 Then wouldest thou feare I know, and thinke on him,
 Whose might and fearefull power thou didst contemne,
 Thou wouldest consider better of the feare
 And hellish horror I haue mention'd heere.
 Thy dangerous estate thou wouldest conceiue,
 And somewhat thy presumptuous actions leauue ;

Thou

Thou wouldest not so cast all thy care behinde thee,
 But watch thy selfe, for feare lest death should find thee
 Doing some ill ; nor wouldest thou thus delay
 Times of repentance still from day to day.

But oh ! how should I hope that this I pleade,
 Will worke in them that shall but barely read
 What I haue writ ? fith I my selfe that know,
 And haue some inward feeling of that woe
 Forget my selfe. I thinke, when I shall be
 From such and such like cares and troubles free,
 Then will I all my vanities forsake,
 A better course of life Ile vndertake,
 And onely seeke the glory of his Name
 By whom I liue. That day, ere long time came,
 Then I had other lets ; but if that they,
 (As I did seeke they might) were once away,
 I would indeed my duty better doe :
 Well, so it pleas'd God, I ore-past them too.
 Yet something hindred still, that I could neuer
 In my intended *Christian* course perseuer :
 But euer found vnto my griefe and sorrow,
 That I was bad to day, and worse to morrow :
But oh ! thou God that knowst my hearts desire,
Doe not ; oh doe not at my hands require
My youthfull sinnes ; though this my flesh be fraile,
And my affections often doe preuaile :
Seinge thou knowst the weake estate of man,
And what a little his small power can,
Accept my will, and let thy blood suffice
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.

But now, because I haue obseru'd such store,
I needs must tell a few *presumptions* more.

Some in contemning others wisedome ; shew,
That they presume themselues doe all things know :
But that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,
Certaine I am it is the fall of many.

Others (and they in this kind too offend)
On their owne memories too much depend :
Such I haue heard so confidently speake,
As if they had no thought that men were weake :
Yea those ; though twenty men haue all gaine-said
What they affirmed, were not yet afraid
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face
With sundry oathes : such wondrous trust they place
In their remembrance ; yea, my selfe ere now
Haue been oft-times more ready to auow
What I thought truth ; than ere Ile be againe :
For, what I deem'd to be so sure, and plaine,
That I not onely stood in't to my might,
But would haue pawn'd my life 't had been the right :
That to my shame, I haue my selfe, alone,
Found to be false, when all the rest were gone.
Which grieu'd me so, that Ile nere more relie
Or trust so much, to mine owne memorie.

But what may I tearme those, who for a name,
Or else to get some vile preposterous fame,
Will desperately for the nonce begin
To put in action some vngodly sin,
That all men loathe ; and onely (as they say)
For to be talkt of. What are such I pray ?

Presumptions,

Presumptuous, vaine, or weake, or all that's bad ?

The last I thinke ; and ten-times more than mad.

Yet we haue Gallants, and great store of such,
That in their great brauado's care not much
What villanies they doe. But 'tis their humour
Onely to fill mens mouthes with idle rumour ;
And cause they know the vulgar fort do deeme them
Youthes of great Spirit, and doe much esteeme them.
But amongst wife men, they are sure to gaine
Reproachfull shame, and wel-deseru'd disdaine ;
And yet, to adde some fame vnto this story,
We will bequeath them *Erostratus* glory.

Nor haue our old men left that humour yet,
For though through feeblenesse they are vnfit
To put in praetise their old tricks againe :
Yet for to shew they like them, and would faine ;
They'l often with a lie or two recite them.
And the remembrance doth so much delight them,
That whereas they ought rather to repent,
And with a grieved heart, for to lament
Their former folly ; they with Ioy and Laughter
Seeme to approu't, in those that shall come after.

There's yet another crew, my *Muse* well knowes,
To whom, she here a *Memorandum* owes ;
Although no commendations ; for they are
But busie fellowes, and doe boldly dare
Take on them in their comments, forth to find
The secret meaning, of each Authors mind ;
And do apply that, in particular,
Which, doth extend to all in generall :

And in this little Booke perhaps, they can
 Say, heere I meant one, there another man ;
 And by their names they will not sticke to shew them,
 When as perhaps I nere so much as knew them.
 So from my honest meaning they will reare them
 A flander, for some priuate grudge they beare them.

But though these are so bold, yet I belieue,
 Or hope at leaft, no men of wisedome giue
 Credit to any fuch interpretations,
 That are but idle false imaginations ;
 Sith each of these what stile soe're he craue,
 Doth show himfelfe presumptuous foole, and knaue.

But heare all you that are quite voyde of care,
 What you presume in : chiefly you that dare,
 Mauger Gods threats, goe forward to fulfill
 Your naughty, rash, vnbridled hare-braine will :
 As if you thought that you yourselues made all,
 And that indeed there were no God at all.
 Know this, ere long time it shall come to passe,
 That you shall howling fit and cry, alasse :
 Curseing your birth and miserable state,
 With sad repentance when it is too late,
 Vnlesse you now take time. Oh wormes ! oh men !
 Forsake your follies, oh forsake them then.
 What will you doe else when once feiz'd by death,
 Ready to draw the latest gaspe of breath ;
 When as you are so weake that you would faine
 But cannot moue your tongues for to complaine ?
 What would you doe if then there shoulde appeare
 The Authors of most miserable feare,

Your

Your guiltie Consciences, and there vnroule
 To your remembrances the dreadful scroule
 Of your *presumptions*? and withall present,
 A vision of th' infernall punishment,
 Prepar'd for such? And if in that bad case,
 You should behold him you esteem'd so base
 Sit with such power, that at each frown he makes
 The earth doth tremble, and the heauen shakes:
 What would you doe? Oh any thing: I'm sure
 No paine there is but you would then endure
 To scape his wrath, (if you doe not despaire;)
 Then, will you begge, entreat, and promise faire;
 Or any thing, if so it were, you might
 Returne to life againe; then would you quite
 Alter your dooings; then forsooth you'l be
 A patterne vnto all posteritie;
 You would be humble, meek, deuout, and chaste:
 But now there's time, and then it may be past.

Yet I my selfe haue heard those that haue vow'd
 Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd
 A longer time; yea, hath vouchsafe to faue
 And giue them life againe, e'ne at the graue:
 And yet haue these forgot their former paine,
 And turn'd vnto their owne ill-waies againe:
 Which hauing feene, this for vs men Ile speake,
 Not without grieve, *though nothing be so weake*:
Yet are we in our owne conceits so tall,
That for presumption We doe out-passe all:
 And if so be that this fame hardning fin
 Doe seize vpon the heart once, and get in;

EPILOGVS.

My minde is this, 'twill nere be purg'd thence well,
No, not with all the feares and pangs of Hell.

EPILOGVS.

SO, in some measure I haue now made known
What foule *Abuses Time* to me hath shown ;
And what *Man* is, I haue explain'd some Crimes
That I haue noted in these present times.

Then, though I haue by some beene counted idle,
This showes, I haue not giuen Time the bridle
To runne away vnmannag'd ; but did vse it
Then best ; when I most seemed to abuse it.

Heere sinfull man, thou maist behold in part
Thy miserable state, and what thou art.
Thy Passions ; thy vanities heere see :
In part, (I say,) for all there cannot be :
Thy Wauerings and thy frailties I'ue explain'd,
With thy Presumption, and haue nothing fain'd.
If thou haft read it, then I hope thou know'ft,
Though thou seem'ft bad, thou worse art then thou
And I doe trust, thy wretchednesse espide, (show'ft :
Will quell thy most intollerable pride.

I muf'd a while thou wert so prone to finning.
But 'twas thy fault I see from the beginning :
And as the Lord himselfe once faid, so still,
Th' imaginations of thy heart are ill.
That's one maine cause ; Then to performe an euill,
Thou haft the *pronenesse of the flesh* ; the *Diuell* ;

With

With bad examples for thy instigation ;
Besides in ill the *Worlds rash approbation*.

But yet would I not haue thee think (oh man !)
That I with *Tymon the Athenian*,
Desire to make thee so much feele thy woe,
To goe and hang thy selfe ; I meane not so :
Nor seeke to drieue thee thereby to despaire,
'Tis not my purpose, my intent's more faire.
This I would haue thee doe ; Sith flesh is fraile,
And Sathan will be busie to preuaile,
With heed and care watch ouer thy affection,
And in thy doings follow this direction.

First, see if't be thy flesh that moues thee to
Those things thou art so oft about to doe.
Next, to consider well it doth behoue thee,
What kinde of men they are that doe approue thee :
For, true it is (as I haue oft beene taught)
What Flesh desires, and most approues, is naught.
And sith to thrust thee forward vnto euill,
Thou hast an ill Heart, proud Flesh, and the Diuell,
With bad example ; learne (oh man) to season
Thy heart with sacred thoughts, with truth and reason :
Thy Flesh with labour, and with fasting, tame,
And 'twill not be so subiect vnto blame.
Preuent the Diuels baits and his temptations
With earnest Prayers, and good Meditations :
And see thou heed to thy companions giu'ſt,
Sith thou wilt be as those with whom thou liu'ſt,
Yea, sith thou art so subiect vnto sin,
Shun all occasions that may draw thee in.

So

So, when thy God shall see thou hast a will,
 And truely dost desire to mend what's ill ;
 Hee will accept it (for his Sonnes deare fake)
 And thee more willing, and more able make.
 Yea, shold thy finnes more red then Scarlet grow,
 Yet he would make them whiter then the Snow :
 Thy now blacke Soule (were it thrice more defil'd)
 As innocent as is the new-borne child :
 And thy most miserable body, farre
 More glorious, than is the brightest Starre.
 But if thou, without care or heed, dost leane
 Vnto those lusts of flesh that are vncleane,
 If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,
 Quite giuing ouer thy desires vnto them,
 They both in soule and body too, will make thee
 So foule a Leper that God will forfaine thee ;
 His holy Angels, and his Saints abhorre thee,
 And onely Diuels make intreatie for thee ;
 Yea, thou shalt in *Gehynnon*, waile with them,
 That are excluded, new *Jerusalem*.

The end of the second Booke.



The Scourge.

(* *)

MY *Muse*, I purpos'd to haue rested here ;
 And so she should indeed ; but that I feare
 A gentle warning will not now suffice,
 To make men leaue off their iniquities :
 Yea, I doe know their negligence so great,
 'Tis not enough we should perswade, or threat ;
 And therefore I'me resolued ere I part,
 To giue them a remembrance to their smart.
 And though full loath (cause their ill natures vrge)
 Ile send abroad a *Satyr* with a Scourge ;
 That to their shame for this Abuse shall strip them,
 And being naked in their vices, whip them.
 And to be sure of those that are most rash,
 Not one shall scape him that deserues a lash.

But some will kick. Yea, let them kick and spare not
 So he may come to ierke them well I care not ;
 For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or strong,
 Ile make him finde them that delight in wrong.
 Not in despight, to make reuengefull rumours ;
 Rather in sport, to mocke the worlds base humours.

But

THE SCOURGE.

But least I make my Prologue ouer-large,
Ile let my whipping *Satyr* know his charge.

First, though he haue but little manners got,
Bred in the woods, where many vse them not,
He shall be sent to ouer-looke the *Court*,
And dance the *Witch*, and make the King some sport.

Doe *Satyr*, goe ; thou shalt not be disdain'd ;
Loue without merit hath been entertain'd,
And so may thine ; that Progenie's the most,
Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast :
And that so worthie (tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.

If thou maist get their fauour ; that be best,
There is no cause why thou shouldest feare the rest :
The good will help, but neuer hurt. Then care not :
Although the wicked would offend, they dare not.
First, lash the Great-ones ; but, if thou be wise,
In generall, and doe not speciallize :
Yet, if thou doe, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.

Now peraduenture, some will rage or storme ;
But that's no matter, thou art freely borne :
And though their eyes sparke fire, and they looke big,
Be thou as sterne, thou need'st not care a fig ;
And tell them plainly tis not all their shew,
Can make men thinke them better than they know :
Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
Shall free them from the scandall of oppression ;
Though they can now, to get themselues a name,
Build *Babel* vp a new ; and quickly frame

Such

THE SCOVREGE.

Such lofty Palaces, as if they meant
To threaten heauen from the battlement.

Who wonders at it? None I thinke: and why?
Who is so mad to tell them that? not I.
Yet *Satyr*, looke that thou before thou part,
Giue them one ierk, to make their Honours smart.
Their stately houes, say, are things but vaine,
An Age or two shall rot them downe againe:
And for their vice, if there be none dare shew it,
Say, I haue vow'd to make the world to know it.

Then, tis not tombes, nor yet a heape of stones,
Shall make men thinke the better of their bones:
No, it shall speake their Auarice and Pride,
Which those they scorn'd, & wrong'd, shall then deride.
So let them goe their Soueraigne to attend,
And those that be not at the best, amend.

Search on for more; but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kinde,
Women or Angels, bad or good, thine eyes
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere some say, no woman will, or can
Wrong him (Ile warrant) that's an honest man.
For they are good, and surely would be still
Were't not that men did often make them ill:
Those that are angry with them, let them shew it,
Ile say th'are vertuous, for because I know it.
Mens faults I tell: so may he womans too
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to doo.
These if thou hap to see I charge thee skip,
And search in euery office with thy whip;

Their

THE SCOVRE.

There, there are those that for their priuate store,
 Make both th'Exchequer, and the Commons poore,
 Extortion doth maintaine their brauery ;
 Yet lay not open all their knauery :
 But tell them they a new account must bring ;
 That lash perhaps their guilty soules will sting.

Thou shalt in Court another troope espy,
 Such as in shew are full of honesty ;
 Faire tongu'd ; but he that such fine followers wants
 Is happy ; for they are but Sycophants ;
 Dissembling Villaines : Doe but note them well,
 And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell.
 For pluck away their fain'd fidelity,
 And they are e'ne a heape of villany :
 To make them smart, these words to them commend,
 That beggery and shame shall be their end.

Yet thou shalt finde depending on the Court,
 Some that will iest to make their betters sport :
 But fist them (I durst pawne a brace of testers)
 If truth were known, they are more fooles then Iesters :
 And so they are suppos'd ; although indeed,
 They are more knaues than fooles : but take thou heed ;
 Come not within the compasse of their bable,
 Then call them knaues, as lowd as thou art able.

If thou come thither at some publique shew,
 (As there thou shalt be whether they will or no)
 Remember that thou make a shift to creepe
 Neere to the place where they the Reuels keepe.
 There stand a while vnseene, and doe no more,
 But note those fellowes that doe keepe the dore :

If

Spenser Society.

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Addis, John, jun., Rustington, Littlehampton, Sussex
Ainsworth, R. F., M.D., Higher Broughton, Manchester
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BAIN, James, 1, Haymarket, London, S.W.
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CALLENDER, William Romaine, jun., F.S.A., Water street, Manchester

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Campkin, Henry, F.S.A., librarian, Reform club, London, S.W.
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Chamberlain, John Henry, Christ Church buildings, Birmingham
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Furnivall, Frederick J., 3, Old square, Lincoln's inn, London, W.C.

GEE, William, High street, Boston, Lincolnshire

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Gibbs, William, Tyntesfield, near Bristol

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Haynes, Benjamin, Church park, Mumbles, Swansea

Hayward, Thomas, bookseller, Oxford street, Manchester

Heron, Sir Joseph, knt., Town hall, Manchester

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Hunt, Edward, chemist, Salford

IRELAND, Alexander, Manchester

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Jackson, John, Chancery place, Manchester

Jenner, C., Easter Duddington lodge, Edinburgh

Johnson, Richard, Langton oaks, Fallowfield, Manchester

Jones, Herbert, 1, Church court, Clement's lane, London, E.C.

Jones, Joseph, Abberley hall, Stourport

Jones, Thomas, B.A., F.S.A., Chetham library, Manchester

Jordan, Joseph, F.R.C.S., Bridge street, Manchester.

Jordan, Peter A., 606-614, Sansom street, Philadelphia, U.S.A. (per Trübner and Co., Paternoster row, London, E.C.)

KERSHAW, James, 13, St. Luke's terrace, Cheetham, Manchester

Kershaw, John, Audenshaw, near Manchester

Kershaw, John, Park house, Willesden lane, London, N.W.

King, James, 6, Adelaide place, Glasgow

Knight, Joseph, 27, Camden square, London, N.W.

LANCASHIRE Independent College (per Mr. Joseph Thompson, Pin mill, Ardwick)

Lees, Samuel, junr., Parkbridge, Ashton-under-Lyne

Leigh, Major Egerton, Jodrell hall, near Congleton, Cheshire

Leigh, John, Whalley Range, Manchester

Lembcke, Professor, Marburg (per Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta street, Covent garden, London, W.C.)

Lingard, J. R., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester

Lingard, R. B. M., 12, Booth street, Piccadilly, Manchester

Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers' hall court, London, E.C.

McCOWAN, David, 7, Lynedoch crescent, Glasgow

Mackenzie, John Whitesford, 16, Royal circus, Edinburgh

Maclure, John William, Bond street, Manchester

Manchester Free Library, Campfield

Marsden, Rev. Canon, B.D., F.R.S.L., Cliff grange, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Martin, William, city treasurer, Town hall, Manchester

Milne-Redhead, R., Springfield, Seedley, Pendleton, Manchester

Mounsey, G. G., Castletown, near Carlisle

Mountcastle, William, Market street, Manchester

Murdock, James B., 27, Virginia street, Glasgow

Muntz, George H. M., Grosvenor road, Handsworth, Birmingham

NAPIER, George W., 19, Chapel walks, Manchester

Neill, Robert, Northumberland street, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Literary and Philosophical Society (per Mr. Lyall, librarian)

New York, Clinton Hall Library at (per Sampson Low, Son and Marston, 188, Fleet street, London, E.C.)

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Nichols George W., Augusta house, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.

OAKLEY, John, jun., 172, Blackfriars road, London, S.E.

Owens College Library, Quay street, Manchester

Oxford Union Society (per Mr. Thomas Harris, steward)

PAINE, Cornelius, Oak hill, Surbiton, Surrey

Palin, Captain, Police office, Manchester

Panton, Rev. G. A., 2, Crown circus, Dowanhill, Glasgow

Parker, H. T., 3, Ladbroke gardens, Kensington park, London, W. (*Two Copies.*)

Paterson, William, 74, Princes street, Edinburgh

Paterson, William S., 8, Gordon street, Glasgow

Peace, Maskell W., Green hill, Wigan

Peel, George, Soho foundry, Manchester

Pickering, Basil Montagu, 196, Piccadilly, London, W.

Pocock, C. Innes, Rouge Bouillon, Jersey

Portico Library, Mosley street, Manchester

Priaulx, O. de Beauvoir, 8, Cavendish square, London, W.

QUARITCH, Bernard, 15, Piccadilly, London, W.

REDFERN, Rev. R. S., M.A., Acton vicarage, Nantwich

Reform Club, London, (per Messrs. Ridgway, Piccadilly)

Reynolds, Rev. G. W., Barr hill, Pendleton

Rhodocanakis, H. H. the Prince, Higher Broughton, Manchester

Riggall, Edward, 141, Queen's road, Bayswater, W.

Robinson, Samuel, Black Brook cottage, Wilmslow

Robinson, W. W., New road, Oxford

Ross, Henry, F.S.A., The Manor house, Swanscombe, Kent

Russell, J. R., 1, Stanley place, Paisley road, Glasgow

SAUNDERS, J. Symes, M.D., Devon County Lunatic asylum, Exminster, Exeter

Schofield, Thomas, 1, Apsley terrace, Chester road, Manchester

Scott, James, The Lochies house, Burntisland, N.B.

Sewell, John C., 3, Bridgwater place, High street, Manchester

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Slingluff, C. B., Baltimore (per Mr. B. F. Stevens, London)

Smith, Alexander, 69, St. George's place, Glasgow

Smith, Fereday, Parkfield, Swinton, Manchester

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Sotheran, Henry, 136, Strand, London, W.C.

Steinthal, H. M., Hollywood, Fallowfield

Stevens, B. F., 17, Henrietta street, Covent garden, London, W.C.

Stewart, A. B., 5, Buchanan street, Glasgow

Suthers, Charles, Riversvale, Ashton-under-Lyne

Swindells, George II., Oak villa, Heaton chapel, near Stockport

TANNER, Thomas II., M.D., 9, Henrietta street, Cavendish square, London, W.

Taylor, Thomas F., Highfield house, Pemberton, Wigan

Thompson, F., South parade, Wakefield

Thompson, Joseph, Lin mill, Ardwick, Manchester

Thorpe, Rev. J. F., Herne hill vicarage, Faversham, Kent

Timmins, Samuel, F.R.S.L., Elvetham lodge, Birmingham

Turner, Robert S., 1, Park square, Regent's park, London, N.W.

VEITCH, George Seton, 13, Castle terrace, Edinburgh

Vernon, George V., Osborne terrace, Stretford road, Manchester

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WARD, Henry, 158, Cambridge street, Pimlico, London, S.W.

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Watson, Robert S., 101, Pilgrim street, Newcastle-on-Tyne

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Weymouth, R. F., D.Lit., Mill Hill school, London, N.W.	Wylie, Charles, 3, Earl's terrace, Kensington, London, W.
Wheatley, H. B., 53, Berners street, London, W. Whitehead, Jeffery, Barfield lodge, Bickley, Kent	YOUNG , Alexander, 9, Lynedock place, Glasgow
Wilbraham, Henry, Chancery office, Manchester	Young, George, 9, Lynedock place, Glasgow

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